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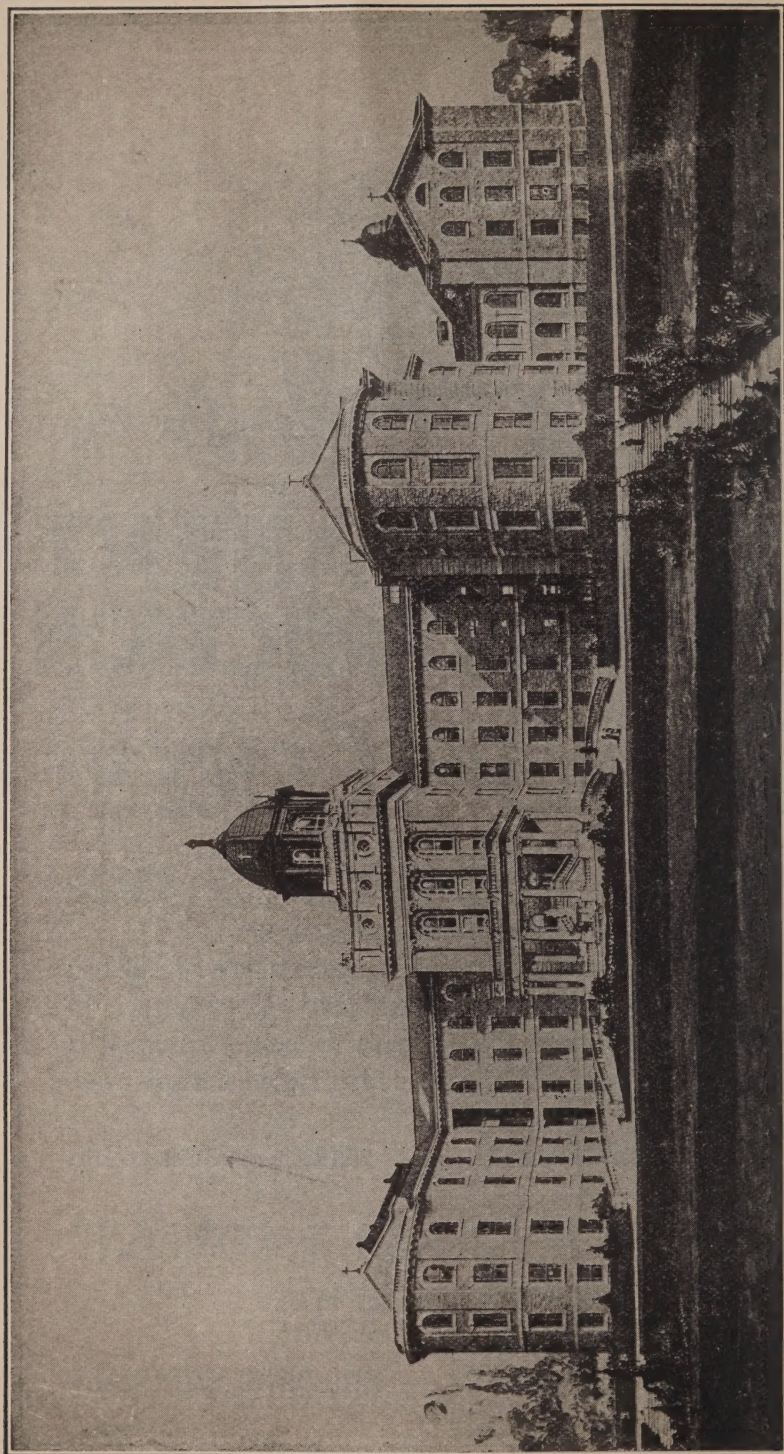
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VEN. DON BOSCO.

I.

ALL the world has heard of Don Bosco and his wonderful work as the apostle of youth, as a social reformer, as the founder of two religious orders, as the organizer of a vast missionary enterprise in both hemispheres, as a benevolent promoter of the interests of the industrial classes and as the creator of a literary propaganda for the dissemination of Catholic truth in the domains of history and polemics. His activities were multiform and wide-reaching in their scope and influence. Few men have wrought more by their individual exertions in their day and generation than this Italian priest. What he did in his lifetime, even if it ended there, would have been much; but more stands to his credit in the record; for his work, in all its phases, is being propagated and perpetuated by the religious bodies and their lay auxiliaries he formed and inspired with his practical and intelligent zeal. He has passed away, after sowing the seed; they are reaping the harvest, and will continue to reap and garner as long as the institutions he founded last, and their traditions along with his spirit survive.

Occasionally articles in magazines or newspapers, some short, but necessarily incomplete biographical sketches in various languages, and the Marquis Crispolti's little work¹ have made his attractive personality and good deeds tolerably familiar to many. But they were only sketches-in-outline. Father John Baptist Lemoyne, a Salesian priest, has given us a complete and finished pen-portrait in

¹ "The Ven. Don Bosco, Founder of the Salesian Society and the Daughters of Our Lady Help of Christians." By the Marquis Crispolti. Translated by Walter G. Austen, S. C. Turin, 1918. Salesian Press, Via Cottolengo, 32.

two bulky volumes.² He was exceptionally well qualified to write the standard, authentic and official life of the Ven. Don Bosco, being long and intimately associated with the founder as his secretary. The first volume covers the period between his birth and the complete development of the Oratory of Valdocco, and the second its expansion and that of the numerous works that grew out of it down to his death. The portrait he draws is not drawn for mere effect, an impressionist portrait, *dessiné à grands traits*, but rather a series of pen-pictures full of delicate detail like a Dutch panel, carefully delineated, with touches that show local color and bring out local characteristics in sharp relief. Some may think, after reading the fourteen long chapters detailing his home life and seminary course up to his ordination, that the portrait is somewhat overdrawn, that the details are unnecessarily minute and numerous, that the author labors his subject too much; but if they will suspend their judgment until they reach the conclusion, they will recognize that all these minute details have their proper place and purpose, that they are accessories that come into the picture and serve to make it complete as a portrait of the man and the movement he created and controlled. The narrative, he assures us, is scrupulously conformable to the truth. We can believe it. It is largely autobiographical, for the author had access to memoirs or memoranda written by Don Bosco himself; all his letters, and his correspondence was very voluminous; and, besides, had had confidential conversations with him during their twenty-four years' intercourse. He was full of the subject, nothing had slipped his memory, and in these two volumes he gives us the rich result of his patient researches and of a study which must have been to him a labor of love. He leaves nothing unrecorded. Every fact, every saying, the very dialogues are faithfully reproduced from contemporary notes, which give the narrative a freshness and actuality that make it the more vivid and realistic. He brings the personality of Don Bosco before us "in his habit as he lived"; and it is a personality full of charm. What Boswell was to Dr. Johnson, Don Lemoyne is to Don Bosco; with this difference, that while the great lexicographer and his work have passed into history, Don Bosco and his work still live in his order. *Non omnis moriar*, wrote the pagan poet; the Christian priest might have said the same with a deeper depth of meaning.

The memorable year 1815, which witnessed the ultimate downfall of Napoleon, when Waterloo was fought, lost and won and the vanquished hero of many fateful battlefields was chained in his island

² Vita del Ven. Servo di Dio Giovanni Bosco, Fondatore della Pia Società Salesiana dell'Istituto delle figlie di Maria Ausiliatrice e dei Cooperatori Salesiani. 2 vol. Torino Società Editrice Internazionale, 1920. Nuova Edizione.

prison like Prometheus to his rock, leaving behind him a record of thrones upset and sceptres broken, witnessed also the birth of Don Dosco, who triumphed over all obstacles in the accomplishment of his great lifework and left an enduring record of a career unselfishly devoted to the Church, humanity and Christian civilization. Napoleon was on his way to St. Helena when John Bosco was born on August 16 of that year in Becchi, a village near Murialdo, in North Italy. The son of Francis Bosco, a small farmer, by his second marriage with Margaret Occhiena, he belonged to the Piedmontese peasantry. As it is the masses, particularly the rural masses, who make the nation, it is the peasantry who have been the mainstay of the Church on the human side, not princes, potentates and aristocracies, who have oftener been a hindrance to its progress. The Italian peasant, Giovanni Bosco, has done more for the Church than any royalty. There is more than a coincidence in this. The Divine Founder of Christianity, who was born in a stable and worked in a carpenter's shop, was sent to preach His Gospel to the poor, and He chose His Apostles from among Galilean fishermen, despised tax-gatherers and tent-makers, people of no social consequence, whom the proud Roman looked down upon with disdain. Don Bosco was born and lived in poverty, not squalid poverty, not actual destitution; but was one of a family of straitened means, who were just able to keep the wolf from the door by thrift and industry. Early inured to work, as a mere child he took his share of field labor and cowherding on his father's little holding.

After the latter's death in 1817, when the care of the farm and the family devoted upon his mother and her stepson. Anthony's continual grumbling at the boy then grown dividing his time between work and reading, he was sent away from home to labor on neighboring farms when he was about thirteen. This hard upbringing soon ripened his mind and strengthened his character and gave him an influence over other boys which he used for their good. He was what is called a manly boy. Strong, robust like most country-bred boys, he was gifted with a marvelous memory. Don Calosso, the priest at Murialdo, whom he called "his guardian angel" and to whom he repeated from memory the two sermons delivered that day at a mission in Becchi in 1826 preparatory to the jubilee promulgated by Leo XIII., took an interest in the lad when he told him that his stepbrother Anthony thought studying was a waste of time and that he should devote his whole time to field work. "And why do you wish to study?" the priest asked. "In order to become a priest," he replied. "And why do you wish to become a priest?" pursued Don Calosso. "In order to instruct the many youths who get into wrongdoing and evil ways because no one is interested in them," he answered. That

sentence furnishes the key to his whole career. It was his dominant thought from the beginning, was never out of his mind, the germinal idea out of which grew the many beneficent institutions to which it later gave birth. Don Calosso gave him lessons and found him a very apt pupil, but, to his great grief and loss, died in November, 1830. He was his first spiritual guide. "I then began to learn what the spiritual life really was," he notes, "for I had previously acted more like a machine, which works without knowing the reason." At fifteen he attended the public school at Castelnovo, having to walk to it from Becchi twice daily, as he could not afford to buy a midday meal. This meant trudging ten miles. To spare him this, a tailor named Roberto at Castelnovo housed him and taught him his own trade and, being choirmaster in the parish church, plain chant; to which he added playing on the violin and harmonium, until he was qualified to act as organist. He also spent some time in the workshop of Savio, an ironworker, and acquired much of the mechanic's craft, and later on, lived with a restaurant-keeper named Pianta, where he became so expert at confectionery that he was offered a partnership in the concern, which he refused. At Chieri he gained some knowledge of shoemaking, which was found serviceable to himself and others. This varied knowledge of crafts, coupled with an inside knowledge of the lives of artisans, was a useful equipment for one who was to be the founder of industrial institutions so beneficial to the working classes; as his earlier practical knowledge of field work and farming fitted him to be the institutor of agricultural colleges and colonies.

When he was being educated at Castelnovo, the commercial schools were of an eminently Catholic character, in accordance with the ordinances promulgated by King Charles in 1822. There were no mixed schools, and in each was hung the Crucifix, while teaching began and ended with prayer, the first half hour being devoted to catechism. The masters were required to arrange with the parish priest about the children hearing Mass before school, going to confession once a month and assisting at religious functions in the parochial church on feast days. The coördination of religious with secular education was on a par with the admirable system of the Christian Brothers and in sharp and suggestive contrast with the non-denominational or purely secular system of continental schools from which the Crucifix and all that the sacred emblem of our redemption represents have been banned. This training, combined with home education, had its happy effect upon the formation of John Bosco's mind and character. It was a typical Catholic home. He had the advantage of being under the guidance and watchful care of a mother who was a model of Christian motherhood, a

woman of sound sense and solid piety. She fostered his vocation and impressed upon him high views of the ecclesiastical state, when he early manifested his desire of becoming a priest and often afterward. When he thought of becoming a Franciscan and the parish priest of Castelnuovo advised her to dissuade him, pointing out that he could do much good as a secular priest and at the same time be helpful to her, she said to her son: "I only wish that you should reflect on the step you wish to take, and then follow your vocation without thinking of any one. The first thing is the salvation of your soul. The parish priest would like me to dissuade you from this decision, in view of the need I might have of your help; but I say to you no such consideration enters into these things, because God comes before everything. Don't be uneasy about me. I want nothing from you, I expect nothing from you. I'll be all right; I was born in poverty, I have lived in poverty, I wish to die in poverty. So, I protest to you: if you should decide to become a secular priest and, peradventure, you should become rich, I should not pay you a single visit. Remember that well!" And when he entered the seminary and became a cleric, she said to him: "Giovanni mio, you have put on the ecclesiastical habit; it affords me all the consolation that a mother can find in the fortune of her son. But remember that it is not the habit that honors your state, it is the practice of virtue. If you should ever have doubts of your vocation, ah! for charity's sake, don't dishonor this habit; put it off at once. I would prefer to have a son a poor peasant than a priest neglectful of his duties. When you came into the world I consecrated you to the Blessed Virgin; when you began your studies I recommended to you devotion to her, our Mother; now I recommend you to give yourself wholly to her: love companions devout to Mary, and, when a priest, always recommend and propagate devotion to Mary." Both mother and son were moved as these words were uttered. They came from the heart and went to the heart of the listener. They showed that this humble small farmer's wife had a clearer perception of the spiritual and a better appreciation of the priesthood than many mothers of superior station. She was fit to be the mother of such a son; they were worthy of each other; for he, too, took the same high view of the priestly office. Alluding to some priests difficult of approach, who were somewhat reserved and kept themselves aloof, he said: "If I were a priest I would act differently, I would draw near to boys, call them round me, speak good words to them, give them good advice and devote myself wholly to their eternal salvation." Again: "If I should succeed in becoming a priest, I wish to devote my whole life to youth; they will never see me too grave, but I shall always be the first to

talk to them." Therein spoke the future apostle of youth. When he was going to the college at Chieri, to his companion Giovanni Filippello, who said, "You will soon become a parish priest," he replied: "Parish priest? Do you know what it means to be a parish priest? Do you know what are his obligations? When he rises from dinner or supper, he ought to reflect, 'I have eaten, but . . . will my flock have had enough to satisfy their hunger?' What he possesses over and above his needs, he ought to give to the poor. And how many other and very grave responsibilities! Ah! dear Filippello, I shall not become a parish priest. I am going to study, because I wish to devote my life to youth."

He began his favorite apostolate very early, as a little boy among boys. It is said that when he was only four years old, he could exercise an influence upon children much older than himself. As he grew older, when cautioned against mixing with undesirable playmates from the neighboring town, he said he did so because while he was with them they behaved better. From accompanying his mother to markets and fairs, frequented by jugglers, he soon learned the conjurers' tricks and gave displays of his skill in sleight-of-hand performances in a field, but, before doing so, got the people to join in the Rosary and to listen to his repetition, from memory, of the substance of that morning's sermon in the village church. He used this and other means of gathering young folk around him. He so astonished the tailor, Thomas Cumino, in whose house he lodged, by his juggleries, that the good man, a fervent Catholic, was much troubled in mind about it. "Men cannot do these things," he said to himself: "God would not lose His time with them; then it is the devil who does it." He almost decided to send Bosco away, but, before doing so, consulted a priest, Don Bertinetti. "Sir," said he, "I have come to you about a serious thing that is on my conscience. I think I have a magician in my house." The affair was referred to Canon Burzio, archpriest and administrator of the Cathedral of Chieri, who examined the boy on the faith and found his answers satisfactory. He was equally satisfied when Bosco gave him some specimens of his sleight-of-hand and explained how he did the trick, and laughingly dismissed him with the remark, "Go and tell all your friends that ignorance is the mother of wonder." Even during his student days he would, when opportunity offered, go through the squares and streets and sometimes into the most quarrelsome quarters to seek out young people and bring them to catechetical instructions. During the vacations he got together about fifty of them, who loved and obeyed him as if he were their father, into a kind of little oratory, many of them ignorant of the truths of faith until he taught them and prepared them for the reception of the Sacraments.

His family were so poor that priests and parishioners had to provide him with what was needful to form his clerical outfit when he entered the seminary. "I was always in want of everything," his biographer often heard him say. Needless to say, he was in every respect a model seminarist. They called him "the Father," he was so remarked for solidity, sedateness and regularity. By a play upon words it was said that there was in Chieri a very precious wood: *bosco*, in the Piedmontese dialect, signifying wood. Another play upon words, not so complimentary, was made by one of his masters for whom he did farm work and who, finding him so given to reading, asked him the reason why. "Because I am going to be a priest," was the answer. "You a priest!" he said. "And don't you know that you would want nine or ten thousand lire for your studies? Where would you get them? Well," putting his hands on his shoulders, "if you won't be Don Bosco, you'll be Don Boce" (a simpleton or good-for-nothing). One of his early teachers, Don Moglia, had a very poor opinion of the Becchi and did not conceal it. He regarded it as the Beotia of Italy and its inhabitants as asses; told him to give up the study of Latin, that he would not understand it, that he was only fit for gathering mushrooms or bird-nest hunting. But he was soon undeceived and lived to change his mind. Other teachers were of a different opinion; so also were his schoolmates. One of the latter recalled, in 1888, how the servant of God never took any pride out of his gifts, never showed the shadow of affectation or ambition, but that there was something about him extraordinary and supernatural. "From that time he was a saint," he exclaimed with affectionate enthusiasm. Another, after listening to one of his first sermons, delivered before he received holy orders, said: "That cleric ought to succeed in accomplishing something great." He showed remarkable ability in improvising discourses suitable to the occasion at very short notice. During his seminary course, shortened on account of his solid piety and rapid progress in the studies, his growth in holiness owed much to his intimacy with a saintly fellow-student, Luigi Comollo, who died in 1839, before he had completed his twenty-second year, and who appeared to him after his death in a splendor surpassing noonday light, saying: "Bosco! Bosco! Bosco! I am saved!"

Ordained on June 5, 1841, by Archbishop Luigi Fransoni, he celebrated his first Mass in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, Turin, on the feast of the Most Holy Trinity, coincident with the feast of Our Lady of Graces, when the archdiocese commemorated also the Miracle of the Blessed Sacrament. He referred to it as "the most beautiful day of my life. In the memento of that memorable Mass I made devout mention of all my professors and spir-

itual and temporal benefactors, and particularly of the lamented Don Calosso, whom I have always remembered as my great and signal benefactor. And piously believing that the Lord infallibly grants that favor which the priest asks at his first Mass, I earnestly asked for the power of persuasion (*efficacia della parola*), to be able to do good to souls. It seems to me that the Lord has heard my humble prayer." His Masses then and ever afterwards were those of a saint. "Many verify what we besides daily experienced," says his biographer; "we have assisted an infinity of times at his Mass, and we were always filled with a lively sense of faith in observing the devotion expressed in his whole demeanor, the exactness with which he followed the sacred ceremonies, his manner of uttering the words and the unction which accompanied the sacred rite. The edifying impression it made could no longer be concealed. Wherever he went, even outside of Italy, to know the hour and place where Don Bosco celebrated, was enough to gather people round his altar. Only to gratify the ardent desire of even once having this great consolation, many made long journeys to Turin; and very often, when he came out from the sacristy to go to the altar of St. Peter, hundreds of devout persons scattered through the church, would leave their places to group round that altar, and when Mass was over, 'He's a saint! he's a saint!' they would continue repeating in a low voice." After saying his second Mass in the Consolata, to thank the Blessed Virgin for the innumerable favors she had obtained for him, he offered the Holy Sacrifice in the Church of St. Dominic at Chieri, at which his old professor, P. Giusiana, who was present, was moved to tears of joy. "I spent the whole of that day with him," he notes, "a heavenly day." At Castelnuovo, where there was a family gathering and great rejoicing, his mother said to him, what he calls "these memorable words": "You are a priest. In saying Mass henceforward you are then nearest to Jesus Christ. Remember, however, that to begin to say Mass means to begin to suffer. You will not realize it at once, but little by little you will see that your mother has told you the truth. I am confident that every day you will pray for me, whether I am living or dead: that is enough for me. Henceforward, think only of the salvation of souls, and don't be troubled in mind about me."

A singular feature of Don Bosco's life was that his special mission and its successive development were foreshown to him in symbolical dreams, or what would be called in Scriptural phrase, "visions of the night." They were not, of course, ordinary dreams. The first of these was in his early boyhood, when he was about nine. He thus relates it: "I seemed to be near home in a yard of large size, in which a multitude of boys were gathered together. They

were playing and laughing as boys do, and some were using bad language. On catching the sound of these evil words, I hurried at once into their midst, urging them by voice and manner to cease. At that moment a man of august presence appeared. He was in the prime of life, finely clad, and his face seemed to shine so brilliantly that I could not look upon it. He called me by name, and told me to become the leader of the crowd of boys, and said: 'You will not win over these friends of yours by blows, but by gentleness and charity; you must set to work at once to instruct them in the vileness of sin and the excellence of virtue.' In dread and utterly confused, I answered that I was but a poor and ignorant boy. But at that moment the others ceased their noisy games and evil talk, and gathered round the majestic Person who was speaking. Without knowing quite what I was saying, I asked him who he was; to which he replied: 'I am the Son of her whom your mother has taught to salute three times a day.' And then I saw by his side a Lady of majestic bearing, with a shining mantle about her. She looked at me, and signing for me to approach, took me by the hand and said: 'Look!' I turned round and perceived that the boys had all disappeared, and in their place was a herd of animals of various sorts. Then said the Lady: 'This is your field of labor. You must become humble, bold and strong, and what you now see happen to these animals you must do for my children.' I looked about again, and perceived that instead of the wild animals, they had become so many lambs. Then I began to cry, and begged the Lady to speak openly to me, for I could not imagine what it all meant. She placed her hand upon my head and said: 'At the proper time you will understand its full meaning.' When I related this dream the next morning it was the cause of much laughter. Anthony exclaimed sarcastically, 'Perhaps you are to be the captain of the bandits.' Joseph said, 'You are evidently intended for a shepherd.' Our old grandmother remarked in a decided way, 'No notice should be taken of dreams.' Margaret looked at her boy for a time and then said, 'Why should it not mean that you are to become a priest?' "

They called him after that "the dreamer." But Don Bosco, as the sequel proved, was no dreamer, but very wide awake, very much alive, alert and practical, with nothing of the visionary about him or his methods of action.

When he was at school at Castelnuovo he formed an intimate acquaintanceship with a companion named Joseph Turco, who introduced him to his family, the owners of a vineyard. Joseph's father took greatly to him and, knowing his wish to become a priest, would put his hand on his head and say to him: "Have courage, Giovannino, be good and study so that Our Lady will help you." "I have

put all my confidence in her," he replied, "but always am in uncertainty: I would like to learn Latin and become a priest, and my mother cannot help me." "Don't be afraid, caro Giovanni, you'll see the Lord will smooth the way for you." "I hope so," concluded the poor boy, "but—but—" One day he ran in quite joyful. "What's the matter with you, Giovannino," asked Turco, "that you are so glad, while a short time ago you were so pensive?" "Good news! good news!" exclaimed Bosco, "this night I had a dream in which I saw that I would continue my studies, become a priest and be at the head of many boys whose education would be my occupation for the rest of my life." "But that is only a dream," observed the good Turco, "and there is a great difference between saying and doing." "Oh, the rest is nothing!" confidently answered Giovanni. "Yes, I will become a priest, I will be over many, many boys, to whom I will do good." The next day, after hearing Mass, he visited the Turco family, to whom he repeated his dream, saying that he had seen coming towards him a great Lady leading a very numerous flock who, calling him by his name, said: "Here, Giovannino, all this flock I confide to thy care." "How," he asked, "shall I take care of so many sheep and lambs? Where shall I find the pastures to which to lead them?" The Lady replied, "Fear not, I will help thee," and disappeared. He was then sixteen.

The "sheep and lambs" he was destined to shepherd were the derelict denizens of the Piedmontese capital, the stray waifs who are to be found in every large city. The wretched, abandoned condition of the poor neglected boys in Turin, untaught and uncared for, as they wandered through the streets, lurked in hidden byways or helped to fill the jails, appealed to his compassionate heart and he "took them up into his pity." This was the work reserved for him, his special mission, and it found him ready. Another social reformer had preceded him and led the way. This was the Ven. Cottolengo,³ a kindred spirit, another servant of God and of the people, who, at their first meeting, studying his features, said: "You look like an honest man; come and work in the Little House of Divine Providence, where you will have plenty to do." Don Bosco, kissing his hand, promised, and after a few days repaired to Valdocco.

Cottolengo's work at that time (1841) was already colossal. Begun in a small way in 1827, it prospered, and then counted eighteen hundred persons of both sexes, orphans, cripples, paralytics, epileptics, weak people unable to work, the ulcerated and the sick, stricken with every malady, gathered from other hospitals because rules

³ The Ven. Joseph Cottolengo was born in Bra on May 3, 1786, and died in Chieri on April 30, 1842. The Cause of his Beatification was introduced on July 19, 1877.

hindered their reception, but who were all received gratuitously in the Piccola Casa, treated with the greatest kindness, provided with everything and all the necessary care bestowed on them. Don Bosco, on entering this abode of suffering, read in its motto, "*Charitas Christi urget nos*," the secret of so many miracles of charity, and, kneeling before the image of the Blessed Virgin in the anteroom, was moved to tears, when the words, "*Infirmus eram et visitastis me*," inscribed over the entrance, met his gaze. Canon Cottolengo showed him over the large establishment. He saw in the infirmary boys over whom the angel of death already expanded its wings as they lay prostrate, and speaking to them some words of comfort, said to himself: "Oh, how much poor youth need to be forewarned and saved!" When he was leaving, Cottolengo, passing between his fingers the sleeves of the young priest's garment, said: "But your gown is too fine and thin. Get a much stronger one, of closer texture, that the boys may hold on to without tearing it. A time will come when your gown will be plucked by many people." He had hardly returned to the Convitto di S. Francesco, a house for young priests established in Turin in 1818 by Luigi Guala, a zealous and learned ecclesiastic, where he then stopped, when Don Bosco suddenly found himself in the midst of a swarm of little boys who had followed him through the streets and squares and into the very sacristy of the church attached to the institute. He could not then take charge of them for want of a suitable place. But he taught them some catechism, invited them to return and be prepared to receive the Sacraments.

He had already decided to begin some particular work in favor of the poor and derelict and awaited the moments providentially fixed, commending the project to God in persistent and fervent prayers, and taking counsel with Archbishop Fransoni, who gave it his approval. On the 8th of December, 1841, feast of the Immaculate Conception, he felt in his heart a more earnest desire than usual of forming a company of the most needy and destitute youths under the protection of the Blessed Virgin. An apparently casual incident was the immediate occasion. While Don Bosco was vesting, the sacristan, Giuseppe Comotti, seeing a boy there, invited him to come and serve Mass. The lad, protesting that he did not know how, the angry sacristan boxed him. Don Bosco, intervening, made him bring back the boy, who had gone away. The poor boy, trembling and weeping, after the beating he got, returned. "Have you already heard Mass?" Don Bosco inquired. "No," replied the other. "Come, then, and hear it," said the priest; "afterwards I'll have a talk with you which will please you." He felt the liveliest desire to soften the blow and remove the bad impression it may have left upon

the boy. After his Mass and thanksgiving he received him with a pleasant face and assured him that he need not be afraid of another beating. The boy, Bartolomeo Garelli, was an orphan of sixteen from Asti, who did not know how to read or write and had not made his First Communion. He had been to confession when he was very young, but was ashamed to attend catechism, because smaller boys who knew it were there. Don Bosco undertook to teach him privately, and began that very evening, kneeling and saying an *Ave Maria* before the lesson, because the Madonna had obtained for him the grace of saving that soul: "That fervent *Ave Maria*, joined to a right intention," says his biographer, "was productive of great things!" The poor boy did not know how to make the sign of the Cross until he taught him. Such was the origin of the Oratory, the great fold into which this truly good shepherd of souls was to gather so many human sheep and lambs; to which he refers in his many memoirs and in the relation he sent to Rome in 1864 for the approval of his Pious Society, in which he wrote that "the work of the Oratories" was begun in 1841 "with a simple catechism in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi." Bartolomeo Garelli, Don Lemoyne says, was the foundation stone of the work of the Festive Oratories, and continued to be an affectionate disciple of Don Bosco.

Its beginning bore that hallmark of littleness and lowliness that has invariably been the characteristic of all good and great works inspired by the pure spirit of Christian charity, without any alloy of worldliness, self-seeking or self-glorification. The next Sunday, December 12, 1841, Garelli brought with him six other boys along with two recommended by Don Cafasso. The first reunions were in a room adjoining the sacristy. That winter he devoted his special care to the big boys from iBella and Milan, strangers in Turin, who were most in need of religious instruction; preference being given to those who had been released from prison. He attracted them by readings from interesting books and by teaching them singing, accompanying on the organ or piano sacred canticles composed for the feasts and set to music by himself. By the feast of the Purification, 1842, there were already twenty good singers who made the place resound with the praises of the Madonna, always so near and dear to the hearts of Italians, even those who are in other respects indifferent Catholics. Soon the number rose from twenty to thirty and then to fifty. When he met boys wandering here and there, in the squares or streets, or found them in workshops, he invited them to his catechisms, to which they willingly came; and when he learned that one of his little friends was out of work or with a bad master, he got him employment or a good Catholic master. Not content

with that he went daily to visit them in their workshops, to their own and their employers' gratification and mutual advantage. They became greatly attached to their benefactor, and when they met him on the street would cry out: "Viva Don Bosco!"

Not less fruitful of good results was his apostolate in the prisons. In the beginning he felt a certain repulsion in entering these humid, unhealthy abodes, where the sad sight of the prisoners and the thought of finding himself in the midst of people stained with every crime, even bloodshedding, greatly disturbed him. He called to mind the words of the Gospel, "I was in prison and you visited me" (Matthew xxv., 36); but that made his sympathetic heart bleed the more, thinking of the poor boys that society was obliged to imprison as a danger to it. Don Bosco in a short time exercised the same irresistible fascination over them by his personal magnetism and transparent sincerity. He gradually got them to realize the dignity of manhood, how reasonable and right it is to earn their daily bread by honest labor and not obtain it by thievery; impressing upon their minds and reviving therein the principles of morality until they felt in their hearts a peace and pleasure of which they knew not the source, but which made them resolve to amend. "In fact," he says, "not a few changed their conduct in the prison itself, and others, on coming out, lived in a way not to deserve reincarceration, and that because they were no longer abandoned."

He did not lack co-operators from the start in his work among boys. One of the most notable of these was Luigi Nasi, then a cleric, later Canon of Corpus Domini, who belonged to a noble family of Turin, and was a celebrated pulpit orator. Desirous of devoting himself to youth collected in institutes, he threw himself ardently into the work begun by Don Bosco, whom he helped with the enthusiasm of a saint. Poet and artist of uncommon merit, he composed for them verses and music, and for several years was their organ accompanist and choirmaster.

The little Oratory progressed wonderfully in 1843, although Don Bosco was somewhat cramped for space. The number of boys increasing and the clamor they made during recreation (and plays were essential to draw them to the instructions) causing a disturbance to the congregation frequenting the Church of St. Francis, he had to take them elsewhere and to divide them into sections. It was hard to control these lively Italian boys, street-reared and undisciplined, with their mercurial southern temperament; but he did it most effectively. A glance from him was enough to send home the truant who had wandered away from it; to make another with a taste for idleness and vagabondage go to work; while those who had served their term of imprisonment became models to their com-

panions, and boys who had been wholly ignorant of what concerned the faith were well instructed in it. His sympathetic and penetrating vision saw the good that was in them overlaid by contracted habits more or less superficial. "The young," he says, "who form the most cherished and attractive portion of human society, and in whom are centred all our hopes for a happy future, are by no means intrinsically perverse or inclined to wickedness. Once you have counteracted the carelessness of some parents, the effects of idleness and of evil companions, it becomes the easiest thing imaginable to instill into their young hearts the principles of order, of good behavior, of respect towards others, and to accustom them to the practice of religion; and if you should meet any who are already spoiled at that tender age, it is the result of neglect rather than of downright wickedness. These are the ones who especially need a helping hand; the difficulty lies in finding the means of gathering them together in order to speak to them and control them. This was the mission the Son of God took upon himself; this can be done by His holy religion alone, which is eternal and unchangeable in itself, which was and always will be the teacher of mankind, which contains a doctrine so perfect that it is suited to all times, and adapted to the different characters of all men." That Don Bosco used the right measures and the right method has been evidenced by his signal success. Many have borne testimony to it. Canon Anfossi said: "I myself saw big, unruly lads, who after a few weeks became well-behaved and practical Catholics."

This success was not achieved without difficulties and obstacles. One of the obstacles was raised by himself. The thought of becoming a religious and devoting himself to foreign missions recurred to him, but his spiritual director, Don Cafasso,⁴ dissuaded him, saying: "And who henceforward will think of your boys?" "Yes, it is true," he answered; "but if the Lord should call me to the religious state, He will provide that some one else will think of them." Then Cafasso, looking very seriously at him said, with a certain air of paternal solemnity: "My dear Don Bosco, give up any idea of a religious vocation; go and unpack your traveling bag if you have got it ready, and continue your work for boys. This is the will of God and none other!" At these grave words, he bowed his head and smiled, for he had learned what he wished to know. Fearing that the Archbishop might send him as curate to some country parish, and wishful of retaining him in the capital, Don Cafasso spoke to their mutual friend, Don Borel, director of the

⁴ The Ven. Joseph Cafasso, master and model of the Subalpine clergy, was born at Castelnovo d'Asti in 1811 and died in Turin in 1860. The Cause of his Beatification was introduced on May 23, 1906.

Refuge, through whose intermediary he was appointed chaplain of St. Philomena's Hospital, founded by the Marchioness Barolo. "Endowed as he is with activity and zeal," he said, "he will do great good among youth. He is destined by Providence to become the Apostle of Turin."

The Refuge is one of those providential institutions which Turin fortunately possesses. It is in Valdocco and is the first in order of time of the many charitable foundations of that zealous, active and very pious lady, the noble Marchioness Giulietta Colbert, wife of the Marquis Tancredi Falletti di Barolo. Poor and unfortunate girls who needed a helping hand to uplift them had recourse to her in large numbers and the Marchioness had built for them a retreat capable of accommodating two hundred persons and placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Refuge of Sinners, and in care of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Some of the rescued ones consecrated to the Lord the remainder of their lives and entered the adjacent Monastery of St. Mary Magdalen, near which was founded a third house for girls under fourteen in danger of falling, whose education was confided to some of the Sisters of St. Mary Magdalen. Finally, in 1844, near the Refuge and the Magdalens was erected the hospital of St. Philomena, for crippled and infirm children. This was the place where Don Bosco was invited to exercise the sacred ministry and in a room assigned to him by the Marchioness to collect on feast days his juvenile troop.

On the night preceding the transference of the Oratory to Valdocco (October, 1844), he had another remarkable dream. "I dreamt I saw myself in the midst of a multitude of wolves, goats, kids, lambs, sheep, rams, dogs and birds," he writes. "They all together made a disturbance, a noise, or rather a clamor, enough to fill with dread the most courageous. I wanted to flee when a Lady, well made up in the form of a shepherdess, signed to me to follow and accompany that strange flock, while she led. We went wandering to various places; we made three stations or stops; at every stoppage many of these animals changed into lambs, whose number continually increased. After much walking I found myself in a meadow where these animals gamboled and ate together, without one trying to bite the others. Oppressed with fatigue, I wanted to sit down near a road in the vicinity, but the shepherdess invited me to continue my way. After again making a short journey I found myself in a large court, with a round portico at the end of which was a church. Here it appeared to me that four-fifths of those animals had become lambs: their number then was very great. At that moment came several young shepherds who increased and took care of the others. These little shepherds becoming very numerous, divided and went

elsewhere to collect other strange animals and lead them into other folds. I wished to leave, because it seemed to me time to celebrate holy Mass, but the shepherdess invited me to observe until noon. While looking, I saw a field in which were sown mint, potatoes, cabbages, beet root, lettuce and many other vegetables. 'Look again!' she said to me. I looked again and a stupendous and lofty church. A choir, instrumental and vocal music, prompted me to sing Mass. In the interior of that church was a white band on which was written in large letters: *Hic domus mea, inde gloria mea*. Continuing in the dream, I wished to ask the shepherdess where I was and what that walking, that house, church and then another church indicated. 'You will understand everything,' she replied, 'when, with thy material eyes thou shalt accomplish what thou now seest with the mind's eye.' But, it seeming to me that I was awake, I said: 'I see clear and see with the corporeal eyes: I know where I am going and what I am doing.' At that moment the bell in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi rang the *Ave Maria*, and I awoke. This dream lasted as it were the whole night; many other particulars accompanied it. Then I little understood its significance, because, self-distrustful, I put little faith in it, but things, gradually grasped, had their effect. So later on this, in conjunction with another dream, served me as a programme in my deliberations at the Refuge."

The first Oratory for a time led a nomadic existence. The boys followed him in increased numbers to the hospital, but as he had no chapel in which to gather them together for Mass, he had to lead them to the various city churches, until the Marchioness gave him a couple of rooms, which were transformed into a chapel, opened on December 8, 1844, and dedicated to St. Francis de Sales, under whose protection he placed his work. There was a certain spiritual affinity between the Apostle of the Chablais and the Apostle of Turin. They were both animated by the same spirit, the spirit of faith working through charity, and employed the same method to attract souls, imparting to others the sweetness and light which their own souls possessed and diffused. Besides, the Marchioness di Barolo, to help Don Bosco, was revolving the idea of founding near the Hospital a Congregation of priests under this title.

For a time all went well. He and Don Borel opened evening classes for the boys, whose ignorance was a great hindrance to their advancement in their various trades. It was a happy thought. There were then no evening classes anywhere in Italy; now they are spread all over the country. They owe their initiation to Don Bosco who, in 1847, three years after they were started, had the satisfaction of having their value recognized by a commission appointed by the municipality to test them by their results and who were amazed that

boys, of no previous education whatever, could have made such marvelous progress in so short a time.

Another obstacle to the progress of the work came from an unexpected quarter. The Marchioness Barolo, apprehensive that the number of boys who, as boys even of a better class might do, made their presence an embarrassment, would interfere with her institute, after a few months desired him to find other quarters for them. He then took them to the Church of St. Peter in Chains, with the permission of the chaplain, Don Giuseppe Tesio, an ex-chaplain, and used the ground attached to it as a playground for the too lively youngsters. The transition occasioned further and greater trouble. The chaplain's housekeeper, a virago, when she heard the loud racket the boys made at play, became furious and drove them away with torrents of abuse, for she had a shrewish tongue. Resolved to have done with them there and then, she said: "By Sunday next, at whatever cost, I shall not be disturbed by you." Don Bosco, to placate her, ordered the boys to cease, and then, turning to the woman, said: "My good lady, you are not certain of being here next Sunday, and make bold to tell us that absolutely you'll not let us come here again." "Oh! what a bad woman that is to scold like that!" said one of the boys. Don Bosco excused her, saying she was to be pitied because she was not in good health, adding: "Be easy about it; next Sunday that woman will no longer scold you!" After the Rosary in the church, as they were going away the irate housekeeper again gave vent to her anger. "Poor woman," said Don Bosco, in an undertone, "she tells us we shall not set foot here again, and next Sunday she will be in her grave!" Meanwhile she denounced the boys to the chaplain, on his return, as revolutionaries and profaners of holy places and low rabble, and, seeing Don Bosco, he said to him: "You shall not come here any other Sunday to raise such a tumult and disturbance. I'll take the necessary steps to stop it." "Ah! poor man," was Don Bosco's comment, "he doesn't know if he'll be alive himself next Sunday!" The chaplain addressed a strongly worded complaint to the municipality who had granted him the use of the place. It was the last letter he ever wrote. The next day he got an apoplectic stroke, from which he died. The grave had hardly closed over him, when another was opened to receive the corpse of the housekeeper, whose death followed two days afterwards. "These incidents," wrote the servant of God, "made an impression on the minds of the boys and all who took note of them." "It was impossible," observes his biographer, "not to see the hand of God therein; and the boys were so intimately persuaded of it that, instead of withdrawing, they loved Don Bosco and the Oratory the more, promising never to abandon it."

When he had to leave the hospital—and he told the Marchioness he was ready to endure anything rather than forsake his boys—he was consoled and enlightened by another dream, which he told to Don Giulio Barberis in 1875, and which foreshadowed the future of the Oratory. He seemed to be in a large plain full of an immense number of boys, some wrangling, others cursing, stealing or ill-behaved; while a shower of stones hurtled through the air, flung by those who were fighting. They were youths abandoned by their parents and corrupted. Directed by the Lady, of whom he makes frequent mention, to go and work among them, he did so, but saw no place to which any one wishful of doing them good could take them. He turned to persons who remained observant in the distance and might have supported him, but none helped him. He then turned to the Lady, who said: "Here is the place," and showed him a meadow. "But there is only a field here," he said. She replied, "My Son and the Apostles had not whereon to lay their heads." He set to work, admonishing, preaching and confessing, but saw that for the great part every effort would be useless unless he could find some place wherein to gather these derelicts. Then the Lady led him a little to the northward and said, "Observe!" And, looking, he saw a small low church, a little courtyard and numerous boys, and then another and larger church and a house adjoining. She next led him a little nearer to a cultivated piece of ground before the façade of the second church, saying: "I wish God should be specially honored in this place where the glorious martyrs of Turin—Adventorius and Octavius—suffered their martyrdom, on this ground watered and sanctified by their blood," indicating the precise spot.

"At once," he proceeds, "I saw myself surrounded by an immense and continually increasing number of youths, but, the Lady looking on, the means and the site increased likewise; and I then saw a very large church precisely in the place where she showed me took place the martyrdom of the three soldiers of the Theban Legion⁵ with many buildings all around and a fine monument in the midst. While these things occurred I, still in a dream, had priest coadjutors who gave me some help and then fled. I strove with great efforts to retain them, but they after a short while went away and left me alone. Then I turned again to that Lady, who said: 'You wish to know

⁵ The martyrdom took place during the persecution under Diocletian at, some say, the beginning of the fourth century. There were six Theban Legions. One of these, called *Prima Diocletiana Thebæorum*, fought in Italy, where it defended Aquileia against the Quades. Paul Allard (*Hist. des Persécutions*, Paris, 1890) fixes the date of the martyrdom as prior to the year 292, not, as generally stated, in 303. The place pointed out to Don Bosco in his "dream" was that in which were martyred Saints Adventorius and Octavius, and whence fled Saint Solutorius, wounded by a thrust from a lance, to die in Iovea, confessing Christ.

how to act so that they may no longer desert you? Take this ribband and bind it on their foreheads.' Reverently taking the little white ribband from her hand I saw that upon it was written this word—*Obedience*. I at once proceeded to do what the Lady told me, and began to bind the head of each of my voluntary coadjutors with the ribband, and suddenly saw a great and wonderful effect; and this always increased while I continued to fulfil the mission entrusted to me, for they gave up the idea of going elsewhere and resolved to help me. So was constituted the Salesian Pious Society."

He saw many other things which alluded to great future events. "Suffice it to say," he says, "that from that time I went on always confident whether as regards the Oratories, the Congregation, or the way of acting in relations with outsiders, with whatever authority invested. The great difficulties that are to arise are all foreseen, and the way of overcoming them I know. I see very well, bit by bit, all that will happen to us, and I will go forward in broad light." When he told all this to others, many thought he was going out of his mind and regarded him as mad.

At his suggestion, in 1856, Canon Lorenzo Gastaldi wrote and published a book on the three Theban martyrs, making a close study of the subject with a view of finding out from history, tradition and topography in what part of the city their martyrdom took place, with the result that it could only be known for certain that they took refuge outside the city gates near the Dora River, were discovered and slain hard by their place of concealment. The large tract that extends from the walls of Turin towards the Dora, to the west of the borgo so named, called in ancient times *vallis* or *vallum occisorum*—the vale or valley of the slain—and now Val d'occo, from the first syllable of each word, perhaps in allusion to this martyrdom, seemed most certain to be the site to be blessed by God through the marvelous institutes of piety and charity that have arisen there. According to the ancient topography of the City the Oratory of St. Francis de Sales was built near this hallowed ground or within the ambit of its walls.

Through the intermediary of Archbishop Fransoni he obtained from the municipality the use of a chapel in the Church of St. Martin, near the Dora, to catechize his boys and of some open ground adjoining for their recreations. It did not last long, for the people of the neighborhood soon grumbled at the noise of three hundred boys at play. The one who was deputed to lay their complaint before the Municipal Council was soon after struck down with a disease which deprived him of his means of livelihood; but Don Bosco frequently came to his relief. It was the secretary of the Molini (whose name he suppresses) who wrote to the authorities an exaggerated account

of the disturbance caused by the boys. It was the last letter he wrote, for he was subsequently seized with a very violent trembling in the right side and died three years afterwards. Providence, he notes, brought it about that this man's son was reduced to beg bread, and receive it at the hospice opened in Valdocco. It was about this time (1845) Don Bosco first met Michael Rua, then a little boy, who was destined to become his right hand, his vicar during his closing years, and, after his death, his immediate successor.

The wanderings of the Oratory and its protégés were not yet over. Having no chapel, he had to lead the boys at one time to Sassi, at another to the Madonna di Campagna or to the Monte dei Cappuccini, where, with the permission of the parish priest or religious, which was never refused, he took them into the church and with the help of some priests, heard their confessions, said Mass and gave Communion to such as were prepared. In the afternoon he reassembled them for catechetical instruction, and then took them for a walk in the country, returning to Turin when the sun began to set behind the Alps. When they had definitely to abandon St. Martin's, as he emerged from it, raising his eyes heavenward, he exclaimed, "*Domini est terra et plenitudo ejus!*" and then to the boys, "Patience! the Blessed Virgin will help us! Let us go in search of another place."

At Christmas a multitude of youths, ready to follow him wherever he would lead, crowded the room at the hospital and went with him to a neighboring church to hear the three Masses. He afterwards told them a thousand wonderful things about the future Oratory, which then only existed in his mind and in the decrees of Providence. "Don't be afraid, my dear children," he said. "There is already prepared for you a beautiful building, and soon we'll go and take possession of a grand house, a splendid courtyard, and an immense number of boys will take their recreations, pray and work there." The boys believed him.

At that time another magnificent spectacle was shown him in a "dream." He seemed to be on the northern side of the Rondo or Circola Valdocco when, from the direction of the Dora, he saw, between the tall trees that then adorned the Corso Regina Margherita, near the Via Cottolengo, in a field covered with kitchen gardens, three very beautiful youths, resplendent with light, who stood in the place which, in a previous dream was indicated to him as the scene of the glorious martyrdom of the three soldiers of the Theban Legion. They invited him to descend and go with them. Don Bosco hastened, and when he reached them they accompanied him with great affability towards the extremity of the ground where now rises majestically the Church of Mary Help of Christians. Then, in a short space passing from one marvel to another, he found himself in

presence of a Lady magnificently attired, of indescribable grace, majesty and splendor, near whom was distinguishable an assembly of ancients of princely aspect. Innumerable personages, adorned with dazzling beauty and magnificence, formed her most noble queenly cortege, and round and round as far as the eye could see extended other legions. The Lady appeared at the spot where now rises the high altar of the sanctuary and invited the servant of God to draw near, and, as he did so, told him that the three young men who had led him to her, were the three martyrs—Solutorius, Adventorius and Octavius—as if she wished to show him that they would be the special patrons of that place. Then with a charming smile on her lips and with affectionate words she encouraged him not to abandon his children, but to pursue with ever increasing ardor the work he had undertaken. She implied that he would encounter very great obstacles, but that these would be conquered and overcome with the confidence he would place in the Mother of God and in her divine Son. Finally he was shown at a short distance a house that really existed and was then known to be the property of a certain Signor Pinardi, and a little church in the precise place where now is the Church of St. Francis de Sales with the annexed fabric. Then, raising the right hand, in an ineffably melodious voice she exclaimed: "*Hæc est domus mea! Inde gloria mea!*" At the sound of those words Don Bosco was greatly moved, and the figure of the Virgin—for such was the august lady—with the whole vision slowly vanished like a mist before the risen sun. He at once, trusting in the divine goodness and mercy, had renewed at the Virgin's feet the consecration of his whole self to the great work to which he was called. The next morning he hastened to visit the house pointed out to him by the Blessed Virgin. On leaving his room he said to Don Borel: "I am going to see a house adapted to our Oratory." But what was not his surprise when, on reaching it, in place of a house with a church, he found it to be the dwelling of bad-living people!

Through the good offices of a priest named Antonio Giovanni Moretta, he was able to fit up three rooms in a house not far from the Refuge, where in after years was opened the girls' Oratory of St. Angela in the Via Cottolengo, and where, without suspecting it, the boys drew near the end of their peregrinations to their promised land. Still needing a chapel, they continued to hear Mass in some church, usually the Consolata, where the Oblates of Mary were friendly and helpful, or St. Augustin's. Don Bosco's health being impaired, the Marchioness di Barolo, hearing of it, insisted on his taking care of himself and sent him an offering of 100 lire for his Oratory. For a short time he had to give up his attendance at the

Hospital and Refuge, but no one ventured to suggest his abandoning his boys.

Meanwhile his activities sought and found other spheres for their exercise. Everybody did not understand such zeal. Some thought it was vainglorious and dangerous; malicious tongues said Don Bosco was a revolutionary, people who saw red in every new departure; others said he was a fool, others that he was a heretic. To them the Oratory was an expedient to withdraw youth from the parishes and instill into them suspicious maxims. This last accusation was the commonest and had its foundation in the opinion that he shared the views of the liberal school of pedagogy, seeing that he allowed the boys all sorts of noisy recreations. The old educational discipline was based on the harsh idea of the master and the lash; and his innovations allowed too much liberty. Among these were not wanting some partisans of the anti-Catholic or irreligious parties who perhaps spoke with the intention of drawing away the youths and breaking up the festive meetings. Various clergy, seeing in Don Bosco something extraordinary which they could not explain, especially his activity and his art of gathering round him souls and swaying hearts, repeated: "Woe to us and to the Church if Don Bosco is not a priest according to God's own heart . . . and who knows?" They could not persuade themselves that they should aid the advancement of a heavenly mission instead of retarding it. At a clerical conference where the subject was debated Don Borel defended Don Bosco with the approval of the majority; but it was resolved that he should be instructed to send the boys to the several parish churches. Don Bosco, when this view was put before him by a deputation of two priests, explained that the greater portion of his boys were strangers far from parental supervision and unacquainted with the parochial boundaries, that not a few were attracted to the Oratory by recreative amusements and by these and other means brought within the sphere of religious influence who otherwise, perhaps, would not go to any church, to the grave injury of their souls. Shortly after, meetings of the parish priests of Turin were held, at which it was considered whether the Oratories should be promoted or reprovved, when word was sent to Don Bosco to go on with his work.

One obstacle was overcome, but another arose. Objection was again raised to the noise made by the boys, and Don Moretta was reluctantly constrained to send them away. They were then taken to a field, from which they were subsequently expelled because, it was alleged, they had trampled too much on it. They now numbered four hundred. Some weak-minded persons, seeing him leading this crowd of boys here and there, censured him as if he were keeping

them from work and subjection to parental control and accustoming them to a free and easy life of independence; and talked of popular revolts and commotion in some parts of Italy. The affectionate obedience of the boys to the servant of God led to the ridiculous rumor that he might become a dangerous man and at some time create a revolution in the city. This fantastic insinuation had an apparently specious foundation in the fact that a certain number of his boys who had become pious and well conducted were originally young jailbirds. These rumors reached the ears of the local authorities, specifically of the Prefect of Turin, the Marquis of Cavour, father of the famous Count Camillus Cavour, the Sardinian Statesmen, the chief of the makers of New Italy. He had, some time before that, seen Don Bosco in the fields seated on the ground in the midst of a circle of boys into whom he was instilling the principles of religion and morals. "Who is that priest in the midst of those rogues?" he asked. "It is Don Bosco," he was told. "Don Bosco! Oh, he is a fool," he observed, "or at least a man to be sent to the Senate" (meaning the prison of the palace called the Senate). With this idea in his mind, he now sent for Don Bosco to whom, after a long conversation, he said, "My good priest, take my advice and leave these young ruffians alone; they will only disgust you and give trouble to the public authorities. I am certain these meetings are dangerous and I cannot tolerate them any longer." In vain Don Bosco explained the work of the Oratory; the Marquis threatened him with imprisonment; but, undismayed by this threat, he never lost his calm self-possession, nor relaxed his habitual smile. This noble resistance displeased Cavour, who angrily added: "This is a disorder, and I wish and must put a stop to it. Don't you know that every assemblage is prohibited without a legitimate permit?" "My assemblages have no political object," he replied. "I am teaching catechism to the poor boys, and I am doing this with the Archbishop's permission." "Is the Archbishop made aware of these things?" he was asked. "He is fully informed," he answered. "I have never taken a step without his consent." "And if the Archbishop told you to desist from this ridiculous undertaking of yours, you would put no difficulty in the way?" queried Cavour. "By no means," he said. "I have begun and continued until now with the advice of my ecclesiastical superior, and at a simple word from him shall be altogether at his commands." When the Archbishop was told of the interview, he counselled Don Bosco to have courage and patience. He needed them; for Cavour would not allow the continuation except on certain conditions, which were unacceptable. He wanted to limit the number of boys, prohibited their leaving or entering the city in a body, and absolutely excluded the grown-up

ones as dangerous. To the calm and deferential observations of Don Bosco, he replied: "But what are these roughs to you? Leave them to their families. Don't take such a responsibility upon you." The result was that he and his poor protégés were placed under police supervision. When he found himself escorted to and from the place of meeting by carbineers he only smiled. He used to say that the most romantic time of the Oratory was that of these field gatherings.

In his "dreams" he had luminous visions which he narrated to Don Rua and others; visions of a large house and church, like that of St. Francis de Sales, as before, with "*Hæc est domus mea, inde gloria mea*" over its portals, through which entered boys, clerics and priests. Now to the spectacle, in the same place succeeded another like the small Pinardi house, and around its porticos and church little boys and ecclesiastics in very large numbers. "But this is not possible," he said to himself; "this is quite other than a dwelling suited to us. I am afraid I am the prey of a diabolical illusion." And then he distinctly heard a voice which said to him: "And dost thou not know that the Lord can enrich his people with the spoils of the Egyptians?" The dream of the night preceding the second Sunday of October, 1844, was near its fulfillment. The Oratory was to pass through three stages before it had a settled dwelling place. The end was then near!

But Don Bosco was not yet at the end of his troubles. Opposition revived. Several of his friends, in place of encouraging him to persevere, suggested to him to abandon the work. Some thought he was the victim of a monomania. His fellow-students at the seminary advised him to change his method of apostolate, saying he compromised the sacerdotal character with his extravagances, lowering himself in taking part in the playing of so many rogues and permitting them to raise such an unseemly tumult; adding that such things had never been seen in Turin and were contrary to the customary habit of a clergy so grave and reserved. And when their logic failed to persuade Don Bosco they said his head was turned. Even his old friend Don Borel said: "Dear Don Bosco, not to expose ourselves to the danger of losing all, it is better that we should save a portion. Let us wait for times more favorable to our designs; let us dismiss the present Oratory boys, retaining twenty of the youngest; meanwhile let us privately continue to occupy ourselves with these few. God will open a way for us to do more, providing us with the means and a place." Like a man sure of what he was doing, he replied: "Not so, not so! The Lord in His mercy has begun and will finish His work. You know with what trouble we have been able to rescue from evil ways such a great number of boys

and see how they follow our lead. It is not fitting now to leave them again to themselves and to the dangers of the world to the grave injury of their souls." "But in the meantime where are we to assemble them?" "In the Oratory." "And where is this Oratory?" "I see it already built. I see a church. I see a house, I see an enclosure for recreations. This is ours," he said, "and I see it." "And where are these things?" "I cannot yet say where they are, but they really exist and will be ours." On hearing these words Don Borel was deeply moved; they seemed to him sufficient proof of his friend's madness, and he said to himself: "Poor Don Bosco! truly his brain is really going away!" and, as he withdrew, shed tears. Don Pacehiotti, too, glancing at him with compassion, repeated sadly: "Poor Don Bosco!" The rumor of his mental alienation spreading, some leading priests visited him. They pointed out how he could do great good to souls in otherwise exercising the sacred ministry, preaching missions, helping in some city parish or devoting himself exclusively to the Marchioness Barolo's works. "It does not do to be self-willed," they urged; "you cannot accomplish impossibilities; Divine Providence, too, seems clearly to indicate that it does not approve of the work you have begun. It is a sacrifice, but it must be made; dismiss the boys." "Oh! Divine Providence!" exclaimed Don Bosco, raising his hands to heaven, while his eyes shone with extraordinary splendor. "You are in error! I am very far from not being able to continue the Oratory. Divine Providence has sent me these boys, and I will not send away one, be sure of that. I have the invincible certainty that Providence itself will supply me with all that is necessary. So the means are already prepared; and, as they won't let me a place, I shall build one with the help of Mary most holy. Yet, we shall have large buildings, with schools and dormitories capable of receiving as many boys as shall come; we shall have workshops of every kind, so that boys can there learn a trade according to their liking; we shall have a fine courtyard and a spacious cloister for recreations; in fine, we shall have a magnificent church, clerics, catechists, assistants, head masters, professors ready at command, and numerous priests who will instruct the boys and take special care of those in whom there are signs of a vocation." Astonished at this unexpected reply, and looking at each other, these good priests said: "You mean then to form a new religious community?" "And what if I had this project?" "What device would you assign to your religious?" "Virtue," replied Don Bosco, not wishing to explain minutely. They wanted to know with what habit he would invest the new religious. "I wish," he said, "they should all go about in overalls, with sleeves like working stone masons." A laugh greeted this. Don Bosco

smilingly observed: "Perhaps I have put it in a strange way? Don't you know that to go about thus means to be poor, and that a religious society without poverty cannot last?" "We understand perfectly," they replied as they retired, unanimously of opinion that his mental facilities had lost their equilibrium.

This persuasion prevailed throughout Turin. His friends were grieved; the indifferent or envious derided him; and almost all stood aloof. Some official personages of the archiepiscopal Curia sent a prudent person to further examine him, fearing that if he was as rumored, something might occur injurious to the dignity of the priesthood. The envoy came to the conclusion that he was under an hallucination, that he had a fixed idea of possessing what he would never have. They were undecided as to what course to pursue, because the Vicar General Ravina, a friend of Don Bosco, would not permit any precipitate decision. But others took the matter in hand and, imagining that his "illusions" would inevitably lead to insanity, thought to prevent such a calamity by sending him to an asylum where he would have every care that charity or medical skill could suggest. Accordingly arrangements were made with the superintendent, and the execution of the plan was entrusted to Don Vincenzo Ponzati, parish priest of St. Augustin's, and a young priest Luigi Nasi. They went to Valdocco, where, after engaging in conversation for some time, they invited him to go out for a drive, saying they had a carriage in readiness. "A little open air will do you good, dear Don Bosco," said Ponzati. Don Bosco suspecting they were among those who thought him out of his mind and intent on giving them a surprise, accepted the invitation. They politely requested him to enter the carriage first. "No," he protested, "it would be a want of respect on my part; you go in before me." They entered without suspecting anything, sure that he would follow them. But when he saw them seated, he slammed the door and said to the coachman: "Go immediately to the Asylum where these gentlemen are expected." The driver drove rapidly, unheeding the appeals of the two priests to stop, and quickly reached the Asylum, which was very near the Refuge. As soon as they were within, the porter hurriedly shut the outer gates, and the carriage was at once surrounded by the attendants. To their surprise, instead of one priest, whom they were told to expect, they found two who, despite their energetic protests, were detained. They demanded that the doctor should be called, but he was not in the house; the chaplain, but he was at dinner. Finally, after reiterated and urgent requests, the latter made his appearance and, seeing they had been caught in their own trap, burst out laughing and had them set at liberty. The feelings of the poor priests may be easily imagined. Don Bosco had turned

the tables on them; they kept out of his way in the streets whenever they saw him approaching; they had become a laughing stock throughout the city.

After that they left him alone; the question of his sanity was no longer discussed. Monsignor Frasoni, who never withdrew his support, advised him to resolutely go on with his work. It was fortunate that the see was filled by a prelate so intelligent in the ways of Divine Providence, so well disposed; otherwise, without a miracle, the work would have failed. Don Cafasso helped him with alms; and to temporizers who would have Don Bosco put a limit to his too enterprising zeal, said in grave and as it were prophetic accents: "Leave him to his work! let him work on!" (*lasciatelo fare!*). Don Borel was always ready to help him, but was then a silent observer who compassionated his friend. The servant of God let him into the great secret that he had had, and more than once, certain visions from God and the Blessed Virgin, that the fields of Valdocco would be the cradle of the Oratory and a new Pious Society he had it in mind to found.

All Turin was talking about him. When he passed through the streets with his boys, people came out of their houses, or out on their balconies, or went to the windows to see the sight. Some said he was a great saint, others that he was a great fool. Sometimes, on returning from their rambles, the boys halted and, seizing Don Bosco's arms, raised him on their shoulders and carried him in triumph into the city, the good priest striving in vain to prevent them; although he had them under such control that in the fields a word, a sign, a glance from him was enough to impose silence. A carbineer, who witnessed this, exclaimed: "If that priest was a general, he would fight the best-disciplined army in the world with the certainty of victory!"

Yet he was not a martinet. In the midst of this crowd of boys, mostly wild shoots when they came to him first, rude, untaught lads, he was like a father in the midst of a large family. He was not repelled by their roughness; he drew them to him by his kindness until they learned to love him as he loved them; he laughed with them, joked with them, played with them, made them feel quite at home with him; attracted them by innocent artifices until he gained their hearts and then opened their minds to the knowledge of the truths of religion, purified their souls by confession and absolution after he had enlightened their intellects and then gave them Holy Communion. He resembled St. Philip Neri, the founder of the Oratorians, who once said he did not care if they broke sticks on his back so long as they did not sin.

One of the saddest days of his life was Palm Sunday, April 3, 1846,

the last day he was allowed to use the field in which he was wont to assemble his boys. He did not know where to take them on Easter Sunday. Meanwhile they went on pilgrimage to the Capuchin Church of the Madonna di Campagna to beg Our Lady to obtain for them another place for their Oratory meetings. After Mass he delivered a little *ferverino* in which he compared them to birds whose nest had been destroyed. They did not pray in vain; some of the boys, his biographer avers, were "angels of virtue." He prayed very fervently himself, for he was pensive and melancholy, and his eyes filled with tears when he reflected that he had no place, no fold into which to gather his young flock. When they went back to the field in the evening and the boys were at play, while he stood, sad and isolated, in a corner, one Pancrazio Soave told him Francesco Pinardi had an outhouse to let. He went at once to inspect it, terms were agreed upon, and when he announced the glad news to the boys they leaped for joy, and then recited the Rosary in thanksgiving to their heavenly benefactress.

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(To be continued.)

CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN CHINA.

“**T**HE Celestial Empire” or the “Flowery Kingdom,” as China has, at times, been called, was long closed to the outside world, but history teaches us that there is no land on the face of the globe that can long remain closed to the Catholic missionary, especially if that land has never heard the “glad tidings” that secure the salvation of souls, redeemed by the awful sacrifice on Calvary.

The work of the missionary began with the birth of Christianity. “Ite-do-cete” was the command given by the Redeemer of the world to His disciples, and they went forth to suffer like their divine Master, to do and die for the faith that was in them. Neither the prison, nor the rack, nor the sword of the executioner could stay their progress. In all ages and in all climes they labored amid untold sufferings and unwearied toil—leaving behind them all the bright prospects their native land offered them to gain the eternal reward promised to them that “teach unto justice,” or to gain the crown of martyrdom, knowing full well that “the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christianity.” It is the planting of this seed in China and the good fruit it brought forth that shall engage our attention in this article.

The Chinese mission is attracting no little attention to-day, and this fact may lead many persons to imagine that it is a new field for evangelization taken up by the Church. It is a comparatively new move on the part of the American missionary, but it is centuries old on the part of the Church.

It will not be necessary for us at the present moment to deal, in detail, at least, with the earliest missions. It will be sufficient for us to state that the Nestorians were permitted to preach their heresies in China in A. D. 685. They were expelled in 845, and we find no trace of them, except perhaps what Thévenot tells us in the *Lamaseries of Thibet*. It is also recorded that Marco Polo, as early as 1275, introduced Christian missionaries into China. They were probably Dominicans, but, like Gaspar de la Cruz, they did not remain long, for lack of proper means for prosecuting their work.

We do know, however, that Pope Clement V. (1305) appointed the celebrated Franciscan, Juan de Monte Corvino, as Metropolitan—a man, as Neander describes him—“in whom we recognize the pattern

of a true missionary, who spared no pains in giving the people the word of God in their own language."¹

We know that in 1552 St. Francis Xavier left Goa in Japan for the Chinese mission, where he proposed to labor for some time to come, but God deemed his labors completed and called him to his eternal and well merited reward. The great "Apostle of the Indies" died on his way to China, on the island of Sandian, on the coast of the land he was going to evangelize, abandoned by treacherous Chinese he had hired to take him to Canton.

But this field was not to be abandoned, for almost at the very hour of the death of the great St. Francis, there was born one who was destined to take up his work. It was in 1583 that a child, now grown to man's estate, and like St. Francis, a member of the Society of Jesus, began a work at which he labored for twenty-seven eventful years, and which may be said to be the beginning of the history of permanent modern Catholic missions in China.

Between 1536 and 1575 missionaries of different orders made repeated attempts to establish Christianity in China. Among these were Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians, etc. Such were the efforts of Gaspar de la Cruz, a Spaniard, at Canton, in 1556; of Martin de Rada, O. S. A., at Tonkin, in 1575. But all these attempts seem to have been untimely and were productive of very little fruit, at the expense of great hardship. They had to bide their time.

Father Matthew Ricci, S. J., in his "Memoires," tells us that about the year 1580, Father Valgnan, Superior of the Jesuit missions in Japan, anxious for the conversion of the Chinese, prepared for a work which would "redound to the greater glory of God and which promised an abundant harvest of souls for the Church of Jesus Christ." He at once appealed to the Fathers residing at Macao (a city acquired by the Portuguese as a commercial station, in 1586, in return for their assistance against pirates). Macao, or Amaca (Port Anna) Ama-Keu, derives its name from an idol venerated by the mandarins of the archipelago. It is known among the natives of to-day as Ngao-Men.

We know that in 1580 Father Ruggieri, S. J., succeeded in entering

¹ "History of the Christian Religion and Church," Vol. VII., p. 76. Ed. Torrey. In connection with Father Monte Corvino, it may be well to remind the reader that when Pope Clement V. in 1307, learned from this indefatigable missionary the progress that Christianity was making in the far Orient, he was moved to give what assistance and encouragement he could to so great and important a work, carried on for eleven years, almost alone, by Father Monte Corvino. He appealed to the General of the Franciscans for missionaries who were willing to devote their lives to the work in these remote regions. A band of zealous men responded to the Pope's appeal. Seven of their number were consecrated Bishops before leaving Europe. These were instructed, as soon as they reached Pekin, to consecrate Father Monte Corvino as Archbishop of Kan-Ba-Lick, whose suffragans they were to become. Only three of the seven reached their destination, and these carried out the commands of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Canton with a company of merchants. His stay was not long at this time, but he returned in 1583 with two confrères, Father Matthew Ricci and Father Pasio. Father Ricci may be regarded as the founder of the Chinese Missions. We are told that he landed at Canton "without money and without books," but he had confidence in his vocation and in the grace of God. He knew full well that he was at the mercy of the Viceroy and that his first years of labor would be full of danger, but to this he gave little thought. He knew that venturing upon his new field of labor he might expect all that had been prophesied of old: that some of his kind "had been put to death and crucified, and some scourged in the synagogues, and persecuted from city to city," and he expected the same fate. He knew also that if he fell there were others who would gladly take his place and the work of redemption would go on until it was successfully accomplished.

On his first arrival at Canton, Father Ricci thought it advisable to don the garb of the *Bonze*, but finding that it was far from commanding the respect he anticipated, he exchanged it for that of the *Literater*, a garb which he and his confrères retained ever afterwards.²

Although his first convert was a poor outcast whom he found dying by the roadside, yet he acted towards him the part of the good Samaritan. He saw a soul to save, and he prepared the unfortunate man as best he could for a better world. This was a poor beginning, it is true, but it paved the way, and was a forecast of the day when nobles and princes were to be counted among his disciples. By indefatigable study, he acquired such a mastery of the principal Chinese dialects that his compositions, as Bridgman, in his "Church and Christianity," tells us, already attracted the admiration of the most learned and critical readers, and one of these works was destined to fill a place it still occupies in the Imperial Library.

It would require a volume, yes, a series of volumes, to follow Father Ricci in his journeyings "from city to city." Through many difficulties and barriers he fought his way; ever prudent, never deviating from his purpose. From Tchao-Tcheou he went to Nankin, and although he did not accomplish all he had anticipated, he did not despair. In 1594, after his labors in the Province of Kiang-Scou, where he was well received, he established a station at the town of Nau-Tchang-Fou. In spite of all he was made to suffer from a part of its inhabitants and from treacherous proselytes, this station, in time, became a most flourishing Christian settlement because of the character and number of its converts.

Father Ricci's persistence, as we have seen, was marvelous. He seemed to anticipate every obstacle and to meet it with prudence,

² Vie du Père Ricci, par le P. d'Orleans.

sagacity and fortitude. A Protestant missionary, Dr. Gutzlaff, in speaking of him, says: "Few men ever lived who did so much within so short a time as this Jesuit. . . . It will scarcely be credited that at his death there existed in Keang-Nou province alone, thirty churches. . . . There were few large cities in which some Christians were not to be found."

It is well known that the Chinese were acute astronomers as far back as the reign of Yao, B. C. 2357. Father Ricci and his companions were not slow in taking account of this fact, and their proficiency in the sciences found favor in the eyes of some of the most learned mandarins. Father Ricci not only established houses in Peking, but even within the precincts of the imperial palace. His rare scientific knowledge was cheerfully given to the service of the government, but he would accept no compensation. He would be their philosopher and mathematician at court, but the only compensation he was willing to receive was permission to be a missionary outside of the court, and non-Catholic writers tell us that "he was successful in both characters."³

The scientific work of the Jesuits has been kept up, even down to our own time. M. François Garnier, who if he had any feeling concerning the missionaries, it was rather hostile than otherwise, in his "*De Paris à Thibet*" (1802) after criticizing the work of the Jesuits, seems to forget his adverse criticisms and tells us that the scientific researches of Father David, C. M., earned for him the title of correspondent of the Academy of Science, a title of great value. Of course, Father David was not a Jesuit, but he was a missionary, nevertheless. The works of Father Hende on the conchology of Kiang-Nan, his curious studies on deer and turtles, were admired and rewarded by the same Academy.⁴ Then there is Father Degelois, who wrote a series of geographic observations, and Father Dechevians, who wrote a meteorology and a work on the course of typhoons. The Jesuits also devoted themselves to the study of the sciences and established astronomical and meteorological observatories in many

³ In the "History of China," by Thomas Thornton, Esq., preface, p. 13, we read: "The geographical labors performed in China by the Jesuits and others of the Roman Catholic faith will ever command the gratitude and excite the wonder of all geographers. . . . Portable chronometers and aneroid barometers, sextants and theodolites, symplezometers and micrometers, compasses and field horizons, are, notwithstanding all possible care, frequently found to fail, and yet one hundred and fifty years ago, a few wandering European priests traveled the enormous State of China proper and laid down on their maps the positions of cities, the direction of rivers and the height of mountains with correctness of detail and a general accuracy of outline that are absolutely marvelous. To this day all our maps are based upon their observations." "The Taeping Rebellion in China," by Commander Lindsay Brine, R. N., F. R. G. S., ch. iii, p. 39 (1862). And Mr. Thornton adds that "the Chinese chronology rightly examined rather confirms than contradicts the Mosaic account." Mr. Gutzlaff adds that "whatever is valuable in Chinese astronomical science has been borrowed from the treasures of the treatises of the Roman Catholic missionaries."

⁴ "Memoirs concerning the National History of the Chinese Empire"

places. Missionaries are never behindhand in the sciences. In proof of this, an envoy from the Ministry of Public Instruction of Paris, charged with a scientific mission to Siberia and Japan, relates that he "made experiments for the first time in the Catholic Mission House of Ou-tchang-fou, in the very heart of China."⁵

Father Ricci's converts were not confined to the humble classes. His luminous teachings and mortified life attracted the attention of no less a person than Pau-Seu, one of the most prominent dignitaries of the empire. He with his whole family became converts to the faith, and their descendants to this day are devout Catholics. Du Halde (Vol. III., p. 79 et seq.) records the fact that his granddaughter, Candida, "during thirty-four years of widowhood, imitated perfectly those holy widows whose characters St. Paul describes to us. She founded no less than thirty churches in her own part of the country, and caused mission stations to be built in different parts of the empire." This same writer is obliged to admit, much to his regret, that in the single province first evangelized by Father Ricci, "the Catholics to-day number about 70,000 souls."

Right here, in summarizing the reports of conversions, we might be led to imagine them greatly exaggerated, but when we find them verified by very reliable authorities, and these reports not always given without reluctance, we are forced to accept them. Yet, when these results are compared with those of non-Catholic missions, they appear almost incredible.

But, if Father Ricci met with almost phenomenal success, he was too experienced a missionary not to foresee that an inevitable day of suffering was in store for him in the near future. He was not slow in preparing his spiritual children to meet it with the fortitude of the early martyrs. He knew that persecution had already manifested itself in the provinces, and he fully realized the terrible struggles and the Christian blood that was soon to dye the soil of China. The greatest precaution was now necessary in admitting converts into the Church. Du Halde and Hennion tell us that they were required to make "a public declaration of their faith *composed by themselves*." Le Conte also tells us that "the mandarins venture all as soon as they think of becoming Christians and both they and their teachers know it. But in spite of persecution" they persevere to the end. Mr. Gutzlaff, a non-Catholic missionary, does not hesitate to say that Father Ricci "had only spent twenty-seven years in China, and during that time he had performed a herculean task. He was the first Catholic missionary who penetrated into the empire and when he died *there were more than three hundred churches in different parts*

⁵ "Un Touriste dans l'Extrême Orient," par Edm. Colleau; p. 344.

of the province." While admitting this fact, Mr. Gutzlaff could not resist a fling at Father Ricci's work. "They [the Jesuits] converted thousands without touching their hearts." Which are we to believe, this statement or the story told by the dungeons and scaffolds of China?

Feeling that his end was near, he called his confrères around him and spoke to them as follows: "My Fathers, when I consider the means by which I may most efficiently propagate the Christian faith among the Chinese, I find no better nor more persuasive than my death," and in fact, as Father Huc, C. M., testified many years after Father Ricci's death, when he tells us that "by his public funeral, with the Emperor's official sanction, Christianity was legalized in China." In the "*Memoires de la Congregation de la Mission*," we read: "Father Ricci died at his residence in Peking on May 11, 1610. He was fifty-eight years of age. On the occasion of his death the Emperor, Ouang-Ly, gave the missionaries as a burial place for the religious, whom he had honored with his esteem and favor, a large property, the country house of one of the chief *eunuques* of the palace, who had been condemned to death. It is situated beyond the city limits, near the eastern gate, called by the Chinese Che-Men, because of the white marble doors that embellish the entrance. The tomb of the great missionary is in the northern part of the cemetery, east of the 'Calvaire.'"

After the death of Father Ricci, the missions progressed for a time; new "stations" were established in the province of Nankin, notably that of Chan-Si, where the number of converts increased very rapidly under the protection of a Christian mandarin from Peking. Father Sameda reports that in 1642 this was the largest and most flourishing Christian settlement in China. All seemed very promising, but Father Ricci's fears were to be realized in 1645, when a persecution broke out, which increased two years later, when a decree was promulgated banishing all Christian missionaries except those at Peking, where they found protection in high places.

This condition of affairs continued for some ten years, but in 1625 it became more serious; the incursions of the Tartars from the East—the perpetual enemies of the Chinese—became more and more frequent and the court of Peking was kept in continual disquiet. It was at this time that the Emperor, hoping to ingratiate himself with the Portuguese through the intervention of the missionaries, ordered a cessation of the persecutions and even permitted the return to Peking of such missionaries as might still be remaining in the country.

The work of evangelization was gladly taken up by Father Schall and his Jesuit confrères. This valiant soldier of the Cross, a native of Cologne, and successor of Father Ricci, soon acquired no little

influence at the court of the Emperor, Choun-Tje. It was during this period of comparative peace that in 1556 a large and beautiful church was erected at Peking and placed under the invocation of the Immaculate Conception. The Emperor, wishing to manifest his high appreciation of Father Schall and his companions, not only gave the ground upon which the church was built, but contributed, in cash, 10,000 taels (\$16,000). A century later, when this church was destroyed by fire, the Emperor, Kien-Long, not only permitted it to be rebuilt, but contributed for that purpose a sum equal to that contributed by his imperial ancestor for the same purpose. A tablet on the door of the Church records this act of munificence.

In 1631 other missionaries came into the field. Dominicans and Franciscans began their labors with marked success. We shall refer to them in their proper places. Father Schall's companion, Father Kuffler, had the happiness to pour the saving waters of baptism upon the heads of the mother of the Emperor, his principal wife and his eldest son. This toleration on the part of the Emperor was only of a capricious nature, and his interest in the missionaries was of a personal character. "The mandarins," the sovereign was wont to say, "ask me daily for new favors, but Ma-fa (a name he had given to Father Schall, who had just completed the reform in the calendar) though he knows that I love him, always refuses even those which I press him to accept." Moreover, when the good missionary rebuked the monarch's vices, the latter replied: "I pardon your invectives, because I am convinced that you love me."⁶

But the sun did not always shine so brightly on the lives and labors of the missionaries. The divine Master who sent them forth to preach the Gospel to every creature suffered even in His own day; could His disciples expect less, even down through the ages?

On the death of the Emperor and during the minority of his successor, Chang-hi, a terrible persecution broke out. Père d'Orleans tells us that "the four regents went so far as to confer the title of Preceptor to the young Emperor on Father Schall, but a cabal of Bonzes and mandarins aroused such a tempest against Christianity as to result in an attempt at its extermination."⁷ The venerable Father Schall, at the age of seventy-four, was loaded with chains and cast into prison with a number of converted mandarins, of whom five earned the crown of martyrdom. Father Schall was sentenced to be strangled and chopped to pieces, but his life was finally spared through the intercession of the Emperor's mother. It also happened that at the time when the tribunal was deliberating the fate of the missionary, a sudden earthquake occurred, and the people, interpret-

⁶ Hennion, tom. II., p. 376.

⁷ "Hist. of the Tartar Conquerors," Bk. I., p. 43

ing this as a warning from heaven, prevailed upon the judges to consent to a reversal of the sentence they had imposed on Father Schall.

But this stay in the persecution was only of short duration, and poor Father Schall, worn out by infirmity and sufferings his strength could no longer endure, went to receive the well merited reward of his labors, in 1666. "Fallen from fame," says Père d'Orleans, "stripped of his dignities, overwhelmed with reproaches and calumny, he endured imprisonment and chains, showing by his constancy that he deemed himself even more happy to confess the name of Christ in a dungeon than to have preached it with honor in a palace."

The death of Father Schall, however, did not put an end to the persecutions. Twenty-five missionaries, all but four of whom were Jesuits, were arrested and driven from the interior of China to find a refuge in Canton. Here they calmly awaited a lull in the persecution, and when it came, it found them once more among their dear converts.

In 1671 Father Ferdinand Verbiest, a native of Belgium, and the worthy successor of Father Schall, soon, by his scientific services, acquired a good influence over the new Emperor, and obtained permission for the missionaries to resume their work, and in that single year, as the Protestant missionary, Mr. Medhurst, tells us in his work entitled "China, Its States and Prospects" (ch. ix., p. 232), when he reports that "more than 20,000 Chinese were converted." Persecution had won the admiration of the pagan, for he realized that a religion that could inspire so much courage and fortitude under torture must have something in it. We may add that in 1672, an uncle of the Emperor, together with many other persons of high rank, including eight "political generals" who commanded the Tartar forces, embraced the Christian faith. This encouraged the missionaries to look forward, after all their trials, to the triumph of the Cross in China.

But even during this period of seeming security, the missionaries were not without misgivings and anxieties. Spies followed them at every step, invaded their homes and watched and reported their inner life. It was a mystery to the mandarins that men of the stamp of Fathers Verbiest, Grimaldi and Pereira, versed as they were in all branches of human science, could persistently refuse dignities and emoluments so often offered to them and deliberately prefer to spend their lives in prayer, fasting and continence. But the evidence produced by the spies confirmed their mode of life, and did not fail to impress the Emperor, so much so, that when, in 1683, additional missionaries arrived at Ningpo and their entrance was violently opposed by the pagan mandarins, the Emperor Chang-hi, wrote with

his own hand to his over-zealous subordinates: "It is not men of this kind who should be driven from my empire. Let them all come to my court; such as are versed in mathematics shall remain near my person, the others may go to the provinces or wherever they find a field for their work."

Good Father Verbiest died in 1680. So great was the esteem in which he was held that the Emperor himself insisted upon pronouncing his eulogy, in which he took occasion to state that "not one of his calculations as to the movements of the heavenly bodies had been found defective." The Rev. Mr. Medhurst, above quoted, spoke of Father Verbiest in the most complimentary manner, and he adds: "His character for humility and modesty was only equalled by his well-known application and industry. He seemed insensible to everything but the promotion of science and religion; he abstained from idle visits, the reading of curious books, and even the perusal of European papers, while he incessantly employed himself either in mathematical calculations, in instructing proselytes, in corresponding with the *grande*es of the empire in the interests of the mission, or in writing to the learned of Europe, inviting them to repair to China. His private papers are indicative of the depth of his devotion, the rigor of his austerities, his watchfulness over his heart amid the crowd of business and the ardor with which he served the cause of religion."

Father Schall and Father Verbiest, good and zealous men as they were, were only types of the numerous apostles which the Church sent out to "teach all nations." No sooner was Father Verbiest called to his heavenly reward than his place was taken by Fathers Gerbillon and Bouvet, who like their predecessor, were received at the court of Chang-hi, who, we are told, obliged them "to learn the Tartar dialect, which he preferred to speak, and constantly examined them himself to ascertain the progress they were making in his favorite language," in which Chateaubriand tells us, one of them subsequently translated the scientific treatises of Fontenelle.⁸

In the meantime the progress of Christianity in the southern pro-

⁸ The missionaries gave much attention to the intellectual development of the people. The only French-Korean dictionary and the only Korean grammar in existence up to 1896 are the work of the Fathers *Les Missions Étrangères* of Paris, published at Yokohama in 1880. One of these Fathers published a Chinese Dictionary, which was highly prized. We must not lose sight of the fact that these men were the confrères of Father Amiot, the creator of the sinology of the last century, and that the Jesuits issued from their press, at Zi-Ka-wei, an entire series of Chinese works, "*Les Variétés Sinologiques*, the *Boussole du Langage*," the *Franco-Chinese Method* of Father Henri Boucher; the "*Cursus Litteraturæ Sinicæ*," by Father P. Noltoli, both works crowned by the Academy. This Father also publishes a large Chinese dictionary. We might add that Father Seraphin Couvreur has published another which earned the Stanislas Julien prize conferred by the Institute. It is evident that the traditions of Fathers Ricci, Schall and Verbiest have not been abandoned.

vinces continued with unabated zeal. The Spanish Franciscans and Dominicans had succeeded in the early part of the seventeenth century in obtaining a foothold in China, and by 1660 the Franciscans had made 4,000 converts in Canton, while the Dominicans had made 10,000 in the three provinces of Fo-Kien, Tehi-Kiang and Kouang-Toung. But, with all this, the missionaries were not without cares and anxieties, sometimes, we are sorry to say, from so-called Christian Europeans. The commercial relations between Spain and Portugal interfered considerably with their work. To these were added local persecutions, but in spite of all this, the good work went on to such an extent that their facilities were sorely taxed to meet existing conditions. Father Rhodes, S. J., of Tonkin, went to Rome in 1658 and petitioned the Holy See for the erection of some Vicariates Apostolic outside of Portuguese jurisdiction, and also for the establishment of a theological seminary, as it has always been the policy of the Church to secure a native clergy wherever possible in missionary lands.

Pope Alexander VII. approved of the proposition made by Father Rhodes, and, in the same year, appointed three French priests as Vicars Apostolic; they were Father Pullu, Vicar Apostolic of Tonkin, and Administrator of five provinces in southeastern China; Father Lamothe-Lambert, Vicar Apostolic of the southern provinces, and Father Cotelendi, Vicar Apostolic of Nankin, Administrator of Peking and three provinces north of Korea. Shortly after this, in order to make the work of these Vicariates more effective and of affording them the benefits of pious generosity, the Society of Foreign Missions was founded and located in Paris, at the Seminary of the society, which has given the Church so many missionaries and martyrs.

The work of the missionaries was not confined to making converts alone. The seminaries they established, in time, produced native priests and native Bishops, and when the dreadful persecutions decimated the ranks of the missionaries they were filled up, in part, by natives. Among these was Father Gregory Lou (Spanish Lopez), a Dominican, who, in 1679 was nominated titular Bishop of Basilea, and successor to Monseñor Cotelendi, Vicar Apostolic of Nankin in 1687.

Notwithstanding all this progress the missionaries never felt safe from the machinations of secret enemies. In 1662, after the death of the Emperor Choan-Tje, who had been the warm friend of Father Schall, as we have shown, the four regents proclaimed their hostility to Christianity, and a bitter persecution followed, the missionaries were driven away, and their residences pillaged and destroyed. After this storm better days came, so that in 1695 Pope Alexander VIII.

decided upon the erection of two new episcopal sees, one at Peking, the other at Nankin. The See of Macao had been erected by Pope Gregory XIII. The two new sees were suffragans. It may not be out of place to state here that there were six successive Bishops at Peking up to the time of the suppression of that see. These new Bishops were of various nationalities and of different religious orders.

The good Fathers lost no opportunity of making themselves useful to the government when they could do so conscientiously. When it became necessary to effect a treaty between China and Russia, the Fathers were called upon to act as interpreters. They succeeded in obtaining such advantageous terms for China, as gained for them the confidence and protection of the Emperor, who offered them magnificent remuneration. But the missionaries rejected all. "Oh!" cried Father Parmentin, "oh, for fewer gifts to the missionaries and more justice to the religion they preach!" The Fathers were able, some years later, to profit, in a way, from the services they rendered. Thus we find that when the Viceroy Teha-Kiang, friend of the famous Yang-Kouang-Shien, who had inherited all his kinsman's hatred of Europeans and their religion, incited a persecution against them which agitated the entire province, the Jesuits of Peking, through Prince Sosan, sought the intervention of the Emperor, who in 1692 issued an edict granting the fullest freedom to the missionaries "to preach the Gospel and to the subjects of His Majesty to embrace the new faith and to practice it at will."

The effect of this edict was really wonderful. The number of converts increased so rapidly that the missionaries found it very difficult to minister to them properly for want of helpers. It was, indeed, a case in which "the harvest was great, but the laborers were few."

While recording the wonderful achievements of the missionaries, we must not lose sight of the fact that they had their dark days as well, but we cannot, within the limits of a magazine article, go into all the details of their sufferings during the periodical persecutions that they were called upon to endure. We may, however, call attention to the great persecution of 1736. It took place during the reign of Kien-long, and may, indeed, be considered as a continuation of the trials the Church in China had endured for one hundred and fifty years. In some provinces there had been as many as three generations of martyrs in the same family. A writer in the "*Lettres Edifiantes*,"⁹ who had been an eye-witness of the horrors he describes, tells us that "all, except a very small number who were intimidated by the instrument of torture, displayed heroic constancy amid

⁹ "*Lettres Edifiantes*," tom. XX., p. 333.

the most cruel torments. In vain they beat their faces with rods till they were covered with blood; or stretched them on the ground and lacerated them with whips and rods. They answered constantly, 'We will live and die Christians.' When asked by their pagan judges, whose admiration was gained by the patience of their victims: "Why should you die? Obey the command of the Emperor by outward compliance and believe what you please in secret," but deception was not in accordance with the teachings of Father Parmentin and his confrères. Another victim said calmly to the officer who was binding him: "You need not fear lest I should move; a Christian is only too happy to die for his faith." A physician, who had been beaten almost to death, was besought by a youth whose godfather the physician was, to allow him to take his place. "Why, my son," replied the physician, "would you deprive me of the crown which God has prepared for me?" It is true that during ten years of terrible persecution that followed, some of the victims gave way, unable to bear their cruel torments, but the great majority "not princes only, but magistrates, soldiers, merchants, boatmen, women and even children"¹⁰ met their tortures with a heroism that would have done honor to the primitive Christians. A young girl of nineteen, on being dragged before the tribunal, displayed such joy in her countenance at the honor she would have in confessing herself a Christian, that the enraged mandarin said to her: "Knowest thou not that I can condemn thee to the sword?" Like St. Agnes of old, she calmly replied: "Here is my head, you can order it severed from my body, but it will be unspeakable joy to me to lay down my life for Him who died for me."¹¹ The mandarins, finding they could do nothing to shake the faith of the converts, turned their attention to the missionaries.

Fathers Royo, Serrano and Diaz, one after the other, fell into the hands of the mandarins and were subjected to the most excruciating mutilations. In answer to the questions of the judges, Father Royo told them that he had labored in China for over thirty years. He was delivered into the hands of his tormentors, while his two companions shared the same fate without even a question asked. The venerable Bishop Sanz, whom the Christians had kept in concealment for a time, now thought it time to give himself up and share the fate of his devoted priests. No sooner was he in the presence of the judges than he was condemned to receive twenty-five blows on the face with a bamboo rod. This was afterwards increased to ninety-five, and this, in spite of his advanced age. Finally, after an apostolate of

¹⁰ Rohrbacher: "Histoire de l'Église Catholique," tom. XXVIII, liv. xci., p. 470.

¹¹ Rohrbacher: "Histoire de l'Église Catholique," tom. XXIII, liv. xcl., p. 475.

thirty years, this faithful shepherd suffered martyrdom on May 25, 1747. His dying words, addressed to his executioner, were characteristic of the Christian Bishop: "My friend, you are sending me to heaven; would that I could take you with me."

One after another these heroic shepherds gave up their lives for their flocks, but their fall became the seed of Christianity and others hastened to fill their places. On September 12, 1748, the year after the martyrdom of the venerable Bishop Sanz, Father Tristan de Attermis and Father Jose Henriquez were strangled in prison after unheard-of tortures, and on October 28 of the same year, four Dominican missionaries received the crown of martyrdom at the same time.

The tenacity of the Christian converts to the new faith was really wonderful. Father Parronnin tells us of an old Tartar officer who for many years assembled in his house the Christians around him, on all festival days. "We pray together," says this devoted catechist; "I give them notice of the days of fasting and abstinence. All are eager for the happiness of seeing a missionary so as to be able to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments. Most of them had not seen a priest in twelve years." Everywhere the missionaries were the same to their converts, the affection of the converts for the missionaries was the same and the fortitude with which they bore their trials was ever the same.

The mission of Tong-King was founded in 1627 by Father Antoine de Rhodes, S. J. In a few months after his arrival, as we read in the "Lettres Edifiantes," he converted two hundred idolatrous priests, a sister of the King, and seventeen of her near relatives. In less than three years, he and his confrère, Father Antonio Magrués, baptized over 6,000 pagans, among whom were several bonzes of high standing, who were willing to accept the humble position of catechists, and in this way rendered incalculable assistance to the missionaries. When we read records like this we can readily understand that the ire of the King's wives was aroused against men who might induce even their own husbands to embrace a religion which condemned polygamy, and they succeeded in obtaining the banishment of the two missionaries.

But this did not in any way diminish the number of the faithful, for when the two missionaries returned, secretly, the following year, they found that the zealous catechists had not only kept the faith themselves, but had prepared *four thousand* neophytes for the reception of the Sacraments. Thus, in 1639, hardly twelve years after Father de Rhodes had first entered Tong-King, "there were already 82,500 Christians." These figures seem almost incredible, and would really

be so were it not that they are confirmed by reliable though sometimes reluctant non-Catholic authorities.

We have, until now, dwelt almost entirely on the work of the Jesuit missionaries in China and we have, by no means, exhausted the vast amount of matter in hand, but we are not writing a book. Our purpose is merely to give our readers a brief and cursory review of the work—the wonderful work—accomplished by different Catholic missionary organizations in China from the earliest advent of Christianity in that extensive field down to the present day.

We have already noticed the establishment of several Vicariates. Besides that, owing to the rapid growth of Christianity it became necessary in time to establish permanent episcopal sees. Some of these go back as far as 1696, and all of these recognizing the Archbishop of Goa as their Metropolitan. They, however, covered such a vast extent of territory as to make it impossible for their Bishops to give the faithful under their care the attention they required. Popes Innocent XI. and Innocent XII. divided these dioceses and formed Vicariates under titular Bishops selected from the various religious orders laboring in those regions. Thus we find, in 1696, Monsignor Maigret, of the Seminary of Foreign Missions, in Paris, named for the Vicariate of Fo-Kien; Father d'Alcala, O. P., for the Vicariate of Teche-Kiang; Monsignor Alvaro Benevento, O. S. A., for Kiang-Si; Father Juan Francisco de Lea, O. S. F., for Hou-Rouang; Father Antonio Pomote, S. J., for Cham-Si; Monsignor Antoine de Lyonne, Bishop of Rosalia, from the Seminary of Foreign Missions, for Su-tchuen; Father Basil de Glemene, O. S. F., for Shen-Si; Father Philibert Leblanc, Foreign Missions, for Yu-nan; Father Charles Turotti, S. J., for Kouen-Tchou, and Monsignor Raymond Lezole, Coadjutor to Monsignor Edmond Bolot, Bishop of Aura, from the Missions Étrangère, for the Vicariate of Tonkin.

Not satisfied with this provision for the salvation of souls, Pope Innocent XII., in 1697, anxious to provide these Vicariates with zealous workers, directed the Propaganda to organize an apostolic band for the Chinese missions. This band was composed of three Augustinians, three Franciscans and twelve Minor Observantines. To these were added two secular priests, one of whom was the Rev. Donato Mezzofalce di Bilonto, *convicteur* of the House of the Lazarist Fathers at Monte Citorio; also a student of the Propaganda, M. John Melliner, C. M., a German, and Father Louis Appiani, C. M., who, though only twenty-three years old, at this time, was appointed Vice Visitor Apostolic.

We know that the Franciscans had brought the glad tidings to China in the thirteenth century and that in the seventeenth and eighteenth the Dominicans and the Jesuits had labored in that country

under the immediate supervision of the Propaganda. The Dominicans, as we learn from the "*Apologia dei Padri Dominicani della China* (Colonia 1699)," had already been represented in China by Father Gaspar de la Cruz in 1556. This distinguished missionary preached with great zeal. Like another St. Boniface, he overturned the idols in their temples to prove the impotence of their gods, until the mandarins who had sought his life drove him out of the city. He died in Lisbon. Then we hear of Father Martin de la Roda, O. S. A., who went to China in 1575, and of Fathers de Castro and Benavides, both Dominicans. The latter was a master of the Chinese languages of that day, which enabled him and his confrère to begin their work at once in spite of the persecutions. We shall refer to them later on. But let us return to Father Appiani and his Lazarist confrères.

The first Lazarists to engage in the work of evangelizing China were Father Louis Antoine Appiani, Theodore Pedrini and John Mellener. These good Fathers realized the spirit of their holy founder: "*Evangelicare pauperibus misit me*," and they entered upon their work with the whole-heartedness of St. Vincent de Paul. Father Appiani was a native of Italy; he was born at Dogliani, in Piedmont, on March 22, 1663, and was ordained at the age of twenty-five. He entered the Congregation of the Mission in Genoa on May 20, 1687, being already a doctor of theology. For a time he was professor of philosophy, and of moral and dogmatic theology, at Monte Citorio. After a serious illness he resolved to devote his life to the missions in India, but God had other designs, and his desire to labor in foreign parts was to be gratified, but not in India.

As we have seen, Pope Innocent XII. designed him for the Chinese mission, and we find him, as stated above, Vice Visitor Apostolic of the houses to be established by the priests of the mission. It was the idea of the Congregation of the Propaganda to establish in China a seminary for the training of native priests, and the qualities noticed in Father Appiani gave the Congregation of the Propaganda the hope of effecting, through him, the realization of this great work. Father Mellener was a secular priest, but he felt that he could do much more effective work as a member of a religious community, where he would have companions and counsellors. He applied to Father Appiani for admission to the Congregation of the Fathers of the Mission. This favor was granted to him with the approbation of the Very Rev. Father Pieron, Superior General of the Congregation. But Father Mellener was not the first missionary of the Propaganda to apply to be enrolled among the sons of St. Vincent de Paul. Father John Appiani, a younger brother of the Vice Visitor, was among the first. He had been in China for some time engaged at the

Emperor's court, but he was only too glad to accept his brother's invitation to join him in a more congenial work.

Fathers L. A. Appiani and Mellener landed at Canton on October 14, 1699, and immediately applied themselves to the study of the language of the people they were going to evangelize. Their first care was to realize the hopes of the Propaganda and establish a seminary for the training of Chinese young men for the apostolate. They were not unmindful of the obstacles that lay in their way, but this they expected and they trusted in Providence for help to surmount them. The commercial relations between the Spanish and Portuguese residents in China kept things in such a destitute condition that Father Appiani did not deem it prudent to locate his seminary either at Canton or Peking, and that a more retired place, one less frequented by Europeans, would be more desirable. He therefore sought an asylum in the interior of the country. They secured a house in Tchung-King-Fou, which they made their permanent residence and they had also a small chapel. The natives built the Fathers two additional chapels in the country; these were constructed of reeds, rushes and straw. An old pagan hermit whom the Fathers had converted offered them his "temple," in which he had kept his idols, that they might convert it into a temple to the Living God. About one hundred converts formed the nucleus of this mission, but it grew in time.

These early Lazarists were obliged to go slowly and to exercise the greatest prudence, but Father Appiani was a man full of life and activity. But he realized the necessity for patience. He and his companions gave conferences, retreats and missions with the most gratifying results. It is thus that they had to endure all manner of disappointments and even persecution, but their trust in God never failed them. We cannot deny that there were times when Father Appiani felt discouraged and even thought of soliciting a mission far away, but he soon realized that things were not so bad as they might be, and that his lack of courage was only a temptation for him to overcome. He was encouraged about this time by the receipt of some relief from France and a remittance from the Propaganda for the purchase of a house to be used as a seminary. While everything seemed to indicate that this seminary was to be placed under the care of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Mission, the property, it seemed, was to be held in the name of the Propaganda. This was a source of anxiety to the Fathers, as it was liable to have to open its doors to undesirable persons who were unknown to the Fathers and who might pose as missionaries, and thus compromise the reputation of the legitimate workers. Father Appiani appealed to the Propaganda for a statement as to the status of the seminary, as well as for a course of studies subject to such modifications as circum-

stances and experience might suggest. Father Appiani and his devoted confrères continued their apostolic work amid poverty, disappointments, calumny and persecution, awaiting the day of deliverance with holy resignation, and this resignation was soon to be sorely needed.

On November 2, 1706, while the Bishop of Peking was at Hougan with Father Appiani, they were notified that the Sub-Prefect of that town desired to call on the Bishop. He was received without delay. This officer's conversation was, at first, on general matters, then, suddenly turning to Father Appiani, asked him whether he was not *Pie-Tien-Gho* (the Chinese name of Father Appiani). On receiving an affirmative answer, the Prefect informed him that he had an order from the Emperor for his arrest. Two satellites of the Prefect approached the surprised missionary and proceeded to put chains around his neck. The Bishop, shocked at this outrage, told the officer that if Father Appiani was guilty of any offense, which he was far from believing, he (the Bishop) was himself equally guilty and subject to arrest and that he, too, should be enchained. He approached Father Appiani, and the soldiers, thinking that they were obliged to bind the Bishop, put the chain upon him. The Prefect interfered, stating that his orders did not include the Bishop, but referred to Father Appiani alone.

Father Appiani was taken to the temple of one of their idols, where he was kept over night under a strong guard. Early the next morning, his chains were doubled and he was carried in an open criminal's chair to the place of trial. As he passed the vessel on which the Bishop was awaiting transportation to his destination. Father Appiani turned to the missionaries and asked their prayers. He was carried by four chair-bearers as far as Peking, where the trial was to take place. On his arrival he was asked by one of the Emperor's officials why he had been expelled from Su-tchuen. The prisoner replied that he had not been expelled.

In the meantime the Bishop had written to Father Gerbillon asking him to send Father Appiani money and everything he might need and to omit nothing that could contribute towards making his position as endurable as possible. On December 17, 1706, the Emperor issued an edict banishing Monsignor Maignot, Bishop of Conran, Father Appiani and several other missionaries. The article concerning Father Appiani charged him with causing a disturbance in the province of Su-tchuen. An officer of the Council was to take Father Appiani before the Viceroy of the Province, who after taking evidence was to forward his report to the Emperor.

The report proved nothing against the good missionary and he was sent back to Su-tchuen to be examined by the local authorities. The

Viceroy, failing to find anything against the prisoner, sent a confidential messenger to the Imperial Court for further instructions. Father Appiani, meantime, was sent to prison with his manacles still about him. Although his jailer was ordered to treat him as a person of distinction, the order was not obeyed. He remained in this prison nine months and three days. Finally, this courageous confessor of the faith was condemned to receive forty blows with rods and to perpetual banishment to northern Tartary. As this sentence could not be carried out without the approbation of the Supreme Court, Father Appiani was taken back to Peking, where it was found that the Court was not in session. The prisoner was now confined in the common jail, where he suffered the most excruciating torture, amid filth, common felons, diseased persons and even cadavers. He was advised to make his condition known to the Jesuit Fathers who were at the Court. He succeeded in doing so, and they immediately visited him and supplied him with the means to defray his daily expenses, until they found an opportunity of seeing the Emperor.

Father Appiani was dragged from one prison to another for a period of over nineteen years. Father Mellener, his confrère, the Father Guardian of the Franciscans and the Father Vicar of the Augustinians were likewise put to all manner of trouble and temporarily exiled through the machinations, we regret to say, of infidel Europeans. Then, too, the mandarins had been busy for a long time, in filling the Emperor's ears with false charges against the missionaries, until finally they were banished from Peking to Macao. Father Appiani was taken from a sick bed upon a stretcher to a junk which was to carry him, his confrères and the other missionaries to their destination. On landing, it was found that Father Appiani's condition had become so serious that the last Sacraments were administered by the Dominican Fathers. He received them full of faith, devotion and resignation to the will of God, and on August 29, 1732, he went to his eternal reward. He was buried on the following day "at the foot of the altar of these Rev. Fathers" in the presence of all the missionaries, and with all the ceremonies prescribed by the Church he served so long and heroically.

We have not space in a magazine article to follow the trials and persecution endured by Father Appiani and his two companions, the pioneers of the Congregation of the Mission in China. Suffice it to say that Father Pedrini died at Peking on December 11, 1746, in the seventy-seventh year of his age and the thirty-sixth of his missionary labors. Most of his life was spent at Peking and vicinity, where he was noted for his zeal for the propagation of the Christian religion. He strongly opposed the practice of certain rites which were con-

demned by the Church, and suffered, in consequence, the most cruel infliction of the bastinado, heavy chains and three years of painful imprisonment. He was calumniated and suffered all manner of persecution for Christ's sake.

Father Mellener, an indefatigable laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, was made Vicar Apostolic of Su-tchuen in 1716. As Bishop he devoted himself to the care of his extensive Vicariate. He instructed native catechists, who, in turn, were to instruct neophytes; he trained young Chinese for the priesthood and ordained them. Among these were Fathers Paul and Etienne Sou. He died at Tching-Tou-Fou on December 17, 1742, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and the forty-third of his profession as a Lazarist. All his missionary life was spent for the salvation of souls in China.

Father Paul Sou, like all Chinese convert-priests, was a zealous and devoted missionary. In 1754 he wrote to his confrère, Father Monet, in Canton: "God seems to mean to try us by still further difficulties, and our missionaries in China can now barely exercise their ministry in Canton. Five Jesuit Fathers have been arrested; one French priest from the Seminary of Foreign Missions of Paris, Father Urbain Lefèvre, has been sent back to Macao. The others are in prison. Father Urban, O. S. F., has been released after an imprisonment of eight years and he has gone to Europe, accompanied by four young Chinese students, who have been at Macao, where I have been stationed for the last eighteen months. They are on their way to the Chinese College at Naples."

Father Paul Sou, after having been driven from one province to another, full of years and worn out by hardships, imprisonment and persecution, finally sought and found refuge in a Dominican convent at Macao. But even here his devotion to the Church and to religion did not relax. He was anxious to work as long as he lived, and he devoted himself to the instruction of young Chinese Christians, training them to be competent catechists, and eventually to be candidates for the priesthood. He also taught the Chinese language to European missionaries. He died at the house of the Dominicans, the same in which his former superior, Father Appiani, had died.

The work of the Lazarist Fathers in China, which began as early as 1699, in the time when individual priests were sent out by the Propaganda until 1783, when the missions passed into their hands as a body, they labored under untold difficulties, but the spirit of their holy founder, St. Vincent de Paul, was an inspiration which led them on to do and to die, when necessary. We shall have occasion to refer to their work more than once as this narrative progresses.

The "Personel de la Congregation de la Mission" for 1916 (the last issue available) reports thirteen Vicariates Apostolic with over

sixty native priests, many of whom are holding responsible positions. Besides this, the Fathers have quite a number of seminaries for the training of young Chinese for the priesthood, colleges, normal schools and parochial schools for both sexes; orphan asylums, hospitals, etc. All of these are under the supervision of the Lazarist Fathers, assisted by the Brothers of Mary, Brothers of St. Paul, Sisters of Charity, Sisters of St. Joseph, Franciscans of Mary, Sisters of the Holy Infancy, Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, and others, all enduring sacrifice and privation cheerfully in the cause of Christianity. Of their martyrs we shall speak later on.

Persecutions continued with unabated fury and we cannot refrain from referring to some of them as evidences of the fortitude of the Christian martyr, and of the force of their example on their converts. The year 1750 found the prisons again crowded with devoted confessors of the faith, many of whom died of starvation. We find that one of the Bishops of Tong-King was pressed to the earth by a heavy weight and that he bore this torture for eighteen days. Father Laureygo and other missionaries shared the same fate, and their pagan tormentors who witnessed their resignation, left them filled with amazement and sorely at a loss to account for "the heavenly joy which illumined their faces" in the midst of their torments. The faith of the Chinese converts was really wonderful. Father de Fontaney, in the "*Lettres Edifiantes*" (I. xvii., p. 210) tells of a Tartar colonel charged with an official embassy to a distant part of the empire. Before starting, he besought the good Father to admit him to Baptism. On examination he was found ignorant of some of the most important things necessary to be known before one can be received into the Church, and his request was deferred. "Oh, Father!" exclaimed the poor fellow, "do not insist on this condition. I believe all the mysteries of religion, one God in three Persons; that the second Person became Man for us and suffered death for our salvation; I believe that those who keep the law will be saved, and that those who do not keep it will be eternally lost. There is nothing to prevent my becoming a Christian. I have only one wife, and no desire for more than one; there are no idols in my house, nor do I adore any. I adore the Lord of heaven alone, and desire to love and to serve Him as long as I live." The missionary still advised delay. "But, Father, if I die on the way my soul will be lost, for who will baptize me if I should fall sick on the way. You see that I am prepared; that I believe all the articles of the law, and that I wish to keep it all my life. I have just left the palace, and come hither in great haste to beg you to grant me this favor. I have only two hours left to prepare for my departure, for I must begin my march to-night. Father, in God's name, do not refuse me this grace." Such a prayer

as this was not to be refused. The missionary yielded, and eight days later the new Christian died on his journey.

Father François Noel tells us that many Christian Chinese "traveled twenty or thirty miles every Sunday to hear Mass, and that on Fridays they assembled in great numbers to practice devotions in honor of the Passion. These austerities and penances would be indiscreet if we were not careful to moderate their excess." Discipline of this kind, prayer, meditation and penance, prepared them for martyrdom. Even the hostile and Christian-hating Emperors have been forced to admit the powerful hold that Christianity has upon their subjects. Kia-King, in his bitter proclamation against the Catholic converts in his dominions, was forced to admit that all who became Christians, whether rich or poor, no sooner embraced the new religion than "they manifest such an affection for one another that they *seem to be of one bone and one flesh.*"

Mr. Tinkowski, a Russian envoy sent to Peking in 1805, on official business, tells us that, "in consequence of a map of China executed by the Jesuits, on which the sites of all the Catholic missions were indicated, a fresh persecution was commenced against the Christians. Efforts were made to oblige them to trample upon the Cross and to abjure their new faith, and on their refusal were threatened with death. At Peking many thousand persons were discovered who had embraced the Christian religion, even among the mandarins and members of the imperial family. New tortures," continues this Russian non-Catholic, "were invented expressly for this occasion. They made incisions in the soles of their feet, filled the wound with horsehair, finely cut, and then closed it with a plaster. It is affirmed that such torture has never before been permitted in China. Several of these miserable beings, chiefly Chinese soldiers, lost their courage during these tortures, but the great majority remained true to their religion."¹²

The persecution of 1805 died out in Peking, Mr. Tinkowski goes on to tell us, for a reason worthy of notice. "The president of the criminal tribunal, having learned that in his own house, *nearly all of his relations and servants were Christians*, became less rigorous in his examinations and more indulgent towards the Christians." The courage and heroism of the Chinese converts was the same in all parts of the empire, and during the centuries of persecution.

One after another the missionaries fell; no menace could daunt them, no anguish could overcome them. Father Beuth, Tristan de Attermis and Joseph Henriquez were shining examples of Christian heroism. The two last named were strangled in prison after the most cruel tortures. Examples like these, and we shall have occasion to

¹² "Travels," Vol. I., ch. ix., p. 365.

cite many more of them—were not without effect. The spiritual children of these martyrs, even when deprived of their pastors, had the grace given them to bear that supreme calamity. In many a province of China, they showed that the stake had no terrors for them even if no apostle stood by them to encourage them. They showed that they could live long years according to the strictest rule of the religion the missionaries had taught them, even when deprived of their beloved Fathers who were driven from them.

In the list of Chinese missionaries—French, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese—I find an Irish name, the Rev. Robert Hanna, C. M. He was born at Dromore, Leinster, Ireland, in August, 1762, and in 1793 we find him at Saint-Lazare, in Paris. Destined for the Chinese mission, he was sent to Macao, but here he had great difficulty in obtaining permission from the government to go into the provinces. While at Macao he taught philosophy in St. Joseph's Seminary, and acted as procurator in the French houses of his community for some years. He labored with the saintly Father Clet for a time and while at Pekin was indefatigable in the confessional and in the pulpit, but was noted still more for his exemplary life. His knowledge of astronomy and mathematics gained for him the favor of the Emperor, who expressed greater admiration for his scientific attainments than he did for his theology. He was never very robust in health, and after a truly apostolic career he gave his soul to God on January 17, 1797. His lamented death was the result of long standing lung trouble and too close application to study. He was a great loss to his community, as Father Raux had intended to make him his successor as a scientist at the Court.

Among the Lazarist martyrs who gave their lives as a willing sacrifice for the faith that was in them, we can mention only two or three in this article, and that, much to our regret, in a very brief manner.

The Rev. Jean François Régis Clet, beatified May 27, 1900, was born at Grenoble, France, in 1748. His parents were not rich, but lived in modest comfort and brought up their children as good Christians. One of their daughters became a Carmelite nun, one of the sons found his vocation in the monastery of La Chartreuse and Jean François became a follower of St. Vincent de Paul. His learning and Christian virtues pointed him out in time as a fitting guide for the interns of the Seminary of St. Lazare, but Providence had already designed him for a broader field of action: one for which he had long yearned, and in 1791 he was able to write to his sister: "At last my longings are gratified, and I am overwhelmed with joy. I am to labor for the conversion of the heathen. This opportunity, while it holds out no temporal advantages, offers superabundant treasures

in the supernatural order. It may be that I will never see you again, so it behooves me to set my house in order." He arrived at Macao in 1791. Owing to the hostility of the Chinese Government towards Christian missionaries, he was obliged to assume a disguise, so as to be able to reach Kiang-Si, where his labors were to begin. He found it necessary, from the very start, to revive the faith among former Christians who had been deprived of religious consolations for some years. After a brief sojourn at Kiang-Si, he was sent to Hou-Kouang, where his labors were interrupted for a while by a war waged against the "Rebels." Of his work in the Vicariate of Kiang-Si, his Bishop, Monsignor de Madella, says: "The admirable labors of Father Clet, his prudence, his zeal for the salvation of souls, need no words of praise from men, as these qualities are too well known, and although there have been some we have been obliged to restrain, yet this good priest commands my esteem. Would to God I had twenty more like him; then would all my sufferings and anxieties turn to delights."

After an apostolate full of zeal and self-sacrifice, together with the infirmities of age, he was afflicted in a manner that rendered him unable to perform his duties as was his wont. When relief came, and he was able to resume his work, a cruel persecution broke out. In December, 1818, two native priests fell into the hands of the mandarins and were condemned to exile. Father Clet became the victim of false accusations. The mandarins were unable to prove their charges when brought before the Emperor, but this did not avail to save their victim. A reward of \$2,000, in our money, had been offered for his apprehension; he had been hunted through dense forests and remote caves, where his devoted followers had sought to conceal him, but the reward offered was such as to awaken the greatest activity on the part of his pursuers. He was taken from one prison to another until finally he found himself in a cell occupied by other Christian captives, among whom was Father Chen, a Chinese Lazarist. This prison was in Ho-Nan and Father Clet was subjected to all manner of tortures. Thirty blows with sole leather strips were showered upon his face, until his garments were soaked with his blood. His words to the judge who presided at this cruel ordeal were characteristic of the man: "My brother," he said to him, "you are passing judgment on me now, but in a short time, God will pass judgment on you." These words were prophetic, for before the executioner could repeat the blows he was ordered to inflict, the mandarin was stricken with a sudden death. The valiant confessor of the faith was conducted back to his cell to await the hour of his liberation from the troubles and trials of this world. He had not long to wait, for it was only a few days later when he was visited by the Emper-

or's satellites. They hesitated for a few moments before making known the purpose of their visit, but the holy missionary was ready to hear it. He had looked forward to it from day to day. Father Chen told the officer they need have no fear, as death had no terrors for the Christian missionary. The leader of the band then announced that he was there to conduct Father Clet to the place of execution. Falling upon his knees at the feet of his Chinese confrère, he asked for absolution, which the latter gave with tears in his eyes. Then turning to his fellow-prisoners, Father Clet gave them his last blessing, and after a few words of consolation to those around him, with a face radiant with joy, followed his executioner to the place of his martyrdom. A rope was soon placed around his neck; it was drawn tightly until life appeared to be extinct, and was then relaxed so as to allow the victim time to regain consciousness, when it was again tightened. This operation was repeated three times before final strangulation relieved the holy martyr from his sufferings and opened the portals of heaven to this "good and faithful servant."

His devoted friend and companion, Father Francis Chen, was an exemplary priest. After his conversion he made his theological studies with the Lazarist Fathers at Peking, and in 1807 he made his profession as a Father of the Congregation of the Mission. He labored among his people with great success and enjoyed the confidence and respect of his superiors. He did not escape persecution and was finally betrayed and sold for a large sum of money by a renegade Chinaman. He was led from one prison to another, and while at Coo-Tcheng, received sixty blows on the face with heavy leather "slappers," and was eventually sent into exile. The town in which he resided was attacked by the Turks, who put the inhabitants to the sword. Father Chen shared the fate of the others. His death is supposed to have occurred on the 5th or 6th of March, 1805. He was regarded by his confrères as "a very good missionary, wise and prudent in his dealings with his converts."¹³

The Venerable Jean Gabriel Perboyre was another distinguished Lazarist martyr, although he cannot be ranked among the early missionaries, as he only gained the crown of martyrdom in September, 1840. He was born at Le Puech, a village in the Diocese of Cahors, France, on January 6, 1802. Like Father Clet, his parents were not blessed with a superabundance of this world's goods, but they were rich in what is worth much more; they had the gifts of divine grace. At the age of fifteen, after listening to a mission sermon, he announced his wish to "become a missionary," and his longing to be

¹³ "Mémoires de la Congregation de la Mission," Vol. II., p. 594. I may also add that I am indebted to this work for most of my information relating to Lazarist missionaries.

a disciple of St. Vincent de Paul. He made his profession on December 28, 1820, and three years later, having finished his theological course he received the second order of sub-deacon. His first years in orders he spent in teaching the younger pupils in the College of Montdidier, and the next year we find him teaching philosophy. He was ordained priest on September 23, 1825, just two hundred and twenty-five years after his holy patron, St. Vincent de Paul. He was now appointed professor of dogmatic theology in the Grand Séminaire of Saint-Flour, of which he was soon to become the head. Here he labored for five years, gaining "golden opinions" from his superiors. He had great admiration for Father Clet and conceived a longing to walk in his footsteps.

After many difficulties, Father Perboyre realized the hopes of his life; he was to be sent to China, and on March 16, 1835, we find him at Havre, ready to embark for his far-off mission. He reached Macao in August of the same year, and set himself at once to learn the language and the manners and customs of the people among whom he was to end his days. After a few months his superiors sent him to Ho-Nan, where his charge consisted of some 1,500 Christians scattered over twenty settlements. Here he spent two fruitful years. He labored in various other places, winning souls to God by his preaching, but still more by his edifying example.

While at Hu-Peh a persecution broke out and while Father Perboyre was visiting some of his confrères in a neighboring village, he was set upon by the soldiers of the mandarins, seized by the hair, dragged to another village, stripped of his clothes, loaded with chains and cut with sabres. His tortures were beyond description. He was taken from one town to another, before one tribunal after another. On one occasion the mandarin threw a Crucifix on the ground and ordered his victim to trample it under foot, threatening him with death if he refused to do so. On his refusal he received forty blows upon the cheeks with a heavy sole-leather strap, after which he was conducted back to his prison, covered with blood. Father Perboyre was transferred from one dungeon to another, sometimes confined with the vilest of the vile. On one occasion he was suspended by his hands to a sort of cross and left in this position for a whole day. After undergoing the most agonizing tortures for months he was finally sentenced to be strangled. This sentence was carried out with all the most exquisite fiendishness the pagan brain could conceive and borne with the calmness and holy submission of the Christian martyr. His remains were finally buried beside those of his venerable

confrère, Father Clet, whose tragic fate he had so ardently yearned to share.¹⁴

The history of the Chinese missions abounds in such instances as we have just cited. The annals of Christianity record no braver deeds and the story of its combats contain no nobler triumphs. St. Peter would have embraced such apostles as his brethren, and St. Paul would have said to such disciples: "You are our glory and our joy."

Thus far we have dealt principally with the Jesuit and Lazarist beginnings in China. In our next article we shall refer to the great work accomplished during the same period by the Dominicans, Augustinians, Franciscans, the Société des Missions Étrangères and others as well as the valuable work now being done by the American missionaries of to-day.

In closing this article we cannot do better than quote a recent account made by the Rev. Martin O'Brannagan in the *Liverpool Catholic Times*. Among other items of interest he gives "the total of Catholics in round numbers, as *two million*, a gain of 39,419 during 1919, despite the decrease of European priests, due to the war in France, and the loss of the German missionaries." Then he goes on to show how, out of evil, Providence invariably extracts good. "Compensation for the decrease in European priests is made by the increase of Chinese priests and candidates for the sacred ministry." He adds the gratifying intelligence that "fifty-nine Chinese priests were ordained, the number of seminarians was increased to the astonishing addition of fifty, with the increase of ninety-three classical students. Altogether there are at present in China 2,347 priests, of whom 1,394 are Europeans and 959 native Chinese." In view of these figures we may readily understand the great work for God accomplished by Catholic missionaries in China.

Thus we find that the Catholic shepherd was ever ready "to give his life for his sheep," and even after martyrdom they are not unmindful of the people among whom they labored. Like the prophet Jeremiah, who was seen after death by the High Priest Onias, praying with unabated ardor for Jerusalem and the people of Israel, these holy martyrs will continue to pray for the souls of the erring ones which Providence had entrusted to their keeping.

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¹⁴ "Life of the Venerable Servant of God, Jean Gabriel Perboyre." Translated from the French by the Lady Clare Fielding. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd.

THE LIMITATIONS OF REALISM IN MODERN FICTION.

THE question of the relative merits of the realistic and the romantic methods in modern fiction forms the basis of much conflicting current criticism.

Realism is devoted to what is real in the sense of being material and sensible, rather than imaginary and ideal, and the novel is supposed to reflect, as the realists would have it, men and women as they are, not as they ought to be. This challenges the position held so long and so preëminently by the old romancing idealists whose art mirrors humanity preferably at its best, and who painted for our pleasure portraits that flattered rather than offended, and who over-idealized and grew sentimental, lest they point no moral to adorn their tales. If they sinned by exaggeration, at least they did not go to the opposite extreme of underestimating humanity as do they who regard the passing show with only limited vision.

Extreme realism takes cognizance of the sensible realities about us to the utter exclusion of the higher spiritual realities that influence men's conduct in life, and it makes of man a creature of convenience and mere propriety as determined by social custom which is not necessarily in conformity with the Christian code of morality. It is because of this that the critical moralist rises in his wrath to denounce that class of extreme realists who are perverters of the truth, who see the evil realities, but are blind to the real moral good, as if virtue had departed from the world, and who note the shadows, but fail to make us realize that the lights still tinge the land and sea.

The modern tendency to materialism in literature, the proneness of the human mind to cling to what is visible and tangible, is based upon positivism, that popular philosophy of the day which maintains that the only source of certain knowledge is to be derived from the senses.

Realism pervaded by naturalism is, indeed, a poor comfort for living. The realist, in this respect, contends that to be one's proper self "without assistance or reward from any god," is to endure the ordeal of reality, and this ordeal must be endured because we are helpless to do otherwise.

Ever since sound religious doctrine suffered a shock as the result of the revolution in scientific notions caused by the implications of Darwin, the literary world has produced writers who proved buffers for that shock, such as Browning and Tennyson in poetry, and Stevenson and Hawthorne in the realm of fiction. Men will still realize that faith and hope, in a religious sense, are not dead. In our day and generation, since H. G. Wells became the critic spokesman of

the world of letters, some have found in him a sign of weakness in his getting closer to the "Lord of Hosts." In a word, there will always be those who will consider it a sign of strength to fling defiance in the face of Jove.

Novelists may be realists by choice, because they size up men and women in their social life about them as being materialistic and more or less degenerate, and because they intend their romancing to be so much satire upon every-day conduct in what is considered real life; or, they would have us believe that men and women are once and for all what they are—good, bad or indifferent, and that spiritually minded people and the moralists had better make the best of it, and admit that men are their true selves only when they are free to follow their natural inclinations. This is but an expression of libertinism and the losing sight of the fact that real freedom lies in not being slaves to pride and passion, but in being men and women who realize that human nature is a fallen nature, subject to moral law.

Like the transcendentalist, who considers the conventional in morality and pure sentiment and idealism as unsatisfactory and would go beyond these for something vaguely better, the extreme realist, too, abhors the mere conventional and finds the ready solution of everything in the realities he sees about him. Materialism and atheism are bound up in realism and the superman idea of the embittered Nietzsche suffices for all practical purposes. The Christian idea of morality is too exacting, too irksome to many moderns with their so-called broad and liberal ideas. And when it comes to the Catholic doctrines affecting morals, these are adjudged too dogmatic, too despotic. The falsity lies in the total negligence of any reality beyond the known facts of life and the denial of any spiritual or supernatural realities. Surely, reality consists of more than a mere fleshless skeleton, of more than a soulless body.

Some writers of fiction, too, make the novel the means of satirizing the foibles and follies of humanity, as if the world were only a paradise of fools. Satire and irony, if corrective of social evils, have their place in literature. Plain truths to correct false sex notions that indicate pervertedness also have their right to be stated, but decently so. Good taste should prompt writers to handle their subjects with decorum, without necessarily a loss of vigor. Thus treading the moral path, there need be no desertion of refined taste. Finally, men may differ philosophically as well as theologically and as far as the Catholic is concerned, he realizes that the matured reader, well instructed in his faith, knows what to take and what to leave. But when it comes to moralizing, certain inalienable ethical principles are so grounded in the race and so backed up by education and religion, or at least common decency, that a writer cannot hope to

overthrow morality and substitute novelties, or distort the moral into the unmoral, which is generally the immoral.

We need writers in this sort of world of ours to satirize and point out our shortcomings. But to disregard truth because it is considered clever and a sign of super-intellectuality to hold the opposite of accepted truth as the real truth—for this sort of thing there is no excuse. The rampant realist, who condemns sham and hypocrisy, will never correct these vices, because as a rank materialist he has no Christian virtues to boast of. There is sham and hypocrisy enough in society without trying to correct it with false notions of right and wrong. To tell the truth about lies is one thing; to make the lies of life appear true is quite another.

Rev. John Danihy, S. J., dean of journalism at Marquette University, has well said: "Cleverness, satire, brilliancy, cynicism, may secure readers, but to hold the attention of the world a man must have not only the gift of expression, but something worth while, something solidly based on the eternal foundation of truth, to give to mankind."

The realistic note in the English novel dates back to Defoe, who is called the father of English journalism. And as the journalist is fundamentally the recorder of facts, Defoe as such, giving close attention to detailed happenings, may be regarded as the first realist among writers of English fiction. His method, however, being romantic, he is in the main a safe realist.

The history and development of the English novel is anything but inspiring from a moral point of view. Originally writers of prose fiction were a poor lot morally, using this means of literary expression to tell of follies and indecencies. Everywhere among the early great ones is traced the Anglo-Saxon propensity for coarseness and lack of decorum. About the beginning of the nineteenth century, indecency gave way to sentimentality. Instead of the libertine, we now have the sighing lover. Sir Walter Scott brought about a reaction and the novelist became the illustrator of history, the satirist of manners, and dealt with controversy in philosophy, politics and religion. Needless to say, false philosophy and attacks upon the Catholic religion were frequent, thus subverting the true purpose of the novel. Through Bulwer-Lytton was introduced the novel of fashionable life and its insipidness.

The influence of French impudence made itself felt in Bulwer's imitators. The realist school of Zola is composed of that class of writers who are "artists before everything." The pleasure they derive from artistic creation is for them sufficient. To them nothing else matters much; and so religion and morality are regarded as so much cant and, having nothing in common with art, have no right

to preach to the artist. When they tell us that Christianity has made creatures of pretense, it is time to call a halt, for herein lies the banal "ism"; herein they mistake the true cause of social decadence.

Francis Thompson, in his essay on "The Error of the Extreme Realists," says: "Whether or not for ultimate good, certainly for much immediate evil, the gospel preached by M. Zola has become an influence among many novelists. As we understand his gospel in its relation to novels, it is this—that the novelistic art, in order to be a complete art, must pitilessly delineate the evil, no less than the good, in man's nature."

Other of the French school of realists who influenced English novelists, were Balzac and George Sand. Of the two George Sand is less harmful. She was an idealist-realist; for, while Balzac, who was a sensualist, portrayed the ugly and the evil, George Sand realized they have no more reality than the beautiful and the good. Speaking of such writers as Balzac, George Sand herself said: "They seize upon the real from its base and dreary side; the other side of life, which is much more agreeable, much more charming, to me, is by no means less real." And so, "she represents," says Pelissier, writing some years ago in *La Revue*, "characters more true, more real, than any of those which have been portrayed by Balzac."

Realism was reflected in the English novel during the eighteenth century when the English Deists were making open war on Christianity, and Christian sects and parties made open war on one another. Religious bias was productive of skepticism, openly championed by the philosophers Hume and Gibbon. As in the period of Restoration preceding, the corrupt infidel literature of France circulated widely in England and literary art bore the taint as is reflected and has since been reflected in so many of our English and latterly American writers of fiction.

A healthy reaction set in when Dickens appeared and won his place by reviving the novel of genuine practical life. His was sweetness and purity of feeling. He deals with charity and love and not with sophistries to make evil appear good. In Dickens, however, the realistic tendency is kept up in all his stories. Attention has been called to the fact that "the good characters of his novels do not seem to have a wholesome moral tendency. The reason is, that many of them—all the author's favorites—exhibit an excellence flowing from constitution and temperament, and not from the influence of moral or religious motive. They act from impulse, not from principle."

In attempting to correct the vices of society, Dickens is no better than the realistic writers of our day. He preached the natural virtues as correctives of sin, sorrow and the weariness of life. He

led his readers from "every source of supernatural enlightenment." And so the age of romanticism was not devoid of the realistic taint.

Speaking of Thackeray, Father O. L. Jenkins says: "In a moral point of view, Thackeray's writings are open to serious objection. The fundamental principle which underlies them is the total depravity of human nature, rendering virtue an impossibility, and religious practice a sham. As Catholics, we know that the human power for good was weakened, not destroyed, by the fall of Adam, and that the grace of Christ may yet raise men to the sublimest virtue."

George Eliot, whose centenary has just been celebrated, was imbued with the doctrine of positivism, the principles of which are reflected in her "*Romola*," "*Middlemarch*" and "*Daniel Deronda*." "*Adam Bede*," her greatest novel, is fortunately a Christian novel imbued with a deep sense of Christianity. This is because she had an open mind. She regarded positivism as "one-sided" and did not give it her complete adherence. In fact, she was deeply religious and was a devoted reader of the Bible and she loved and read Dante's "*Divina Comedia*." She believed in—and it was the message of her romancing—duty, immortality and God. If the seeds of unbelief were sown in her at Coventry, they did not ultimately bear fruit.

In reviewing current fiction, too, it is patent that in many instances naturalism is bound up with realism, and in many of the most popular novels of the day, the theme deals only too often with free love and adultery and social corruption, disgustingly dwelt upon. The Christian principles of moral right and moral wrong, of responsibility, retribution and reward are abjured and mere sense worship is substituted for pure sentiment, presenting an obnoxious world of dissimulation and sensuality, as if these were the leading motives of man's manner of living.

Coupled with all this is the claim that, in thus writing, a note of sincerity has been struck, because men are so in reality constituted, and it is useless any longer to hide the unpleasant truth of it all by painting men as they ought to be, instead of showing them up as they really are. Yet, the truth of the matter really is that the modernists among writers are but a self-sufficient lot, who fall about each other's necks in praise of one another's talents, and if not thus engaged, they are by no means nonplussed, but take quite easily to praising themselves. Upon this depends their transient literary fame. They form a coterie of exclusive ones, and they care nothing for posterity or permanent fame. To be flattered by the critics by being noticed in public print and buzzed about, adds to their conceit. It matters not if they are condemned, for like the stage villain, they prefer hisses to applause.

The commercialized art of this class of novelists consists in ten-

dering us filth on gold plates and they leave a bad taste in the mouth of the consumer. They lack decorum and good breeding in their literary methods. They libel everything that is true and tried, branding it as conventional and worn-out. They scoff at things sacred, and affect, as Maurice Francis Egan recently said, "a knowledge of evil." Nor is the reason hard to find, for, as a Catholic churchman has pronounced, they have forsaken ancient truths, and the word that comforts and raises up is not theirs to impart. In a word, they are the absolute realists, who stop at realism. To point at the slime of the serpent seems their mission; not to show how to scotch the reptile, but to leave us to our fate, nor try to prevent us having our veins filled with the venom that means death to the immortal soul.

In a novel of the sort referred to, we have given a man, most attentive and devoted to a wife who has not sense enough to love anybody properly, and it becomes the writer's purpose to set these two characters one against the other to see just how far they can exercise restraint before the breaking point in their relations. Yet there will always be decent people who can exercise moral restraint, who can allow for each other's trivial differences, and not fly to the divorce courts, because they have a religious education which gives them more backbone and character enough to change evil into good and adopt a course of conduct which is correct.

One of the most illustrative novels of recent times is "Pink Roses," by Gilbert Cannan, because of the insight it gives us into the existence in pre-war London of a coterie of decadents, whose existence was a blot on English society, and who made possible their portrayal in many modernist novels of the period, either satirizing their existence or flattering them. In the latter case, the novels are deserving of every anathema. Effeminaey and sensuality are the predominant characteristics of the young men and young women who figure in these realistic romancings. The sex problems come to the fore in their themes, and one is given the impression that the old order has changed to such a degree that one may now do as one pleases and it is no one's business, particularly not the business of old fogyism. Fortunately the war gave fresh vigor to English manhood, even to the extent of causing red-blooded men to despise the limpid leisure class that make up such a social clique as Gilbert Cannan has shown up so well, but not wisely.

Jerome K. Jerome's novel, "All Roads Lead to Calvary," is critically considered to be a fine bit of "analytical realism." At first glance at the title, visions might arise of a story teaching love and sacrifice and suffering, idealizing some life or lives, and ending with the lesson that through the cross we gain the crown. Instead, we

are introduced to Robert Phillips, a brilliant politician, who has the interest of the people at heart, as has a woman journalist, Joan, and the two are thrown together through their work in a common cause, and fall in love with one another. So far, so good, if that were all; but, in the background, is the figure of an uneducated, unselfish, devoted little wife, who is sacrificed because she stands in the way of her husband's ambitious career. Foolishly she encourages the other woman to help her husband, because of her love for that husband and her desire to see him accomplish his lifework.

Here, then, for the sake of interest, a situation is created which seems to take no account of the wronged wife. Phillips, unmarried, falling in love with his co-worker, Joan, would have made its appeal to as many readers. Why spoil the honest efforts of the hero for doing good, by his marital infidelity? Is it not plain that the writer means to justify exactly what Robert Phillips does—to sacrifice his faithful partner in life for an illicit love with the excuse that the circumstances justify it? The novel, too, offends those who cannot give their assent to such broad, unqualified declarations that the mediæval pulpit preached war for its own sake, taught superstition and punished thought as crime.

The most innocent form of realism, and the kind least liable to abuse, is that which busies itself with describing in detail the furnishings and garnishings of surroundings or minute characterizations. This sort of painstaking minuteness in effecting realness of atmosphere may be objected to on the grounds that it is abnormal. For it is not natural to regard objects about us with such close scrutiny.

Keith Preston in one of his poems, "Heroes of Fiction," makes wholesome fun of it in this wise:

"Our 'Jack and Jill,' that simple tale,
How Mother Goose did slight it!
Ah, how her careless lines would pale
If H. G. Wells should write it!"

He rambles on, giving—ludicrously enough—the minutiae of description that such a writer would deal in—"all the croakings ere the spill—the aspect of that hill with every coign and cranny." And thus winds up with these two stanzas:

"Tell how they clambered up the slope,
Observing all the strata,
And canvassed England's future hope,
With economic data.
"Say how the first misstep was Jill's
Poor Jack fell down like Adam;
They hit the road beneath the hill—
(The pavement was macadam)."

E. C. Stedman in his "Victorian Poets," brands this sort of realism as being used "to cloak the mediocrity of artists, whose designs are stiff, barren and grotesque."

More seriously considered, realistic description has its value, but it needs to be skilfully handled to become real artistry. Unfortunately, realism in fiction, in many instances, does not stop there. Its dissecting scalpel goes further and deeper into its subject and finding no soul but only matter in its probings, like a surgeon decrying theology, takes no account of the supernatural and fails to appreciate the moral forces which govern men as individuals and as members of society.

The position of the extreme realist, in this respect, is unfair in that he represents the world as it appears, when he confines himself to an appearance of only the baser realities and forgets, or closes his mind to, the fact that there are men who are, in the main, as they ought to be, or pretty nearly so as they humanly can be, according to correct ethical standards. It is not his right to undervalue human nature. That is why, for instance, the realism of Henry James is so irritating. He is too much out of sympathy with human nature.

Says C. F. Johnson: "Realism is too simple a method to do full justice to such complicated subjects as human character and human society. It cannot render even the surface truthfully. To report an isolated fact truthfully may be possible, but to report a series of facts which reflect character is an entirely different matter." And again he remarks: "Realism is apt to make too much of the power of environment in shaping the character to a senseless determinism."

This determinism is exemplified in the works of such notables among the present-day novelists as H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett. The former in his novel, "When the Sleeper Wakes," has his main character awoken from a Rip Van Winkle-like dormancy to realize how the world of reality has changed and been emphasized. It is the same old world, only more refinedly pagan, with the suspicion that Christianity is fast becoming a mere episode. The sleeper's awakening precipitates a national crisis, and his life is to pay the penalty. The finale comes—tragically enough—when he lies crushed under the pitiless planes of his pylor, and his last thought is of the woman who understands and cares. She will remember and that is the one thing which counts.

In Arnold Bennett's "The Roll Call," we have portrayed—or shall we say recited—the working out of the career of a young and ambitious architect. His first love affair proves unsuccessful. We get to like Haim's daughter, Marguerite, and find her quite lovable—too good a girl, in fact, for the somewhat snobbish and conceited George Canon. In determining his life, the fates have decreed otherwise, and

he marries another who becomes the joyful mother of children. If young Canon has any decent reason at all for jilting his first love, it should be for her shocking realism, which is Arnold Bennett's realism, and which permits her nonchalantly to refer to matters that ordinarily would be considered vulgar to refer to and immodest. Marguerite is made to say them innocently enough, it is true; but this does not excuse an author like Bennett for making her say such things. But then he is the realist, and his reputation must be upheld. He would so dread to be called prudish; yet he does not mind one bit offending the canons of good taste. The redeeming note lies in this, that Marguerite is represented as a slave to filial duty and because she will not run off and marry Canon and desert her father's side, she offends her lover, who is selfish enough to want her to do his bidding.

Bennett's novel, like all novels of its kind, gives us a panorama of successive pictures of everyday life, both in and out of society, and it is true to the bitter extreme. Lovemaking, marriage, birth, work and pleasure, sensuality and superficiality, hypocrisy and sham, godlessness and suicide—they all pass before us in review, painted charmingly and artistically well by a master-hand; but as we read, we ask in vain—what is the purpose of it all? What does the man want to prove by his thesis? And the answer comes when we close the book: Behold these men and women, puppets in the great world's show, each going his or her little way, some accomplishing much, others nothing in the way of worldly success, and in the end—material in their interests, material in their purposes, they live for the material present. Canon always asserts himself with the instinct of a superman. He becomes the successful, celebrated architect. He joins the army, the English army, the military machine with the material to win. He could not do otherwise. As a true Englishman, his place, he felt, was in the army. It was his duty. In it there was for him a certain unreality. Men have their ideals, too. But we can conclude what we like. The realist only records the facts. One impression is left us—"The supernatural had to be achieved. And it had been!" And then—"There is something in the army business!" Yes, it has its place in literature—this realism. But is it all? And shall it stop there?

Thus are the characters in the realistic novel determined in their matter-of-fact careers. The point in each instance has been made, the curtain is rung down and the audience goes home—unsatisfied!

But this is as it should be, says the realist; the novelist must not preach so much. True—neither must he inconsistently be the propagandist for positivism and liberalism. To exemplify, one need but to take up Swinnerton's "Nocturne," and read such passages as the

following, to realize what covertly such of his kind are driving at. Thus reasons one of the principal characters: "You can't do anything you like in this world. You've always got to do what you don't like. They say it's good for you. It's your 'duty.' Who to? And who are 'they,' to say such a thing? What are they after? Just to keep people like me in their place—do as you're told. Well, I'm not going to do as I'm told." And then the author's comment: "With a whole priesthood against her, Jenny was a rebel against the world as it appeared to her—a crushing, numerically overwhelming pressure that would rob her of one spiritual reality—the sense of personal freedom."

Here, then, we have in a nutshell the doctrine of the modernist who prates about spiritual reality which means nothing, and which would mean so much if he were conscious of the value and importance of having a real, immortal soul, whose freedom and peace consists in doing the will of God, that is—following the call of duty and listening to, and heeding, the voice of conscience. Instead, he imagines that to do all these things means to be fettered in will by the checks placed on conduct by the moral law.

To think and do what one pleases, then, is the gospel of those who would be free to bring about their own destruction, whether of soul or body. Against these free-thinkers, whose wills are too weak to make men of them, it is well that God and man legislated.

And so we listen to the foolish Jenny, who because she would rather obey a whim of the moment, the material outcome of which she does not even know, in the moment of temptation, asks: "Was she never to know any happiness? Where, then, was her reward? A heavenly crown of martyrdom? What was the good of that? Who was the better for it? 'They' didn't know what it was to have your whole nature craving for the thing denied. 'They' were cowards, enemies to freedom because they liked the music of their manacles! Wickedness might be her nature: what then? It was a sweet wickedness. It was her choice!"

This bit of literary pervertedness is enough to make the Christian martyrs and the warriors who lie buried on the fields of France and Flanders wish to live and die again, to prove once and for all that the viewpoint is all wrong. Surely some heads need twisting about; they sit so poorly on the necks constructed for them.

To give the realist his due, he is capable of some splendid flights of fancy, as when Swinnerton gives us a passage like this: "The moon was in its last quarter, and would not rise for several hours; and while the glitter of the city lay behind, and the sky was greyed with light from below, the surrounding blackness spread creeping fingers of night in every shadow."

But there are none too many such passages in the best of the realistic novels. The story in the telling is too tenuous, a narrative of events as they successively occur in real life. There is no involved plot, there are no thrills, and the appeal is to a few who have a taste for eccentric bits of fine writing, irrespective of what a more extensive demand may be for fictional writing. In a word, the realistic novel makes its appeal as a novelty, attracts by its originality, but at the same time repels those whose taste prompts them to seek the more solid kind of fiction, in which are combined literary excellence of style with the unfolding of a tale that leaves the spirit not only chastened, but the mind and will refreshed and strengthened.

"We demand of the artist who draws character," says C. F. Johnson, "something more than we can do for ourselves. We ask the artist to reveal the hidden springs of action. How will a certain character act in an emergency? What is his besetting sin? What circumstances can he master and what can master him? In other words, we want a solution of the riddle which some man is, *not merely a statement of the riddle* which is presented to us by every acquaintance."

The worthier novelist, then, is he who can skilfully combine a use of both methods of drawing character. And the only realism in fiction we can approve of is that which depicts the real men and women about us who, being creatures of free will, have a sense of moral responsibility and act accordingly. But in so doing, the novelist cannot help encroach upon the realm of the romantic, which is proof sufficient that to be true to his calling, he cannot afford to give a one-sided interpretation of what people around about us really are like.

The romanticist has this advantage over the realist—that he appreciates the freedom and the workings of the human will. The motives which impel the characters of Hawthorne, for instance, take into primary consideration the moral law. He shows that punishment follows the violator of that law. Being endowed with free will, his people are responsible creatures and in this respect are more life-like than the people of the realist who act from everyday motives "of social ambition, petty jealousy, family affection, desire for wealth or worldly consideration, some fashionable fad of the day, or at most from love of an individual of the opposite sex."

To confine himself to either method, the realistic or the romantic, is a sign of mediocrity in any writer of novels who would correctly interpret character. He cannot afford in his delineation of character to fail to take into account the life of the senses. But he should know that man is true to his highest instinct, to say the least, when he subordinates sense to spirit. If the realist finds fault with the

moralist's mandate that he must not lay bare man's passions, he must not lose sight of the fact that the moralist does not denounce passion in the sense of suffering. Only, the flesh suffering to subject itself to the spirit is commendable. Our passions rightly directed is what the moralist stands for. The moralist sees beyond sensual gratification, too; he knows that love refines because of the spirit. Good taste demands clean literature. Not all men are sottish beasts. We can only concede to the realist that he has half an argument against the moralist. His insistence that morality has nothing to do with literature is inconsistent, since, by propagating a new norm of morality which is no moral code at all, he compels a moral viewpoint to be taken of his writings.

Realism is urged to be the purest form of literary art, because it admits of nothing outside of the object of that art. But literature is comprehensive and not confined to mere sensible realities. Man's vision of life and the meaning of life takes in the unseen as well as the seen, the spiritual and supernatural as well as the physical, as long as he has imagination and fancy as well as intellect and reason; as long as he has ideals as well as material objects to work upon; as long, in fine, as he has a heart as well as a mind, a soul as well as a body.

To depict the realities of life is all right as far as it goes; but as D. A. Wasson has well said, "The artist, to be true, must represent the real with the ideal shining through it." We have no patience with such intolerance as predicates as necessary to proper literature a depicting of "the profound dread agony of life—the tragedy that runs eternally under the surface." This is a Nietzschean obsession and considers ignoble feelings of pity, compassion and tenderness and sacrifice. Christian morality, or the moral standards accepted by the Christian world, is considered slave morality. So, to condemn sham is well and good, but to consider Christian morality as immorality is not to condemn sham and hypocrisy, as if it were responsible for these evils. Its purpose is to combat these and kindred sins of society.

Just as the poet holds the mirror up to nature, so the realist holds the mirror up to humanity. If humanity does not like its reflected visage, the fault does not necessarily lie with the mirror, that is if the mirror be true. But the moralist insists that the mirror be true; that it reflect with all charity; that the subject may correct the faults it sees reflected. The moralist objects to humanity being shown up in a distorting mirror, only to be told that the reflection is a true one.

Changes in artistic standards are always welcomed and likewise regarded with suspicion. Man delights in changes and in progress,

nor can the intelligent critic lose sight of the fact that he needs must keep abreast of the times, and the form of literary expression of the hour must determine his critical pronouncements. Certain fundamental laws of good sound criticism, of course, are no more subject to change than the Decalogue; and what was right to Horace, is right for us. But the interpretation of these laws must conform to the matter in hand, and certain rules may not apply any more than the carpenter's square may serve the purpose of the foot-rule.

And so to take the proper measure of the realistic art, one must not lose sight of the fact that though the method pursued is a novel one, yet its very novelty makes it attractive, interesting and in some measure intellectually entertaining. But this applies to the very method and not to the matter. If the novelist adopts the realistic manner, let him do so openly, avowedly, and give us a story for the story's sake. But if it is a veiled vehicle of expression for preachments based on false philosophy, it cannot hope to escape adverse criticism, since it invites it and brings the very method into ill repute among readers who will continue to insist upon decency and decorum.

It is easy to read too much into a novel; it is likewise easy to read too little between the lines. In nowise is language used to conceal thoughts more aptly than in realistic romancing. The true novelist aims, however, to be sincere and honest with himself and with his recording of what he sees going on about him. The fault lies in this—when one of the school undertakes to convey impressions that are peculiarly his own and tries to make every one see as he does, losing sight of the fact that some of us see a great deal farther; that if we delve to the depths, we may mount to the stars; and that the unseen of the physical and even mental visionary belongs to the realm of the ideal, to attain which the real is a test and a preparation—a help, if made so; a hindrance, if allowed to become such.

The only method that can hope, judging by the present outlook, to make a permanent appeal and regain lost laurels for its adepts among writers of novels, is that which will judiciously and artistically combine both methods—the realistic and the idealistic. In a word, what is needed to give to fictional art a new inspiration and its proper balance, is a use of realism for the purpose of description and giving atmosphere to a story—an expression of the real “with the ideal shining through it” and vivifying it, the whole making for the kind of novel that will neither consign to oblivion the old masters, nor leave no room for improvement along original, creative lines.

The realists just now are in the hey-day of their power and influence. The perfect artistry of such writers as Bennett, Wells and Swinnerton, to name but three of a galaxy, is undisputed. As critics, too, they belong to a caustic coterie of intellectuals, but with private

interpretation as their rule, the moral critic may still differ from their dicta, and point out their limitations; for, as the moral lawgivers on Sion they would cut rather ridiculous figures.

At least, these men wield no uncertain pen as masters of their art. To borrow an expression of Arnold Bennett's, it may be said that what they write is "like life, and bathed in poetry." They relate what they have seen and have taken part in. The question is how far have they seen aright, and does their kind of experience really teach? At any rate, we want no bungling mediocrity aping his betters. It is just these imitators who fail to see, at times, that the big fellows have purposes other than sardonic, when they drive the iron into the soul. And losing sight of that fact, the result is incalculable harm. Nor can the literary great ones among the realists be on that account given a clean bill of health. The conviction must rest with the reader that he who tells the story is more than a mimic; that his irony is corrective, not negatively derisive. He must appear other than a Mephisto gloating over the pit of hell.

The trouble with a lot of realists is that they take delight in depicting in ruthless manner the follies and foibles, the sordidness and vulgarity and pettiness of a certain class of human beings. And certainly it is a perverted preference that leads a novelist to forever dwell on the seamy side of life, as if he said: "See what you are like!" and then leave us there. We prefer to be told what we should be like, at the same writing, and be told unmistakably so, without any suspicion left lurking about that the writer has decided we cannot be otherwise.

So long as virtue has not departed forever from the world, so long will there be in our midst men and women who will to, and do, lead lives that are clean and strong, sincere and honest, and who may still fling back the challenge that the age of heroes and heroines has not altogether departed. This being so, the romanticist may yet have his revival; but not, it is to be hoped, with all the sentimental drivings of the past, but with all its consummate art added to the new art of the safe and sane realist. Tolerance and a just understanding must pervade this new mood and manner of writing. Of such a sort of realistic novelists, there are already some of distinction, whose trend of mind shows a deeper and more positive faith in the spiritual verities.

Nor is the reason hard to find. One cannot forever go about with mind alert, like a camera with highly oversensitized films, seeking faithfully to portray what one visualizes, but forgetting that the lens may be turbid, one's focusing powers limited, and losing sight of the true light that shines from heaven. Only when, consciously or unconsciously, it filters through—for somehow the ancient faith is

still a heritage—one readily recognizes in the result an expression of the finest thoughts, motives, hopes and ideals of the race fashioned in the image and likeness of its Maker, and a representation of human character at its best, not passing by the pitfalls without a warning cry, but simultaneously pointing to the pinnacles with equal sympathy and understanding, with faith in man, with less carping and more charity, as becomes a Christian writer in a Christian land.

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ICELAND BEFORE AND AFTER THE REFORMATION.

ICELAND is one of the most volcanic countries in the world. It contains no less than two thousand craters, and the largest of these, named Astja, which is one Danish mile in diameter, is so large that the Rev. Father Sveinsson, S. J., says three cities such as Stockholm, Christiania and Copenhagen could find room at the bottom of it. Hecla and Katia are also enormous. It is therefore not surprising that although other countries such as Peru, Chile and Bolivia, being more populous and containing more cities, have suffered more material damage, yet the most terrible eruptions of lava known in the history of the world have taken place here. Some of the streams of lava during an eruption have been four miles (Danish) wide. Besides these volcanoes there are innumerable hot springs or geysers of boiling water, rising from the earth and pouring forth clouds of steam and sulphuric acid.

Extremes may well be said to meet in Iceland, for besides all this heat and volcanic energy on the one hand, on the other hand the cold in the long winter is so intense that no less than 5,000 square miles of the island are covered with glacier fields; these ice-covered plateaus never thaw. Terrific storms of wind and snow and hail sweep over the country, especially in winter, so that it was originally called Snowland by a Norwegian pirate who was thrown ashore there over a thousand years ago, one winter.¹ The interior is a dreary desert, in which snow-clad mountains alternate with these vast lava fields, which are often separated by yawning chasms.

On the other hand, round the coasts the fields are fairly fertile and they are beautifully green, the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere which strikes every visitor, adding greatly to this effect, and owing to it the distances are very deceptive, places and objects which are really fifteen or twenty miles away, appearing to the spectator to be only three or four miles distant.

The coast, which is very mountainous, is cut up into fiords like the Norwegian coast, and it is round the island, a few miles only from the sea, that most of the towns and villages have been built, for it is only here that the land is able to be cultivated. The scenery nevertheless is beautiful, very mountainous and wild. There is an utter absence of grain and fruit of any size; no wheat can be grown, but it is by no means destitute of flowers: roses, fuchsias and geraniums are all cultivated. There are trees of birch and willow, but they never grow above twenty-six feet high: it is said that there were forests in Iceland in remote times, but they were all cut down

¹ "Travels in Iceland," by Pliny Miles.

and thereby the severity of the climate increased.² Presumably they were used for firewood, as there is very little coal in the island and no metals are found there. Quarry stone is found and sulphur is abundant.³

The sea is fortunately very full of fish round the coast, mostly cod and haddock, which the islanders catch and dry for winter food. The domestic animals, sheep, goats, cattle and ponies, are all of small size, though the Iceland pony is larger than the Shetland; the reindeer are very plentiful and so are foxes.

The old name for Iceland was *Ultima Thule*; the Venerable Bede tells us that some Irish monks went to establish themselves in the *Ultima Thule* in 795, but they only remained there a few months.

These monks appear to have come from the monastery of Clonenagh, in Queen's County, Ireland, founded originally by St. Fintan, who gave them a very strict rule; he would not allow them to use cattle in the cultivation of the land, and notwithstanding the very hard labor he imposed upon them, he also made them fast very severely. But in spite of being thus inured to a very hard life, they apparently found the conditions of life in the *Ultima Thule* too severe, as they only remained a few months. These Clonenagh monks also went as missionaries to the north coast of England and to Scotland.⁴

But the name of *Ultima Thule* for Iceland is much older than Bede: Pliny said *Ultima Thule* was an island in the Northern Ocean discovered by Pytheas, after he had sailed six days from the Orkades, or Orkneys. The name meant the end of the world or the furthest extremity of it. Virgil speaks of it in the *Georgics* thus: "*Tibi serviat Ultima Thule.*"⁵

The Icelandic historian, Ari, says that when the Norwegians came to establish themselves in Iceland, they found some Irish MSS. and some little bells and other things which the Irish monks had left behind them after their short stay.

There is no doubt about this visit of these Irish monks, for another writer, an Irish monk named Dicuil, says in a Latin treatise he wrote called, "*De mensura orbis terræ*," that in 795, some Irish monks went to Iceland but only stayed a few months.

Venerable Bede died in 735. He described Iceland as a country where there was no day in the middle of summer and no night in the middle of winter, which is true. The name of the Norwegian pirate mentioned above was Nattud or Nattodur, "*ur*" being a very usual Icelandic affix to most names, and with him was another Nor-

² "Travels in Iceland," by Pliny Miles.

³ Catholic Encyclopedia.

⁴ Heimbucher. *Die Orden und Kongregationen*. Band 1.

⁵ Brewer, "Familiar Phrases."

wegian named Garder. These two were driven ashore on the island in the ninth century but like the Irish monks they did not remain long there. After them another Norwegian named Flöki was, according to an old Icelandic historical document,⁶ the next to undertake the dangerous voyage. The account of his visit reminds one of Noah and the raven and the dove.

The story is that before Flöki started for Iceland, he wished to propitiate his gods, for he was a pagan, so he took three ravens, which he had consecrated to his gods, to act as a compass on his voyage. After doubling the Faröe Islands to the south of Iceland, he let loose one of his ravens, which returned immediately to the ship. A little later he let fly the second raven, which flew into the air, turned round, and returned to the ship. Then he sent out the third raven, and that flew boldly to the north; the ship followed the bird and they arrived at the island and finding it covered with ice, Flöki named it Iceland, which name it has retained ever since. He stayed longer than the Irish monks and the other Norwegians we have mentioned, for he remained for two years and then returned to Norway.

After Flöki's return two Norwegian chiefs of noble birth, named Ingolf and Hjerleif, with a great number of servants and slaves went to Iceland. Ingolf being apparently a devout pagan, wished before starting to offer sacrifice to his gods, and to consult the Scandinavian oracles as to the route. Hjerleif refused to sacrifice and accepted as his oracle the word of his friend. They then made the voyage and arrived in Iceland in 874. At some distance from the coast they separated. Hjerleif established himself in the south of the island near the Vestmann Islands, the place where he settled is still called Hjerleifshéð.

Ingolf, who had great confidence in his gods, threw his idols into the water, vowing to establish himself wherever the images should be deposited by the sea, and while waiting for this consummation he landed at a place now called Ingolfshéð, some miles to the east of Hjerleifshéð. Some time after Hjerleif, who by this time had built himself a house, was assassinated by some of his own slaves. Ingolf learned this news from his slaves, who had gone to look for his idols, and he was so enraged that he went in pursuit of the murderers, and caught them on these Westmann Isles, and massacred them all, an early example of the policy of reprisals.

After thus revenging the death of his friend, Ingolf and his slaves renewed their search for his idols, which were finally found in the place where the town of Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, now stands, and there he established himself definitely. Ingolf is there-

⁶ "Landnamabok," quoted by Father Sveinsson, S. J.

fore said by this old Icelandic chronicler, from whom we have been quoting, to be the true founder of the Icelandic colony.

About this time, Harold, the King of Norway, began to oppress his subjects by depriving them of the liberties and privileges they had formerly enjoyed, thus causing discontent among the nobles, who preferring voluntary exile to submission to Harold's tyranny, emigrated to Iceland, and settled there in spite of the severity of the climate and the natural disadvantages of the country. Thus it came to pass that the first colonists of Iceland were some of the richest and most distinguished Norwegian nobles, and considering the time in which they lived, well-educated men; this probably accounts for the fact that up to the present day the Icelanders are a remarkably intelligent race, remarkably well-informed and even the lower orders of the population often show a high degree of intellectuality and culture.

These Norwegian colonists were mostly pagans, and the very few Christians who settled on the island soon lost their faith, with the exception of the inhabitants of a place called Kirkjubar, who were all Christians and refused to allow any pagans to settle there, and thus the faith was preserved, according to old Icelandic chroniclers.

The first Christian missionaries to Iceland were Bishop Frederick of Saxony and an Icelander named Thorvaldur Kodranson, who had been baptized and instructed in the Christian religion in Saxony, and by his account of the state of his country induced the good Bishop to accompany him to Iceland, to preach the Gospel there in 981. They succeeded in converting a certain number of pagans, but five years later they were driven out of the island.

In 996 the King of Norway, Olaf Trigvasson, who had introduced Christianity into his own country, sent an Icelandic missionary named Thorgil to convert his countrymen, but he was so indiscreet in his zeal that he too was expelled. King Olaf, nothing discouraged, then sent the following year a priest named Thangbrandur, who succeeded in converting some distinguished families, but he too was overzealous in his warlike methods, and with several Icelandic chiefs he was exiled in 999.

When King Olaf heard that this effort had also failed, he was very angry and threatened to punish the people for their obstinacy, but two Icelandic chiefs who had been exiled with Thangbrandur, begged the king to make one more effort to clear the way for the preaching of the Gospel, and offered to return themselves to try to lead their countrymen into the pale of Holy Church.

Accordingly the two chiefs with a priest, named Thormodur, returned to Iceland in the year 1000, where they arrived just before

the opening of the National Assembly, called the Althing, which took place in a spot named Thingvallir, where for over a thousand years this Althing was held. Thingvallir is a kind of natural amphitheatre formed by volcanic action of a raised ring of earth, with one mound higher than the rest, on which the president sat. The country surrounding this place was and is highly volcanic, and frequent earthquakes and eruptions took place.

Here the laws were made and the affairs of the State settled. The day after King Olaf's envoys arrived, the chiefs went in solemn procession with the cross carried at the head of it to Thingvallir, and there the three missionaries preached the Gospel, but while they were so doing a pagan ran in to say that an eruption was about to take place. The other pagans said it was not surprising, for of course the gods were angry at hearing such teaching, and civil war seemed imminent, but the Christians begged the chief magistrate or governor, Thorgeir, to bring in a law in their favor. Thorgeir retired to his tent, lay down and covered his head with a furskin and remained there for a day and a night to "meditate" upon the matter. At the end of this time, having probably slept upon it, he emerged from his tent, and convened the National Assembly once more, and then declared that the Christian religion preached by the three missionaries should be the religion of the State. This momentous decision was taken on the 24th of June, in the year 1000 A. D., and at the same time a law was passed obliging all Icelanders to be baptized, and to destroy their idols and pagan temples.

Fifty-six years after this historic assembly, Pope Victor II. chose the first Icelandic Bishop, with his see at Skalholt. Half a century later the Bishopric of Holar was erected. In 1056 a regular succession of Bishops of Skalholt began with Islefur, an Icelander who was consecrated in Rome in that year. He had inherited from his father an estate at Skalholt, in the south of the island, and here he, on his return from Rome, established his episcopal residence. He was succeeded by Gissur, during whose episcopate the whole island was first divided into two sees, Skalholt for the south and Holar for the north.

The first Bishop of Holar was John Egmondson, surnamed the Saint, and honored by his countrymen as such. He found the first monastery in Iceland. The erection of Holar was a most important event in the religious history of Iceland, for the people in the north were still under strong pagan influence, and as soon as the Bishop arrived at Holar, he saw how important it was to open a school there, as had already been done at Skalholt, and he soon succeeded in establishing one. Two other schools were also opened at Haukadalur and Oddi. This last was the most celebrated of all

and was founded in 1107 by a priest named Semunder the Wise, who had been educated in France and Germany, like most of the masters of all these schools. Thus for several centuries the monks and priests of the Catholic Church were here, as in every Christian country, the educators of the people, and the principal guardians of knowledge.

The literary treasures of the Edda and the Saga would have been lost to posterity, but for their care in preserving them. About the time we are now speaking of, there lived a priest named Ari (1057-1148) surnamed the Wise, the father of the Icelandic historians, who wrote many books which have been handed down to us, and among them one modern research attributes to him called "*Landnamabok*,"⁷ or the Book of Colonization, which is considered one of the most remarkable documents antiquity has handed down to us. Ari's name has been engraved on the National Library at Reykjavik, built about six or seven years ago.

Icelandic historians call the eleventh century the century of peace, but the twelfth century is said to be the century of literature. Both the Benedictine and Augustinian Orders contributed very largely to the spiritual and intellectual development of the Icelanders, their monasteries here as elsewhere were not only homes of prayer and learning, but they were also refuges for the temporal needs of the sick and poor.

All students of the history and literature of the Icelanders are struck by the great devotion they had, after their conversion to Christianity, to the Blessed Mother of God, which far surpassed their devotion to all other saints, according to their great scholar, Jon Thorkelsson, who has published a study of the poems of Mary. No less than 150 churches in the island were consecrated to her. The most celebrated place of pilgrimage after Kaldadarness, which later was that of Hofstadur, in the west of the island: there is or was a magnificent statue of the Blessed Virgin, life-size, decorated with gold and silver and called the Hofstada-Maria. Innumerable poems in her honor remain from the most remote times. At the present day the numerous statues and pictures of Our Lady which are preserved in the Museum at Reykjavik are witness to the devotion formerly shown to her, in a country which might then have truly been called a land of Mary.

There are two native saints to whom the people had formerly a great devotion, one was Thorlakur, the sixth Bishop of Skalholt, who was venerated as the national saint. He was born in 1133 of a very distinguished family, and having been ordained deacon, went to Paris, where he studied for six years, after which he came to

⁷ Part only of Ari's work is in "*Landnamabok*"—Catholic Encyclopedia.

England to continue his studies at a monastery of his order at Lincoln. On his return to Iceland he worked for six years as a secular priest, until he was chosen as prior of the monastery at Thikkevibar, in 1168, and in 1173 he was elected abbot of the same monastery. A few years later he was elected Bishop and went to Norway to be consecrated by the Archbishop of Tronjheim in 1177. Both as monk and Bishop he lived the life of a saint, and even during his lifetime many miracles were attributed to him. He died in 1193, and five years later he was declared saint by the Althing. Although he has never been regularly canonized by Rome, yet the Holy See has never put any obstacle to the veneration in which he is held. Two feasts are celebrated in his honor, one on July 20 and the other on December 23. He was formerly venerated in the Scandinavian countries and in the British Islands. In one of the churches in Lincoln, there is a statue of him to this day. It is even said that in Constantinople a church was dedicated to him.

The other Icelandic saint was Jon Egmondson, already mentioned as the Bishop of Holar, but he was much less popular than Thorlakur, although he was declared saint by the Althing.

Before the Reformation broke out in the island in the sixteenth century, with such drastic consequences, there had been fifty-two Bishops of Skalholt and Holar; in the thirteenth century, when Lorenz Kalfsson occupied the See of Holar, there were seven monasteries there;⁸ other writers tell us there were nine Benedictine monasteries in different parts of the island, and in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there were celebrated schools, during which period the chief literary works were incomparably above those which the other Scandinavian countries put forth, and the monasteries were of course the centres of literary culture.

Like other countries, Iceland had its passing periods of decadence, but on the whole its literary history is a striking testimony in favor of the work of the Catholic Church in the island, while, as we shall presently show, the attachment and devotion of the people to the Church was very great, and, in spite of terrible persecution, has never entirely perished. The history of the Icelandic Church is found in the Bishop's Sagas, written by the clergy and mostly embodied in the Lives of the Bishops; the first of these Christian Sagas tells the story of the conversion of the country to Christianity, and is called the Christian-Saga. The Latin language and script was introduced after the conversion to the Christian religion, and the early Sagas were written in it.⁹ The first two historians who wrote in Latin were Saemund Sigfusson and Ari Thorgilsson, whom we have already mentioned; the latter died in 1148. His

⁸ Orden und Kongregationen der Catholische Kirche.

⁹ Catholic Encyclopedia.

Sagas were scholarly while the old profane Sagas were literary and poetic. The two Bishoprics of Skalholt and Holar were at first under the Archbishopric of Lund, but later, in 1152, they were placed under the Archbishop of Tronjheim, and they were in close communion with the Holy See until the middle of the sixteenth century.

At this time there were at least nine Benedictine monasteries in the island, the principal of whose houses were at Thingeyar, Kirkjubar and Munkathvera, while the Augustinian houses were at Flatey, Thikkevibar, Videy, Modruvellir and Skreda. One of the friars at Thikkevibar is said to have written what is described as "the most soulful and artistic poem of the Middle Ages," he was named Eystein Asgrimsson. The Benedictines at Munkathverain in the thirteenth century began the translation of the Bible into the vernacular. The Abbot at the time was one Brandr Jonsson. When the Reformation came there were 280 Catholic churches in the country, and about three hundred priests to serve them; many of these churches were built of the stone which is found in the island, and the clergy, seculars as well as regulars, were many of them learned men who contributed to the literature of the country. Among these was Thorstein Illugasson, who was an excellent calligraphist, wood-carver and painter.

The churches were adorned with metal work, sculpture and mural decorations, while the vestments were beautifully embroidered, and made of costly materials: remains of all these things may still be seen in the Museum at Reykjavik.

The story of the Reformation is a very sad one, full of tragedy, for it was carried out in the most drastic fashion, strongly against the will of the inhabitants, who were devoted to the Catholic Church, to their priests and their ritual and ceremonies, and above all, to the Mass and the sacraments and Our Blessed Lady. At the same time it must be remembered that here as elsewhere at this period, abuses had crept in among the clergy and that in high places: even the brave confessor and Bishop, Jon Arasson had broken his vow of celibacy and taken a wife,¹⁰ he was Bishop of Holar and Sigmunder; Pahlsson occupied the See of Skalholt. When Christian III. of Denmark introduced Protestantism into Iceland, and forced the inhabitants to abjure their faith, Pahlsson, who was then an old man, resigned his see in favor of a pupil whom he had brought up, named Gissur Einarsson, whom he had sent to the continent to study.

There Gissur had, unknown to his benefactor, imbibed heretical doctrines, and was a Lutheran at heart when he returned, but he

¹⁰ Catholic Encyclopedia.

deceived his patron, and although before taking possession of the See of Skalholt, after his consecration in 1539, he had solemnly promised before the Althing to govern his diocese according to the laws and doctrines of the Catholic Church, no sooner had he taken possession of the diocese, than he threw off the mask, and showed himself a Lutheran-propagandist, although his flock were staunch Catholics and hated heresy. The form of heresy introduced into Iceland was that of the Augsburg Confession, a curious mixture of the Catholic religion, and the doctrines of Luther, and the services and the ritual were as mixed as the doctrine, but the Icelanders were so attached to their Church that the reformers had to exercise diplomacy in introducing their so-called reforms, or they would have met with open rebellion, so they preserved a certain number of Catholic ceremonies and customs, and continued to use some of the vestments, for instance the chasuble, which they do to the present day, and other objects of devotion. The Communion service begins with the Kyrie and the Gloria, and lighted candles are allowed on the Communion table at least in the primary churches, for they have an odd custom of dividing their churches into two classes, primary and secondary. The primary churches are the larger and are in the cities, the secondary are mostly in the villages or near a farmstead.

When Gissur saw that the Icelanders showed a strong repugnance to the new religion, and would not willingly adopt it, the King Christian sent two warships with troops to support the new Bishop: this expedition was headed by a commander-in-chief, who by the irony of fate was called Christopher. When Sigmunder saw the danger the Church was in, old and infirm as he was, he took up again the government of the Church whereupon Christopher and the apostate Gissur resolved to take the aged Bishop prisoner, so as to get rid of him and his influence. Accordingly they went to his house one night, and forcing an entrance they dragged the old man out of bed and took him to a barn, where in the bitter cold of Iceland, they permitted him to dress himself: he was then taken prisoner and put on board a man-of-war, and the wretched Gissur warned Christopher "not to let the fox escape," and the poor old, blind Bishop died a prisoner at Sore, in Denmark. Thus did the first Lutheran so-called Bishop behave to his benefactor, but he was not permitted to go unpunished. In his iconoclastic zeal he determined to destroy a certain miraculous crucifix in the most celebrated place of pilgrimage in the country, namely Kaldadarnes, in the northwestern peninsula of Iceland, whither crowds of pilgrims had been wont to resort. But this project cost him his life, for he contracted a mortal ill-

ness, of which he died and his death was considered a punishment from God for his wickedness.

While the teaching of Luther had, thanks to Gissur's apostasy and usurpation of the See of Skalholt, been gaining ground in the south of the country, the north had remained faithful to the Catholic Church, and to the celebrated Bishop Jon Arasson, who in spite of his lapse from the discipline of the Church was not only a great patriot, but also a brave and bold defender of the rights of the Catholic Church, and incidentally the most remarkable poet of his time. He had occupied the See of Holar from 1524, and shortly before his tragic death he wrote to Pope Paul III. to assure him of his attachment to the See of St. Peter. The Pope replied by a brief dated March 8, 1548, and this was the last salutation from the Holy See to Catholic Iceland.

As soon as the Bishop received the brief, he summoned all his clergy to the Cathedral, and there, clad in his pontificals with his mitre on his head, and his pastoral-staff in his hand, he stood before the high altar and read the Pope's letter to the clergy and people. He then intoned the "Te Deum," and after giving thanks to the Sovereign Pontiff, he exclaimed with ardor aloud, "I would rather die than be unfaithful to the Holy See"; thus unconsciously foretelling his own martyrdom, by which he expiated his faults.

Then, seeing the great danger which threatened his diocese, he determined to reconquer by force what had been taken from the Church by force of arms, so he placed himself at the head of a brave army and started southwards, fighting bravely as he went, nothing discouraged by the opposition he met with. He succeeded in taking prisoner the second so-called Bishop of Skalholt, Martin, who had succeeded Gissur, and led him a prisoner to Holar. In 1550 he entered Skalholt, having reestablished the Catholic religion in all the places through which he had passed: he remained there a week reconciling to the Church those who had been led astray.

From Skalholt he went to a place called Snoksdal, to conquer one Dadi, a most bitter enemy of the Church; on his way thither he paused at Videy, an island near the port of Reykjavik, to expel the Danes, who had taken possession of an Augustinian monastery there, and there Arasson reestablished the monastic life, and he did the same thing at another place called Helgafell, which is west of Snoksdal and on the coast.

Meanwhile a fearful struggle was taking place between the Catholics and the heretics at Snoksdal, and just at the moment when the whole country was on the brink of returning to the Catholic Church, Arasson was treacherously betrayed into the hands of the Lutherans. He was taken to Skalholt and condemned

to death, and was barbarously executed on November 7, 1550. He said Mass for the last time on the morning of his execution, and before he left the church he was given into the hands of the executioner, after he had knelt at the feet of the statue of Our Lady to implore her help for his last moments. The executioner had already struck him three times with his axe, when he was heard to say, "In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum," but his head was not finally severed till seven strokes had been struck. If the Bishop was long in dying, so was the faith, for it was two hundred years before the tyranny of the Lutherans had effaced the last traces of Catholicism, and even now, after all these centuries, the Catholic instincts of the inhabitants are not wholly annihilated, particularly in the country places, for in the towns here as elsewhere infidelity is spreading fast.

Even now in some of the Protestant churches, the ministers wear the chasubles, which were in use in Catholic times, and the very cope which Paul III. sent to Jon Arasson was used a few years after to "consecrate" the Lutheran successor to his see. This cope is kept ordinarily in the Museum at Reykjavik and is brought out and worn whenever a new Lutheran Bishop is consecrated.

For more than a century and a half after the Reformation, the greater part of the ceremonies of the Mass were preserved, the Latin language was used and the Gregorian chant. The Mass for Christmas, which was used up to the eighteenth century, was almost identical with that of the Catholic Church, except that the words of consecration are said after, instead of before the Pater noster. The Gradual of 1644, which contains this Mass in use by the Lutherans, also contains this rubric; "The elevation of the Papists shall be completely suppressed, being a veritable idolatry," but seeing that since 1644 there were no real priests in Iceland, it would really have been idolatry to have elevated mere bread and wine for the people to worship.

With singular inconsistency the reformers permitted the retention in this Gradual of the glorious hymn, "Pange lingua—Tantum ergo—" and it was lustily sung by the congregation, who presumably no longer knew the meaning and significance of it.

This unique Protestant Gradual of 1664 also contained a quantity of hymns and canticles, in honor of Our Blessed Lady, and these were sung from generation to generation in all parts of the island. They succeeded, did these Reformers, in destroying the cult of Our Lady and the saints publicly in the churches, but in the homes of the people the veneration of the Blessed Virgin, and certain Catholic devotions were preserved up to the nineteenth century and almost up to our own day.

Nor was it only among the people that this devotion to Our Lady and to certain Catholic devotions persisted; there was a certain Lutheran Bishop named Brynjovur Sveinsson, who died in 1675, who was so sympathetic to Catholicism that he seems to have been almost a Catholic. For instance he had a new crucifix made, to replace the one the apostate Gissur had destroyed at Kaldadarnes in 1548, and he composed a beautiful Latin hymn in honor of the Cross, entitled "*Carmen vottifum de Cruce.*" He had also a great devotion to Our Lady, and he left behind him several canticles in which he sang her praises. Another proof of his Catholic tendencies is the "*Psalterium Marianum,*" which he wrote with his own hand. It was also under this Bishop that the beautiful hymn, "*Stabat Mater,*" of Jacopone da Todé was translated into Icelandic by Stephan Olafson, who died in 1688. The learned writer, Dr. Jon Thorkelson, an Icelander, is also of opinion that Bishop Sveinsson had very strong leanings towards Catholicism.

In fact, there seem numerous indications that the Icelandic people never apostatized as a nation; the Protestant religion was forced upon them by persecution, but in general they remained faithful, or at least attached to the faith of their ancestors: they became Protestant in spite of themselves, by force of circumstances and by the tyranny of the Danish Kings. An edict was published on March 20, 1563, enacting that all those who were guilty of public heresy, meaning all those who publicly professed the Catholic religion, were to be condemned to death and all their estates confiscated to the King and the Crown.

The history of the Reformation in Iceland has been written by a Protestant minister, an Icelander named Thorkel Björnson: in the course of this book he says that "when it was forbidden to the Icelanders to profess publicly the Catholic religion which they loved, they followed the ancient traditions as much as it was possible for them to do so. The first laws of the Lutheran Church in Iceland were ecclesiastical ordinances of Christian III., promulgated in Denmark in 1537. These laws had been made without the Icelanders, who would not then have accepted them. The King suddenly ordered the people to take a new religion and a new (form of) worship, which the greater part of the nation only knew by name, and which had been described to them as an impious heresy. No country has been treated with more injustice and barbarism by the reformers than Iceland: the convents were sacked, the churches pillaged and private property was stolen to enrich the propagators of the new doctrine, and by the King, who became the spiritual chief, the new Pope of the Island."¹¹

¹¹ Thorkel Björnson.

Thorkel Björnsson gives the following account of the behavior of a party of reformers, led by one Didrik on the Augustinian monastery of Videy, a small island opposite Reykjavik. The Abbot Alexius was absent, when the King's envoy, Didrik, with fourteen other men, suddenly arrived one day at the monastery. "Didrik and his men dragged the monks out of bed and treated them in a shameful way: some they bound, others they struck and wounded. Some of the monks succeeded in taking a boat and fleeing to the mainland. Didrik took possession of the monastery, seized twenty cows and oxen, 100 sheep and 7,000 fish, after which he left some of his men on the island, but returned himself to his home." He had arrived at Videy on Whitsunday, 1539, at daybreak, and in the month of August in the same year he set out on another of these marauding expeditions, to sack and pillage the monasteries of Kirkjbaer and Thikkevibar, the former belonging to the Benedictines, the latter to the Augustinians. On his way he paused at Skalholt to insult the venerable Bishop Sgmunder. The Bishop begged him not to remain in the neighborhood to expose himself to death, for the people were exasperated against him, but Didrik said: "I shall remain whatever this blind devil of a Bishop may say, with seven men I shall subdue the whole island." But the next morning Didrik and his men fell by the sword of the Icelanders.

When later the Bishop Sgmunder was taken prisoner, the reformers took away all his possessions and unjustly seized fifty fields, and presently all the monasteries with 450 estates, and a quantity of ornaments and gold and silver vessels, and other objects became the property of King Christian III. When there was nothing left to seize in the monasteries, they attacked the churches and the private property of those who would not abjure their faith.

The reformers then went north to Holar, and committed similar robberies and cruelties there, seizing all the valuable things in the churches and monasteries that they could lay their hands on, including a very handsome gold chalice, which Bishop Jon Aronsson had had made, saying that the Icelanders were not worthy to possess such a treasure.

Not content with despoiling the Church of her riches, the reforming Danes next proceeded to sell the monopoly of trade in Iceland to rich capitalists, who seemed to want to starve the poor islanders, for they only gave a paltry sum of eight "rigsdalers" for the same quantity of fish which used formerly to fetch forty "rigsdalers." Butter, wool, furs, eiderdown, in fact all the salable goods of the country were taken away, and sold under the same conditions. At the same time the Icelanders were made to pay exorbitant sums for merchandise of inferior quality, often spoiled, which

their oppressors forced upon them, so that corn, wood and iron, all necessities of life became luxuries, beyond the reach of many of the poor inhabitants. In fact it was only the richer people, who could procure necessities, while the poor were condemned to misery, and sometimes starvation under this reforming monarch, Christian III.

The Dutch in spite of the dangers which menaced them from the Danes, had the courage to brave the risks by land and by sea, and came to the island with boats laden with goods, which they sold at a fair price.

For three centuries the country was completely separated from the Catholic Church; no priest was allowed to land on the island, and the most severe laws forbade all Catholic ministrations. In 1855 Pope Pius IX. erected the Prefecture Apostolic of the Arctic Pole, which comprised Lapland, Iceland, and the Farøe Islands, and the first Prefect Apostolic was Monsignor Etienne de Djunkovski. The first Catholic missionary in Iceland after the Reformation was Monsignor Bernard, who succeeded Monsignor Djunkovski in 1863. This Prefecture was suppressed in 1868, and in its place the Apostolic Prefecture of Denmark and Iceland was erected, and in May, 1869, M. l'Abbé Grüder the curé of St. Anchaire, in Copenhagen, was appointed Prefect. He was succeeded by the present Bishop, l'Abbé von Euch, who was formerly curé of Fredericia, in Jutland.

In February, 1892, Pope Leo XIII., of pious memory, erected the Apostolic Prefecture of Denmark and Iceland into a Vicariate Apostolic, and Monsignor von Euch was named Vicar Apostolic and Bishop of Anastasiopolis. Nearly fifty years previously, that is in 1857, an attempt was made to establish the Catholic religion in the Farøe Isles, but in spite of the zealous efforts, first of two priests, one a Bavarian and the other an Italian, and afterwards of two Jesuit Fathers, the attempt failed completely, only seven conversions being made during the thirteen years that the mission lasted, and the Provincial Grüder, seeing the persecution to which the converts as well as the missionaries were subject, recalled the priests with the consent of the Holy See. The ignorance of the people and the bitter hostility they showed to the Catholic religion, against which they were violently prejudiced, made all attempts to convert them hopeless: they chose to reject the grace which was offered them, so there was nothing else to be done but leave them to their fate.

Meanwhile, in 1857, two zealous French Catholic priests from the Diocese of Rheims. Père Bernard and Père Baudouin, went to Iceland as missionaries. Père Bernard went in 1857 and was fol-

lowed by Père Baudouin in May of the following year, and they found the people as prejudiced and as bitter against the Catholic religion as the Faröese. Such calumnies against the Pope and the Church, and such ridiculous perversions of Catholic doctrine had been spread among the Icelanders by the Lutherans, that it was impossible to disabuse them of their erroneous opinions.

Moreover, when the missionaries arrived, the most severe laws against the teaching and practice of the Catholic religion were in force, although a slight mitigation had taken place, for instance, since November, 1786, a law had been passed which enacted that a Catholic need no longer renounce his faith, before establishing himself in the towns of Reykjavik the capital, Akureyri, the principal town in the north of the island, in Skutulsfjord and Grundarfjord, as formerly they had been obliged to do in all these towns, and in the Westmann Isles, but in every other part of the island, the inhabitants were still obliged to belong to the Protestant Church. If a Lutheran became a Catholic, he lost the right of inheritance and was immediately banished from the country. Any one who helped to convert a Lutheran to Catholicism was thrown into prison for several years, and any Catholic guilty of the same "crime" was at once sent out of the island.

The intention of these two brave French priests, who were facing not only the rigors of the climate, the danger of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, but also persecution, had been to go first to a seaport, in the east of the island, called Seydisfjord, to minister to the spiritual needs of the numbers of French fishermen who yearly visit this place in pursuit of their calling, and to comfort them in their sicknesses and console them in their last moments with the last sacraments.

Accordingly the Abbé Bernard wrote to the chief man of the district, for permission to build himself a house there to live in during the fishing season. This was at first refused, but the Abbé, knowing he was in the right, appealed to a higher authority, and this time succeeded in getting permission to build a roof to cover him, but on condition that he made no effort of any sort to convert any of the Icelanders from Lutheranism to Catholicity.

Another obstacle now arose, it turned out that Seydisfjord was not a free port, which meant that foreign fishermen were not allowed to cast their anchors there, so the missionaries had to abandon their project. They then resolved to establish themselves at Reykjavik, where a number of French fishermen stayed every year for a while, after their fishing was over. In May, 1860, they bought some property through a Danish chemist living at Reykjavik at Landakot, on which was a house which the Lutheran

Bishop had built for himself twenty-six years previously, when he was the rector of the Cathedral at Reykjavik, but when the news of this purchase was bruited abroad the indignation of the Protestants knew no bounds; the missionaries were denounced as disturbers of the public peace, who must be banished from the island. A tract was published and circulated among the people, to excite them against the missionaries, and the local newspaper printed a series of articles abusing the Catholic Church and the priests, and making the most absurd accusations against both.

Nor was this all. Not content with spreading calumnies, they summoned the missionaries to appear before a judge, who demanded whether they were Jesuits and for what purposes they had come to the island. After they had built a small chapel in which to say Mass, they were obliged to appear a second time before the judge, who fined them and forbade them to have any public services. Their only consolation was that for three months in the year they could minister to the spiritual wants of their countrymen, the poor fishermen who visited Reykjavik. They appealed three different times to the Althing, to allow them to have public service, but they were refused. After the fishermen left the missionaries devoted themselves to the study of the Icelandic language, literature and history.

After the third refusal the Abbé Bernard, who had just been appointed Prefect Apostolic, announced that as the ancient laws of religious intolerance published in Denmark had never been put in force in Iceland, from henceforth the Catholic chapel would be open to the public, Mass would be said publicly, and instructions given to all those who desired to receive them, sermons would be preached in which all bitterness and reproaches against Lutherans were to be avoided. This was announced on the feast of the Assumption, 1863, and shortly after Father Bernard left for the Farøe Islands to confirm a lady who had recently been converted to the Catholic religion there. He left Father Baudouin in charge of the mission, and gave him as assistant priest a young abbé named Jean Convers, who had recently been ordained by the Archbishop of Lyons. But he only remained a short time in Iceland. The following year two priests came to Reykjavik, and on the 21st of April, 1864, said Mass publicly in their chapel at Landakot, for which offense they were, in the following July, forbidden by the Mayor of Reykjavik at the instance of the Minister of Justice, to hold any public services, since it was a transgression of the law, and shortly after they, too, left Iceland, and Père Baudouin remained alone in this inhospitable island till shortly before his death.

It is consoling to know that this brave old man and zealous priest had at least one friend in this ultra-Protestant country. This was a landowner named Einar Asmundsson, who lived in the north of Iceland at a place called Nesi, and in 1868 he invited the good Abbé to stay with him at his home, for which "crime" he was cited to appear before the judge.

The letter which the Lutheran Prefect wrote to the head of the Department on accusing Einar is worth quoting, it is so ridiculous in its bigotry: "With this courier I am sending you a process on the subject of the presence of a Catholic priest in the house of Einar de Nesi. I hope that you will be entirely of my opinion in the affair. It would be the greatest misfortune for our poor Iceland, and a subject of trouble and religious dispute if some simple people should embrace the 'good' Papist religion, which confounds the greatest errors with the most sublime dogmas, moreover it would be a shame if such a thing should happen in our days. The Abbé Baudouin himself is esteemed here in the department, and he has done nothing which can be made a subject of complaint, but this does not excuse Einar de Nesi from having given him hospitality, therefore it seems to me of the greatest importance, to clip his wings a little to serve as an example to others. I believe it would be prudent to seize all his property, so that he cannot escape from a fine by a fictitious sale."

Accordingly Einar was summoned before the tribunal, but happily the judge had the good sense to acquit him. This lawsuit marks a new era in the history of the mission, for the judge in this case when acquitting Einar, declared that certain penal laws against Catholics had fallen into desuetude. Moreover a letter from the Minister of Justice to the over zealous Lutheran Prefect, reprimanded him for sending up such a case and forbade him to appeal to a higher tribunal. Nevertheless the liberty of public worship was still forbidden. The Catholics had the right now to hold their own services, but no Protestant was permitted to assist at them.

It was not until the year 1874 that religious liberty was granted and it was lawful to preach the true religion in Iceland, but by this time the Abbé Baudouin was too feeble to avail himself of the permission, and he died in 1876. By his death Iceland was deprived of a Catholic priest until the year 1895. The good old Abbé had not the happiness of making one convert all the years he spent in the country, but his time there was not wasted, for he wrote in Icelandic a book, and some short tracts to defend the Catholic religion. Moreover, through him, his friend Einar de Nesi sent his son Gunnar, then fourteen, to Denmark, and eventually to Avignon to study. Gunnar became a Catholic at Copenhagen, but

returned to Iceland after some years, in 1895, and for nearly twenty years he was the only Catholic on the island, but during those long years he preserved his faith among his Lutheran family and countrymen. He is now the father of a large family, all Catholics.

The year after he first went to Denmark, two other boys followed him thither to study eventually in France. These were the brothers Sveinsson, who after becoming Catholics in Denmark went to Amiens, to finish their education. Both entered the Society of Jesus; one is dead, but the Very Rev. Père Jon Sveinsson is still alive in Holland at the present time (1921).

The house belonging to the Mission at Landakot was let for twenty years, during which time the chapel was empty, and by degrees fell into ruins, and many of the valuable books Père Baudouin had left in his splendid library disappeared. One of these, entitled "North Pole," was accidentally discovered by a learned Danish priest, from whose MS. the greater part of this article except where otherwise stated, has been translated; it contained the "Chants of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary."

At last at the instance of Pope Leo XIII., of pious memory, Monsignor von Euch, Vicar Apostolic of Denmark, resuscitated the Mission in Iceland. His first care was to provide for the spiritual needs of the French fishermen, and the Catholic merchants and tourists of all nations who visit the island in the summer months. This good work, when once started, gave the Icelanders an opportunity to see the power of the Catholic Church in organizing works of charity, and tended to disabuse them of some of their prejudices against the Catholic religion.

Monsignor von Euch responded heartily and generously to the appeal of the Pope. He first of all confided the Icelandic Mission to two secular priests, both Danes; the Rev. Jean Frederiksson he made rector of the future parish, and sent the Abbé Gethmann as his curate. They received a much better reception than that accorded to the French missionary sent in 1850. Not only the Government, but the people also received them kindly, without showing any of the former prejudice and bigotry; this was due partly to the memory of Père Baudouin, partly to the religious liberty now granted by the law, and partly from more frequent intercourse of the Icelanders with the continent. Only one Lutheran pastor in 1895 protested against the Catholic Mission, in a periodical review which he published about this time, but he was soon obliged to cease his attacks, as his countrymen showed no inclination to follow his example.

In 1896, four nuns of the Congregation of St. Joseph of

Chambéry, who have a house at Copenhagen, arrived on the island and were accommodated in some small rooms belonging to the mission: they then opened a hospital for lepers at some little distance from the capital. In the summer months they went to Faskrudsfjord, three hundred miles off on the eastern coast of the islands, where the French fishermen come in the fishing season. Here they organized a little hospital with funds from France.

But when the separation of the Church from the State took place in France, the French Government built another hospital at Faskrudsfjord and the Sisters left it for good or rather forever, and lay-nurses took their place. But the Danish missionaries at Reykjavik at first took charge of the spiritual needs of the fishermen, till some French priests were sent in their place.

In 1896, the year the Sisters of St. Joseph arrived in Iceland, a little wooden church was built at Reykjavik to serve temporarily for Divine worship, but owing to its being built on a hill it is terribly exposed to the bitter winds and dreadful storms which sweep over Iceland, and during the long winter months the cold, the storms and the draughts, to say nothing of the rain and snow, for it is not weatherproof, make it impossible for the parishioners to attend it. The Sisters have a small chapel in their hospital, but it is not large enough to give place to the Sisters of the Congregation.

Funds are urgently needed to build a larger and more convenient church to accommodate not only the Catholics, but a large number of Protestants who wish to be present at the great feasts. It would indeed be lamentable if for want of means it became impossible to carry on this great work, of Catholicizing once more a country which was once so deeply attached to the Catholic religion, and which as we have seen suffered so terribly at the Reformation.

In 1903, a Catholic school was opened at Reykjavik, under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and every year the numbers of children attending increase, for there are very few schools, and Protestants are glad to send their children to the Sisters, when they see the good influence they exercise over them.

From May to October the Sisters have classes, which are attended by about thirty Icelandic ladies, who are taught all kinds of embroidery, wood carving, illuminating and other artistic work. This, of course, brings them into contact with the Sisters, and gives them opportunities of being instructed in the Catholic religion if they show any sympathy with it.

The Catholic hospital is now not large enough to accommodate all who desire to avail themselves of the privileges it offers, for

patients come from distant parts of the country, and even Lutheran pastors when ill are anxious to be nursed by Catholic nuns.

The Icelandic press now never attacks the Catholic Church or Catholics, complete harmony exists between Catholics and Lutherans, largely due to the benefits, spiritual and temporal, which the priests and nuns have brought with them.

Recently the priest at the head of the Mission, Père Meulenberg, was asked by several Lutheran Icelanders of high rank to give conferences to combat Modernism, which was spreading among the Protestants. He consented and gave several conferences at Reykjavik which were well attended by a large audience. Not long ago Bishop von Euch was visited at Copenhagen by a rich Icelander from Akureyi, in the north of Iceland, to ask him to send some Catholic priests and nuns to that part of the country. These are all signs of the healthy state of the Mission, and of the good work which is being done by the missionaries and Sisters, hampered though they are for want of a larger church.

This town of Akureyri stands at the head of a fiord, and possesses a large agricultural college. It is the second town in the country and actually boasts a suburb. In 1874, when liberty of worship was granted, a large number of Icelanders assembled here, and a grand procession took place, during which the Icelandic Hymn of Praise was sung, which is the national hymn.

The scenery round Reykjavik is most beautiful, but the town itself is ugly, consisting mostly of one long street, except near the harbor, which is the busiest part, where there are several streets intersecting each other. The houses are mostly wooden with galvanized iron roofs, there are a few stone houses, and a good many mere shanties thatched with turf. The handsomest building is of stone, a large square house; the bank occupies the ground floor, and above it is the museum, in which the Catholic vestments and ornaments and pictures which were removed from the churches at the time of the Reformation have, at least some of them, been preserved.¹²

The longest road in the Island is from Thingvallir, where the old Althing or parliament was held, to Reykjavik, is thirty-six miles long; near Thingvallir it passes by the Lake Langavartu, where the Icelanders were baptized on their conversion to Christianity; there is a hot spring in the middle of the lake and this was the water used, as they objected to cold water. There are a great many cascades and waterfalls and a large rift called Allmannagggia, near which is a small pool, named the Murderess's pool, because

¹² "Across Iceland," by W. Bisiker, F. R. G. S., 1902.

in olden times women who had committed infanticide were drowned in it.¹³

One of the earliest Christian churches is at Helgafell, a hill of basalt columns, on the coast of the northwest promontory which lies south of the Northwest peninsula, but it would seem that very few if any remains of all the Benedictine and Augustinian monasteries are now to be found, as we have come across no mention of them in modern travels of Iceland, of which by the way there are very few English works. Probably the monasteries were destroyed by the Lutherans at the Reformation, or they may have been built of wood only in some instances, in which case they would have perished in the course of time.

DARLEY DALE.

Stroud, England.

¹³ Ibid.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA: A MODERN REPUBLIC.

EVER since the days of Abraham Lincoln Americans have believed, and have given frequent utterance to the belief, that "government of the people, by the people and for the people," if not practiced exclusively by our Republic, at least was cherished by it in an especial manner beyond all other nations of the world. Such is our boast; but if we would maintain or justify so pretentious a claim, we must look to our laurels before we are surpassed by the newly erected States of the Old World. At least, this is true, if one may judge accurately from their written constitutions. An excellent example is the new Constitution, adopted February 29, 1920, and promulgated March 5, 1920, by President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia, one of the States which arose out of the ruins of the decadent dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary, nobly avenging the memory of the great defeat at the White Mountain nearly 300 years ago.

This document, which is one of the most democratic constitutions in the world, is the result of endeavors* to embody the best features of all the republics from Plato's time to our own, excluding features which experience has proved to be undesirable and including special provisions to meet peculiar needs. Not only is provision made for the right to assemble peacefully, to form associations and to petition, along with the inviolability of domicile, the secrecy of correspondence and the freedom of the press and conscience, but woman suffrage, the right to form labor and economic unions, the principle of proportional representation and similar features tend to the establishment of real government by the people in the truest sense of the word and make the document a veritable landmark in the history of free government.

So little is generally known, especially in this country, of this new-old State, due to its Magyarization and Germanization at the hands of the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Government, that a word or two about it may not be out of place. The Czecho-Slovak Republic owes its name to the two constituent elements of the nation: Czech and Slovak. The Czechs and Slovaks, by their resistance without the imperial frontiers and by their bloodless revolution within, brought about, with the collaboration of the Allies, the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary and formed of the Czech countries (Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia) and a part of Old

*An account of the various steps leading up to the adoption of this constitution is given by Professor Robert J. Kerner in the "American Political Science Review," Vol. XIII., No. 4 (November, 1919), pp. 652, 656.

Hungary (Slovakia and Sub-Carpathian Russia) a democratic and independent republic, headed by an elected President. The Czecho-Slovaks form more than three-quarters of the whole population of the new republic. The national minorities, composed of Germans and Magyars and numbering about three million, will be granted full linguistic and civil rights. The Ruthenians living in the eastern part of Slovakia, who at their own wish were assigned by the Paris Peace Conference to the Czecho-Slovak State, will be granted local autonomy.

The Czecho-Slovak State has approximately the same area as England and Wales combined or New York and New Jersey combined, covering more than 55,000 square miles. According to the last census (Austro-Hungarian census of 1910), its population totals 13,811,655 inhabitants, or nearly as many as the combined populations of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and New York. The lot of the 545,409 inhabitants of part of Silesia and the Teschen district will be decided by plebiscite. According to the number of its population, the republic is tenth among the nations of Europe; according to the density of its population (97 per square kilometer), it is seventh. As regards area and population, the Czecho-Slovak Republic is a medium-sized State, if we count, for example, France and England as great powers and Greece and Bulgaria as small States. It has a larger area than Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Portugal, Greece, Bulgaria or German Austria; and a larger population than Norway, Finland, Sweden, Jugoslavia, Magyar-Hungary or any of the above-mentioned States.

The Czecho-Slovaks form the western advance-guard of Slavs, enclosed as it were in a Germanic mass. The Germans, who dwell on three sides of the Czecho-Slovak territory, and the Magyars, who flank it on the southeast, have penetrated deeply into it, especially in the frontier zone; it is only on the northeast and the east that the republic is in contact with friendly States. Direct communication between London and Belgrade-Constantinople, between Paris and Warsaw-Petrograd, between Berlin and Vienna-Budapest (the line of Constantinople and Salonica) and between Petrograd-Warsaw and Vienna-Southern Europe (Adriatic Sea) are all made by way of Prague and Czecho-Slovakia. Czecho-Slovakia is the natural centre of Europe, not only from the point of view of transports by railroads or waterways, but also by reason of its political and economic importance. Thanks to its natural riches and to the moral force of its people, it is within reach of competing economically with the most advanced States. From a political point of view, it pursues peaceful ends abroad, enterprise

and general development at home. Its one desire seems to be to aid in the well-ordered development of Central Europe.

Such is the present condition of the nation which has just emerged from its bondage of three hundred years—a bondage of the body, but not of the spirit, for its spirit has given fresh evidence of its existence in the new constitution, as may be gauged from the preamble, which has a familiar ring to American ears :

We, the Czecho-Slovak Nation, in order to form a more perfect union of the nation, establish justice and order in the republic, insure tranquil development of the Czecho-Slovak homeland, promote the general welfare of all the citizens of this State and secure the blessings of liberty to future generations, have adopted in our National Assembly on the 29th day of February, 1920, a Constitution for the Czecho-Slovak Republic, the text of which follows. On this occasion, we, the Czecho-Slovak Nation, declare that we shall endeavor to have this Constitution and all laws of our land carried out in the spirit of modern principles contained in the word self-determination ; for we desire to join the society of nations as an enlightened, peaceful, democratic and progressive member.

In conformity with these lofty aims the people are made the sole source of all State authority. Dual citizenship is forbidden ; no citizen or subject of a foreign State may at the same time be a citizen of the Czecho-Slovak Republic. The requirements for citizenship and the rights and duties of citizens are determined by law, as are any restrictions of rights which may be necessary in the public interest. Woman suffrage is allowed and titles of nobility are forbidden, for no privileges due to sex, birth or calling are recognized. All inhabitants of the republic enjoy in its territory the same full and complete protection of race and religion as the citizens of the republic. The home is inviolable and personal liberty is guaranteed. Therefore every citizen may settle in any part of the republic, acquire real property there and engage in a gainful occupation without fear of expropriation except by law and with compensation, unless the law specifically forbids compensation. Only in conformity with law can taxes and public burdens, as well as threats and punishments, be imposed. Every physically fit citizen must submit to military training and obey the call to defend the State.

The press is free and it is therefore illegal as a matter of principle to subject the press to censoring before publication. The right to assemble peacefully and without arms as well as to form associations is guaranteed with certain restrictions. Associations may be dissolved only when public peace or order is violated, but the law may impose restrictions upon the participation of foreigners

in political societies and upon the establishment of associations for profit. Labor unions are officially recognized as legal, for the right to associate for the protection and improvement of conditions of employment and economic interests is guaranteed and all acts of individuals or associations which seem to amount to intentional violation of this right are prohibited. This perhaps solves the question of boycott, the lockout and in some instances the strike.

The right to petition is inherent, secrecy of mails is guaranteed and every person may, within the limits of the law, express his opinions by word, writing, press, picture, etc. This applies to legal persons within the scope of their action, and the exercise of this right of free speech shall not prejudice any one in his relations as employe of another. Scientific investigation and publication of its results, as well as art, is also untrammelled as long as it does not violate criminal law, and public instruction shall be so conducted as not to be in conflict with the results of scientific investigation. The State administration shall have the supreme conduct and oversight of all instruction and education, but the establishment of private schools is permitted.

Liberty of conscience and profession is guaranteed and all religious confessions are equal before the law. No one may be compelled directly or indirectly to participate in any religious act (this does not apply to the authority of fathers and guardians), although the performance of definite religious acts may be forbidden if they violate good order and public morality. All inhabitants have the same right as citizens to practice in public or private any confession, religion or faith, as long as the practice is not in conflict with public or good morals. Marriage, the family and motherhood are under the special protection of laws.

In order that these constitutionally guaranteed rights of citizens may be protected, the constitution determines through what organs the sovereign people adopt laws, execute them and find justice and sets the limits which these organs may not exceed. This division of the powers of the State into the legislative, executive and judicial follows the French model in the details more closely than the American, although there are many points of similarity with the latter.

The legislative authority is, as in the United States, bicameral; there is a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate, which together constitute the National Assembly. Both houses meet regularly in Prague, which is the capital of the republic, although in cases of absolute necessity they may be called to meet temporarily in some other place in the republic. There are two regular sessions called

by the President, one in March and one in October, but special sessions may be called according to need, either by the President himself or upon demand of a majority of either house with or without the President's approval. Sessions of both houses are public with certain exceptions, and open and close at the same time. The President declares the session closed and may prorogue the house for no longer than one month and not oftener than once a year. He may also dissolve the houses, but not within the last six months of his term of office. New elections take place within sixty days after the expiration of the term or at the dissolution of either house. Contested elections are passed upon by the electoral court.

The Chamber of Deputies consists of 300 members, elected by general, equal, direct and secret vote in accordance with the principle of proportional representation. Elections take place on Sundays and voting is limited to citizens without distinction of sex who are twenty-one years of age and comply with other requirements of the electoral law. All citizens, without distinction of sex, who are thirty years of age and comply with the other requirements of the law, are eligible to election to the Chamber. It will be noticed that the age requirement for eligibility in Czecho-Slovakia is five years higher than in the United States. The term of a deputy is six years, three times as long as that in the United States.

The Senate consists of 150 members, chosen in the same general way as the members of the Chamber, except that the age for the franchise is twenty-six, five years higher than in the United States, and the age for eligibility is forty-five, fifteen years higher than in the United States. The term for which Senators are elected is eight years, two years more than in the United States. The general tendency of these requirements is to make the Senate a conservative body of greater maturity and stability, and although the age requirement for the Chamber is also higher than in the United States, its more representative membership and greater powers leave ample room for progressive measures, while their check upon each other and the Presidential power of dissolution and referendum make it possible for even a rabidly radical people to enforce their will.

As a rule, cumulation of public offices is not permitted. No one may be a member of both houses simultaneously or be a member of the National Assembly while President. Employees of the State who are elected to the National Assembly and qualify as members receive leave of absence for the duration of their term and do not lose their rank or privileges thereby. Members of either

house may resign at any time, but, while members, must carry out their mandates in person and may not intervene with public authorities in party interests except in so far as such intervention is a part of their regular duties. Refusal to make the pledge to be faithful to the republic and observe the laws or making the pledge with reservations carries with it automatic loss of mandate. Members may not be molested by reason of their vote and are subject only to the disciplinary power of their house for anything they may say in the exercise of their mandate. Even for prosecution or discipline for other acts or omissions by the proper authorities, the consent of the proper house must be obtained, and if this be refused, prosecution is dropped permanently, except when a member incurs criminal liability as responsible editor. Members may refuse to testify as to matters which were confided to them as members, even after their membership has ceased, except when they apply to charges of seducing a member to abuse his trust. Members receive compensation provided by law.

Each house elects its own officials and adopts its own rules. The quorum, except where otherwise provided in the constitution, is one-third of the entire membership and a majority vote of those present carries an act. The United States Constitution provides for a majority in both instances. The affirmative vote of three-fifths of the entire membership of both houses is necessary for a declaration of war and the amendment of the constitution or fundamental laws, and a two-thirds majority of two-thirds of the membership of the Chamber is necessary for the impeachment of the President, the Prime Minister or any other minister. Ministers, by the way, may participate at any time in meetings of either house and of all committees and shall be given the floor whenever they desire to speak. Ministers must comply with requests from either house or its committees to attend its meetings and submit information; otherwise they may be represented by their subordinates.

Although the legislative authority is bicameral, the powers of the Senate are very limited and the Chamber of Deputies is as completely predominant as the British House of Commons. This will be readily recognized from the procedure of measures in their passage by the National Assembly. Bills may be submitted by the Government or by either house; in the latter case a statement of expenses involved in the bill and a recommendation as to how they shall be defrayed must accompany the bill itself. Government proposals for financial and army bills must be laid before the Chamber first. Changes in fundamental laws, and, with some exceptions, in other laws, must be concurred in by both houses. There are certain time limits within which a bill passed by one house must be

acted upon by the other house, and failure to act during this time is considered as equivalent to approval of the decision of the first house. The Chamber may override by a prescribed majority the Senate's disapproval of a measure passed by it, but the Senate has not the reciprocal privilege. Bills which fail in this way cannot be resubmitted in either house for a year, and amendment in one house of a bill passed by the other is equivalent to rejection.

In view of the popular agitation caused by the adoption of the prohibition and woman suffrage amendments to the Constitution in the United States, it is interesting to note that Czecho-Slovakia has made provision in its constitution for a restricted form of referendum in all matters except proposals to amend the constitution or fundamental laws. If the National Assembly rejects any other Government bill, the Government, by a unanimous decision, may order a popular vote to be taken as to whether the bill shall become a law; in this referendum all may vote who are entitled to vote for members of the Chamber of Deputies. The President may veto a proposed law within a month after he receives it from the National Assembly, but his veto may ordinarily be overridden by a majority vote of the entire membership of both houses, or, that failing, by a three-fifths vote of the entire membership of the Chamber of Deputies on a new roll call. Laws do not go into effect until proclaimed in the manner prescribed by law; every law must state which member of the Government is charged with its execution and must be signed by the President, the Prime Minister and the minister charged with its execution.

A distinctive and somewhat unique feature of the constitution is the provision for the enactment of urgent legislation during the adjournment of the National Assembly. During the time when the session of the two houses is prorogued or closed, urgent measures may be legally enacted by a commission of twenty-four members, sixteen of whom are elected by the Chamber and eight by the Senate, each for a term of one year. Each house also elects as many alternates as members and each alternate takes the place of a definite member. When a new house has been elected it selects new members of this commission, regardless of the non-expiration of the one-year term of sitting members. The principle of proportional representation shall be applied in these elections, but parties may combine, and if all parties agree, members of the commission may be selected from the body of the house. A member of the Government may not be a member of the commission or his alternate. Members of the commission remain in office until their successors are elected.

Certain details are prescribed for the organization of the com-

mission and the filling of vacancies; Sections 23-27 of the constitution apply to members of the commission. The commission may act in all matters within the legislative and administrative jurisdiction of the National Assembly, except the election of the President or his deputy, the amendment of fundamental laws, the imposition of new and lasting financial obligations upon citizens, the increasing of military obligations, the permanent burdening of the State finances, the alienation of State property and the declaration of war. Emergency measures which are in the nature of law may be adopted only upon the recommendation of the Government approved by the President; such acts have only temporarily the effect of law. Measures which are not approved by both houses within two months of their convening are thereafter void.

The executive or governing power of the republic is vested in the President and his ministers. The President must be a citizen thirty-five years old and qualified to be a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He is not elected by the people or by an electoral college, but by the National Assembly, as in France, and by a three-fifths vote of a majority present of the combined membership of both houses. The present President, Masaryk, was opposed by a German, who received only sixty-five votes out of some 415. In the election of a President, if two ballots result in no choice, the next balloting is limited to the highest candidate and he who receives a plurality is elected. Election is held within the last four weeks of an expiring term and the term is seven years, beginning with the day when the newly elected President promises before the National Assembly upon his honor and conscience that he will study the welfare of the republic and the people and observe constitutional and other laws; the President continues in office until the new President is elected. No one, except the first President, President Masaryk, may be elected for more than two successive terms and may not be elected again until seven years after the expiration of his second term. On the disability of the President for more than six months, the National Assembly will elect an acting President to serve until the impediment is removed, such election to be governed by the rules applying to the election of the President. Should the President die or resign during his term of office, a new election is held for a term of seven years, and until a new President is elected in this way or upon the minor disability of the President, the authority is exercised by the Government.

The rights and duties of the President are given in detail in the constitution; the power of proroguing and dissolving the National Assembly and the power of appointing ministers, university pro-

fessors, judges, and military and civil officials of high rank make him more powerful than our President. The Czecho-Slovak President represents the State in foreign relations, receiving and accrediting diplomatic representatives and negotiating and ratifying international treaties; but treaties which impose upon the State or the citizens burdens of a financial or personal nature, especially military, and treaties which change the State boundaries require the consent of the National Assembly. The President proclaims a state of war to exist, declares war after first obtaining the consent of the National Assembly, and lays before it the negotiated treaty of peace for its approval. He convenes, prorogues and dissolves the National Assembly and declares the session of the houses closed; he gives the National Assembly oral or written information of the state of the republic and recommends to their consideration such measures as he deems necessary and expedient. He may return bills with his objections and sign laws of the National Assembly and of the Diet of Carpathian Russia and ordinances of the commission. He appoints and dismisses ministers and determines their number, and appoints all professors of universities, judges, civil officials and army officers of the sixth or higher rank. He grants gifts and pensions in special cases upon motion of the Government; is commander-in-chief of all armed forces; and grants pardons in accordance with section 103. All governing and executive power not expressly reserved to the President shall be exercised by the Government, which is responsible also for the execution of the office of the President and for his utterances as such, but the President may be criminally prosecuted for high treason before the Senate upon impeachment by the Chamber of Deputies with punishment not to exceed the loss of his office and future disqualification.

But broad as the President's powers may seem to be, it is necessary not to lose sight of the fact that they are all within the control of the actual governing body, the ministry. For every official act of the President, to be valid, must be signed by a responsible member of the Government (minister). The President appoints and dismisses the members of the Government and decides over which department each minister shall preside. Provision is made for the election, by the Government from its membership, of a President's deputy, who may take his place. Members of the Government make a promise to the President similar to the one he makes to the National Assembly and they are not allowed to act as representatives of a stock company or firm engaged in business for profit. The Government is responsible to the Chamber of Deputies, which may, by a majority vote of a majority of its membership, declare its

lack of confidence in the Government. In this case the Government must hand its resignation to the President and he selects persons to carry on the affairs of State until a new Government is formed. Ministers may be impeached by the Chamber of Deputies for violation of fundamental or other laws in their official capacity either intentionally or through gross negligence, and the trial is held before the Senate. The Government acts as a college which is competent to take action only in the presence of a majority of the ministers. This corporate action extends to those matters which in this country would be attended to by cabinet officers and administration leaders in Congress. Sections 82-93 of the constitution outline the restrictions applying to the ministries and the inferior branches of the national administration.

The judicial power is exercised by State courts whose organization, jurisdiction and procedure are prescribed by law. Extraordinary courts may be introduced, under special conditions, only in criminal matters. Provision is made for civil courts for civil cases, for one Supreme Court for the entire republic and for jury trials. The latter may be suspended temporarily in cases provided by law. The jurisdiction of courts-martial may be extended to the civil population according to law only in time of war. Judges are appointed permanently and may not be transferred, demoted or pensioned against their will, unless suspended according to law for proper reasons or pensioned at the prescribed age. They may not hold any other paid position, permanent or temporary, except as provided by law. They cannot pass upon the validity of a law, but only as to whether it has been properly promulgated; they may, however, inquire into the validity of an ordinance. The President has the power to grant pardons, commute punishments, restore civil rights, and in some cases to suspend criminal prosecution, but he may not interfere in cases of impeachment or punishments resulting therefrom.

These are the chief provisions of the constitution of Czecho-Slovakia for the executive, legislative and judicial branches of the Government and for the rights and duties of citizens. However, the Treaty of Peace signed at Saint-Germain-en-Laye on September 10, 1919, required the protection of national, religious and racial minorities by the new State, and this matter is covered by sections 127-133 of the constitution, which corresponds to articles 5, 7, 8 and 9 of the treaty. This treaty also provided for the erection of the Ruthenian territory south of the Carpathian Mountains as an autonomous unit within the Czecho-Slovak State with the fullest degree of self-government compatible with the unity of the Czecho-Slovak State. Articles 10-13, therefore, are practically incorporated in sec-

tion 3 of the constitution. This territory has its own diet, which legislates in all linguistic, scholastic, religious and local questions; it has its own Governor, appointed by the President of Czecho-Slovakia and responsible to the Ruthenian Diet; and it has representation in the National Assembly of Czecho-Slovakia.

Let us see how this well-prepared constitution works out in practice. The first election for the National Assembly took place in April of this year. The principle of proportional representation gave rise to sixteen parties: Eight Czecho-Slovak, five German and three Magyar. If the republic had not introduced the system of proportional representation, so common in Europe but so little known in this country, the smaller parties would have failed to secure any representation. The election gives such an accurate picture of the composition of the population and such a clear idea of the opportunity for all the component parts to collaborate in the consolidation of the State that its results are appended here in full:

	Name of Party.	Seats in Chamber	Seats in Senate
Czecho-Slovak Parties	1. Social Democrats	74	41
	2. Popular (Catholic)	33	18
	3. Agrarians	28	14
	4. Socialists	24	10
	5. National Democrats	19	10
	6. Slovak National Peasant	12	6
	7. Tradesmen's	6	3
	8. Progressive Socialists	3	0
German Parties	9. Social Democrats	31	16
	10. Bourgeois	15	8
	11. Farmers	11	6
	12. Christian Socialists (Catholic)	10	4
	13. Freethinkers	5	3
Magyar Parties	14. Socialists	4	0
	15. Christian Socialists	5	2
	16. Farmers	1	1
Total		281	142

The Catholics seems to be the most poorly organized of the parties, for, although the population is over 85 per cent. Catholic, the Socialistic parties captured over 50 per cent. of the available seats, while the Catholic parties only obtained 17 per cent. of the available seats. This indicates that the vast majority of Catholics in Czecho-Slovakia are affiliated with parties other than the expressly designated Catholic parties. It may be that the small percentage of seats obtained will be increased when the remaining nineteen Deputies and eight Senators are elected to complete the required member-

ship of the National Assembly. Moreover, the Catholic parties obtained no representative in the second Government, which was appointed by President Masaryk some time after May, 1919; this consisted of fifteen ministers, divided among the parties as follows:

4 Social Democrats (including Premier Tusar)	4 Agrarians
4 Socialists	2 Slovaks
	1 non-party (Benes)

The results of the election are also illuminating in the matter of woman suffrage and the protection of national minorities. The women obtained thirteen seats in the Chamber and three in the Senate; they no doubt will obtain many more as they become better organized. It is interesting to note here that Czech women boast of the oldest rights of suffrage in the modern world. They date from the year 1861, although not in continuous use. With regard to national minorities, the "revolutionary" National Assembly was purely Czech. The Germans and Magyars at that time, although fellow-citizens, were in revolt against the republic; they refused to recognize it and even proclaimed certain districts as independent; the Magyars indeed even took up arms against the republic. And yet the Czecho-Slovak constitution, in keeping with the assurances contained in the treaty of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, has given equal rights to all. By taking part in the elections they have acknowledged their citizenship in the Czecho-Slovak republic.

A noteworthy provision for insuring stability of constitutional government is made in the Czecho-Slovak constitution by the extension of the judicial power to the determination of the validity of laws in seeming conflict with the constitution. The "enabling provisions" of the constitution, adopted and promulgated with the document itself, entrust this function to a special "Constitutional Court" of seven members, of whom two each are designated by the Supreme Administrative Court and the Supreme Court and the other three (including the president of the court) by the President of the republic.

Another feature of the constitution, which will appeal especially to Americans, is the manner of electing a President. His election by a three-fifths vote of a majority present of the entire membership of both houses of the National Assembly (which has been elected by direct vote, according to the principle of proportional representation) seems to preclude the possibility of a Hayes-Tilden controversy, where a 250,000 plurality was overridden because of a tie vote in the antiquated electoral college. For such a violation of the popular will, more than one-sixth of the combined membership of both houses must be absent—a thing which is hardly con-

ceivable upon such an occasion as a Presidential election. Moreover, the election takes place four weeks instead of four months before he begins his term, so that there is a minimum of time between the expression of the popular will and compliance therewith.

Congressmen in the United States, who are wont to "fix their political fences" every two years, might be inclined to envy their Czecho-Slovak brethren with their six-year term in the Chamber and their eight-year term in the Senate, but they must not lose sight of the fact that National Assemblymen in the Czecho-Slovak State are liable to be "dissolved" by the president at any time, and this means that they must stand for election by their constituency again. For after all, it is the people who are the sources of all authority in Czecho-Slovakia, and while it seems that the President has too much power and the Chamber has too much power, they are both subject to various checks sufficient to insure the avoidance of autocracy.

But although the new republic seems to have elaborated for itself a very workable constitution, it must not be forgotten that life under the best of constitutions is not necessarily politically wise or physically safe; much depends upon the adaptability of the people to the maintenance of a regime of law and order. From a purely historical point of view there can be little doubt that stability and progress are in store for the rejuvenated ancient Bohemian State, which so steadfastly refused the thrice-made offer of Francis Joseph to be crowned King of Bohemia and which, therefore, may be really said to have ceased to exist. But, as hinted above, the trend of the present National Assembly and ministry is decidedly Socialistic, and this, to say the least, is far from reassuring to those who expect an orderly, stable and progressive government for "the heart of Europe."

It will be interesting indeed to watch the career of this modern republic, better known to us perhaps by its Dvorak, its Kubelik and its Emma Destinova than by its Palacky, its Hruban and its Masaryk, and to discover whether the noble ideals of its constitution be merely the high-sounding, empty phrases of a shadowy pretense at popular rule or the genuine expression of a real Christian democracy.

HERBERT F. WRIGHT.

Washington, D. C.

PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

TRIBUTES TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

"Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,
 The pink waxen blossoms are waking, I hear;
 We'll gather an armful of fragrant wild cheer."
 —Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer ("Come for Arbutus")

THE arbutus has been so generally gathered by its fond admirers that in many places where it was once very common it is now quite extinct. Arbutus is too shy to thrive in the footsteps of civilization, and retreats so rapidly that only those living in out-of-the-way woodlands ever see it nowadays, except as the tight, stiff little bouquets appear in florists' windows for a brief time in the spring, to remind city dwellers that there are lovely nooks far away from the grime and roar of their daily lives. If one knew where to go, it would be worth a trip on the train, and a long tramp, just to find the arbutus in bloom in its own chosen haunts.

"Go find the first arbutus
 Within the piney wood,
 And learn from that shy dweller
 How sweet is solitude." —Bliss Carman

To those who know the flower, there is a certain time in the year that seems exclusively arbutus weather, those first melting days of late February or March, that hint the breaking up of winter:

"Days! days! arbutus days!
 They come from heaven on high!"
 —John Burroughs

Not that one could find the flowers if one put out immediately in search of them, for they are not yet on exhibition. "Arbutus Days" merely hint the plant's anticipated arrival, and though they make one restless, eager to get out looking for signs of spring, the melting snow is as yet the only promise of arbutus bloom. As yet

"Arbutus lies beneath the snows,
 While winter waits for her brief repose,
 And says, 'No fairer flower grows!'"
 —W. W. Bailey

John Burroughs finds arbutus in no danger of over-sleeping, since there is a certain alarm clock sure to go off somewhere near her quiet chamber, the booming reveille of the Ruffed Grouse:

"And through the woods there runs a thrill
 That wakes arbutus into bloom."
 —("The Heart o' the Wood")

In a poem on the flower, he assigns another reason for its early waking:

"Thy ear lies close upon the ground,
 Far off it hears the thrilling sound
 Of spring's oncoming feet;
 Nor lingering snow, nor chilling day,
 Can long the genial hours delay
 That fills thy chalice sweet."

—("Trailing Arbutus")

So soon do the blossoms appear after the melting away of the snowy coverlet that it would seem the poet is right who wrote:

"The sweetest flower of all that grows,
 Is born beneath the winter snows;
 In early spring, under the trees,
 'Tis found beneath the frosty leaves,
 Its tints more rare than lily bells,
 With pink and white of ocean shells."

—A. E. H. ("Trailing Arbutus")

However, both botany and common sense advise that the blossoms do not open under the snow, but in the shelter of last year's leaves, in response to the first warm sunbeams that pierce the bronze-green wrappings and touch the folded buds with magic golden wands:

"Lift soft the russet drift of winter leaves,
 Delicious air! the sweet arbutus weaves
 Her sprays of pink below.
 Lift the dead leaves, oh, sunny southern wind,
 And rosy buds and waxed clusters find,
 And leaves of massy green."

—R. Mills

Usually, when bouquets of these blossoms are prepared for market, the leaves are carefully nipped away, because though evergreen, they are more or less rusty and torn. But this only gives the blossoms a bare, mutilated appearance; for the protecting leaves add a beauty that is lost when they are removed:

"Thy little leaves so harsh and hard,
 So torn by winds, by winter marred,
 Enhance they tender face;
 But he whose days are evergreen,
 Though storms may come and frosts be keen,
 Is sharer in thy grace."

—John Burroughs ("Trailing Arbutus")

To one who has seen the flowers growing, there is something pathetic and unpleasing in those corsage bouquets for which the shy blossom was never intended. We want the blossoms in their sheltering leaves, or not at all.

"It grew under leaves, as if seeking
 No hint of itself to disclose,
 And out of its pink-white petals
 A delicate perfume arose."

—Henry Abbey

And that is the way we like to have it, whether we find it ourselves or buy it of a more fortunately situated person. The poet does not disassociate the flower from its foliage, realizing that the very contrast makes for beauty.

"Tinged with color faintly
Like the morning sky,
Or, more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie—
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity."
—Rose Terry Cooke ("Trailing Arbutus")

Indeed, the leaf deserves some praise, being prettily rounded with a heart-shaped base, and with a taut midrib that seems to pucker it, a decorative effect very few leaves possess. But the new leaves come after blossom time is over, and so their loveliness passes unnoticed until they become the russet wrappings for delicate blossoms. But at least, the evergreen nature of the foliage has given the plant the pretty name of "Ground-Laurel," which two poets have noted:

"within the woods,
Tufts of ground-laurel, creeping underneath
The leaves of the last summer, send their sweets
Up to the chilly air."
—William Cullen Bryant ("The Twenty-seventh of March")

"Round the boles of the pine-wood the ground-laurel creeps,
Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,
With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst into flowers."
—John G. Whittier ("April")

It would seem that these two poets do not write of the same spring, or at least spring in the same locality. The twenty-seventh of March is rather early for the flowers, unless the season was unusually forward. To be sure, this is one of the earliest of spring blossoms, but there must be some warm weather to encourage even these hardy bells to open, and March seldom offers this. Another poet, writing of "March Days," only anticipates:

"and, cradled in the wood,
As sweet as womanhood,
As shy as any maiden lured by love,
The dimly flushed arbutus bloom above
The harsh earth soon will peer,
And April airs be here!" —Richard Burton

May-flower is a popular name in New England and no doubt they are often found in bloom this late in spring:

"Now the tender, sweet arbutus
Trails her blossom-clustered vines."
—Dora R. Goodale ("May")

"And I love the Mayflower the best, in May,
Smiling from its snow-drift cover,
With its breath that is sweet as a kiss, to say
That the reign of winter is over."

—Lucy Larcom ("The National Flowers")

But May is rather late for "snow-drift covers," and for assurances that winter is over, as Miss Larcom herself seems to think, for in another poem she gives the flower an earlier blooming:

"And Mayflowers bloom before May comes
To cheer, a little, April's sadness."

—("The Sister Months")

The largest and pinkest blossoms are found among withered leaves, the deciduous foliage of the summer before, at the edge of snow-drifts, in mid-April. For *arbutus* does not mind the cool breezes of early spring, and indeed, seems to prefer the wetness and chill of melting patches of snow:

"Ere yet the lingering snows had gone, the *arbutus* was blushing
Beneath her screen of withered leaves, a vestal faintly flushing."

—Margaret E. Sangster ("Wildflowers")

It thrives best in cold, shaded nooks, such as rocky hollows or ravines densely sheltered with evergreen growth. A wooded brook is a favorite spot:

"Then from a secret nook
Beside the pasture brook—
A place of leaves—
A pink-lipped bloom she took,
Softly before his feet,
Oblation small and sweet,
She laid the *arbutus*."

—C. G. D. Roberts

One would hardly expect to find *arbutus* in a "pasture," unless one possessed a magician's wand, and any "pasture" containing *arbutus* must be well shaded. Trees seem to be an essential part of *arbutus*' place of abode, and if they are removed she goes, too.

"There pink, perfumed *arbutus* trails from underneath bare trees," says Lucy Larcom; pine woods are particularly favored:

"Underneath the dear pine droppings
Close entangled with the mould,
Gleamed a rosy chain of flowerets,
Rosy flowerets, fresh and cold."

—Frederick C. Tuckerman ("May Flowers")

Amid these stern, forbidding places, and above the cold earth upon which it lies, the starry blossom takes on a beauty ineffably sweet, because so fresh and pure:

"Like a pure hope nursed beneath sorrow's wing,
 Its timid buds from the cold moss spring;
 Their delicate hues like the pink seashell,
 Or the shaded blush of the hyacinth's bell."

—Sarah Helen Whitman ("The Trailing Arbutus")

If pines be present, arbutus has no hesitation about taking to the hills, since wherever pines are found she is certain of moisture and chill. So the poets have found them in such retired spots:

"Once more I see that wooded hill
 Where the arbutus grows." —E. C. Stedman.

"And far up the rugged hillside,
 Spring and Hope in every breath,
 Pure and perfect, sweet arbutus
 Twines her rosy-tinted wreath."
 —Elaine Goodale ("First Flowers")

Indeed, often is the plant found in rugged uplands that one of its names is "Mountain-Pink," which one poet has chosen to call it:

"Where bed on bed of mountain-pinks
 About the lava boulders blow."
 —Mary Duclaux

Quite appropriately, Mrs. Dorr says of "Vermont": "In thy hair sprays of the pink arbutus twine," for the New England States are all hosts to this charming guest; though it is not limited to that section:

"Now pink as the lip of the sea-shell,
 Now white as the breakers' foam,
 It spreadeth its stainless treasure
 To brighten its rugged home."
 —Anon. ("A Flower from the Catskills")

The comparison of the frosty, waxy white petals daintily edged with pink to sea-shells is a popular one; Whittier uses it twice:

"And the ungathered May-flowers wear
 The tints of ocean shells."
 —("The Friend's Burial")

"And, guided by its sweet
 Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
 The trailing spring-flower tinted like a shell
 Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet."
 —("The Trailing Arbutus")

Being tubular, and of exquisite chinaware tints, the following likeness is appropriate:

"Mayflowers, rosy or purest white,
 Lift their cups to the sudden light
 Under the leaves." Anon. ("Under the Leaves")

And, of course, no one would dispute the flower's right to be called

"The groundwork gay and the lady of May
In her petticoat pink and white." —Alice Cary

Just what relationship exists between arbutus and spring has not been decided by the poets. Elaine Goodale has an original idea in the opening line of an arbutus poem: "Hail the flower whose early bridal makes the festival of spring." Helen Hunt Jackson uses the same thought, with variations:

"If Spring has maids of honor,
Arbutus leads the train;
A lovelier, a fairer,
The Spring would seek in vain."

Lloyd Mifflin attributes the origin to Spring, who

"Scattered coyly from her azure gown
Arbutus bells beneath the leaves of brown."
—("The Fields of Dawn")

Two other poets find the relationship more intimate:

"To-day the south wind sweeps away
The types of autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers—
Spring's children, pure and tender."
—Albert Loughton

"Where shy spring tends her darlings,
And hides them away from sight."
—Louise Chandler Moulton ("May Flowers")

In the language of flowers, arbutus has been assigned the sentiment, "Thee only do I love," but the poet is fond of associating "hope" with the message it bears:

"Thou dainty firstling of the spring,
Homage due to thee I bring,
The faintest blushes of the sun
Do tint thy petals, and adorn.
And thy fine perfume, sweetly faint
Is like the breathings of a saint,
Thou poem of perfumed grace,
Dear hope and truth beam from thy face."
—Albert C. Pearson

Many of the quotations already used have paid tribute to the fragrance of the flowers, often betraying their presence to the nose when the eye might miss them; here is one more:

"And the trailing arbutus shrouds its grace,
Till fragrance betrays its hiding place."
—Mrs. Sigourney

As for the "trailing" habit, such a noticeable characteristic of the plant, it has been well illustrated by these many poetical lines. *Epigæa repens* is the botanical name, the first word a combination of two Greek words—"upon the earth," or prostrate, and the second word a form of the Latin "reptum," to creep:

"They say, sweet flower, that pride is not thy failing,
But is there not, I prithee, in thy 'trailing'
A touch of floral pride?" —W. C. Richards

Lucy Larcom finds a reason for this humble attitude, because the flower never appears until the brook is quite free from its icy bonds, so that there is no overtaking the liberated stream:

"The wild arbutus, flushed with haste, trails close to make appeal
For brief delay, and after her the wet-eyed violets steal."
—("Friend Brook")

"Are beauties" is a pet nickname for the blossoms, which John Burroughs calls "rosy-lipped and honey-hearted." The five-lobed, salver-shaped blossoms are honey tubes, and have the rich, spicy flavor of muscatel grapes. Perhaps it is the fear of appearing in a salad that makes the plant hug the earth so closely and wear its blossoms with shy reserve.

"Close to the damp earth clinging,
Tender and pink and shy,
Lifting her waxen blossoms
Up to the changeful sky."
—Elaine Goodale ("Trailing Arbutus")

One would think that no one fortunate enough to find the haunts of this lovely vine would be as Whittier complains of certain hill-dwellers:

"Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,
Treading the Mayflowers with regardless feet."
—("Among the Hills")

The Mayflower holds first place in the heart of a loyal New Englander, because it is a fit emblem of these hardy, sturdy Pilgrims who conquered the wilderness:

"'Twas I the Pilgrim Fathers found
When April called them to the wood,
My fragrance, like a message sweet
Their spirits touched, and reverently
They chose the blossom at their feet
The symbol of their faith." —Hopstall Goodwin

In Massachusetts the flowers are peddled about the city streets as "Ply-mouth Ma-a-ay-flow-ers!" a title that honors the original settlers in a doubly suggestive manner; Whittier tells us, in his

preface to the following poem, that this was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter:

"Sad Mayflower! watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

"What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wildwood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

"Yet 'God be praised!' the Pilgrims said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
'Behold our Mayflower here!'

"'God wills it here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more.'

"O sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

"Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

"So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers."

—("The Mayflowers")

Longfellow connects the blossoms with that pretty bit of romance so dear to all Americans, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," for while on his way to speak to Priscilla on behalf of the timid Captain, John Alden was

"Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers blooming around him, Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness, Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber. 'Puritan flowers,' he said, 'and the type of Puritan maidens, Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla! So I will take them to her: to Priscilla the Mayflower of Plymouth.'"

and who, like them, had an unexpected bit of spice in her makeup that led her to put the mischievous question: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

This pretty member of the Heath Family of plants is firmly entrenched in the affections of all who know it, not alone for its delicate beauty, but for the lesson it has to teach of Fatherly care:

"Have ye not seen Him, when through parted snows
Wake the first kindlings of the vernal green?

When 'neath its modest veil the arbutus blows?"

—Mrs. Sigourney ("Show Us the Father")

A BOUQUET OF APPLE BLOSSOMS.

"Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?

And caught their subtle odors in the spring?

Pink buds pouting at the light,

Crumpled petals baby white,

Just to touch them a delight—

In the spring."

—William Martin

If the apple tree never did anything but put forth blossoms it would be well worth the cultivating. I remember once, in an examination in nature-study, one question called for a list of good shade trees. I thought of a certain lawn with an apple tree in the front yard, and the many times I had seen it in bloom, as Julia C. R. Dorr describes one:

"Graceful and lithe and tall,
It stands by the garden wall,
In the flush of its pink-white bloom,
Elate with its own perfume.
Tossing its young bright head
In its first glad joy of May,
While its singing leaves sing back
To the bird on the dancing spray.
'I'm alive! I'm a-bloom!' it cries
To the winds and the laughing skies.
Ho! for the gay young apple-tree
That stands by the garden wall!"

So I headed my list with the apple tree, eager to pay tribute to such a lovely thing. The good professor, however, was highly wrought up over its inclusion, and made it the subject of a little discursion on sticking to instructions when answering questions. "The apple tree has none of the requirements of a good shade tree," he grumbled, and for the remainder of the term I was in his black books as a student not worth the bother, since I could not profit by his lectures.

Yet to this day I look upon the tree as one of the prettiest that can ornament a lawn, and it pleases me to see, in my drives, a front yard here and there with an apple tree or two occupying a prominent place in the foreground. There are other benighted folk who regard it as a good lawn tree, thank fortune:

"My apple tree, thy dome of rose and pearl
Will vanish on the morrow, like a dream.
Yet every spring, the springs when I am dead,
A tabernacle thou wilt build for men;
And they will look up through thee into heaven,
And hear the hum of bees among thy boughs,
A faint sky-music. . . .
Thou art too beautiful to be dropped out
Of human vision, even beautified.
There is no glory of the trees like thine,
Though there be many set in Paradise:
There must thou blossom also."

—Lucy Larcom ("A White Sunday")

Dwarf apple trees are sometime scultivated for ornament, as when planted for hedges, forming very beautiful ones when properly selected with regard to color of the blossoms and fruit. But most of us prefer to let it "gang its own gait" in shape and size, for there is something charming in those crooked old branches, making the tree so easy to climb and offering such comfortable seats when one has accepted the invitation. In winter, the gesture of an apple tree is pleasing, particularly after a soft, heavy, quiet snowfall that leaves the branches ridged with ermine. It is easy to believe that the ancient Druids held it in high regard, cutting their divining rods from

"the crooked apple trees,
Gray with their fleecy moss and mistletoe."

—Robert Southey

And that King Arthur's fairy sister claimed special rights over it:

"I am Fay Morgana's own,
See the mistletoe for token,
Clutching to my lichened bough,
Wherefore sing ye likewise now,
Keeping the old spell unbroken."

—Frederick Lorn ("Song of the Apple Tree")

The ermine mantle is worn with such lavishness, and so anticipates the mantle of blossoms to follow, that the old tree seems possessed of plenty of vitality even in the winter:

"'You think I am dead,'
The apple tree said,
'Because I have never a leaf to show—
Because I stoop
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot!'"

—Edith M. Thomas ("Talking in Their Sleep")

"And when the spring-warmth shoots
Along the apple roots,

The gnarled old boughs grow full of buds,
 That gleam and leaf in multitudes.
 And then, first cold and white,
 Soon flushing with delight,
 The blossom heads come out and blow
 And mimic sunset-tinted snow."

—Edmund Gosse ("The Farm")

One characteristic that makes for beauty is the apple tree's way of doing one thing at a time, and doing that prodigiously well. So to get its blossoms before the public in the most conspicuous manner, *Malus malus* starts them out ahead of the leaves:

"No leaf as yet! Though like a wraith of snow
 The white bell-flowers have burst their sheathings green."
 —C. A. Dawson ("Bell-Flower Apple Trees")

The very short time that the branches are in the budded condition is a beautiful phase in the tree's life; for "the apple-buds clustered together on the apple-boughs," as Walt Whitman sees them, give the rugged tree the look of being garmented in pearls:

"From gnarled apple-boughs the buds
 Of perfumed white and red
 Are peeping forth."
 —Madeline Rock ("A Spring Chanson")

"Upon the apple tree, where rosy buds
 Stood clustered, ready to burst forth in bloom." —Bryant

Even the bell-flower, whose blossoms are so snowy when they spread wide, have rosy petal-backs to brighten the brown twigs just as they come peeping out of their winter casings:

"And all the belle-fleur buds were out that day,
 As ruby red as your own dear lips."
 —Lloyd Mifflin ("The Fields of Dawn")

The tint of red persists, when the flowers are out, and as the short flower-stems enable the blossoms to droop slightly, with the branch's way of putting forth tufts of bloom on all sides, we have a lovely mixture of two dainty colors to delight our eyes:

"the soft
 And delicate wealth of apple-blossoms spread
 In tender spirals of blent white and red." —Paul H. Hayne
 "snow's self with just the tinct
 Of the apple blossom's heart-blush." —Robert Browning

At this time there are two ways to enjoy the tree. One is to get close enough to feel that you are a part of it, standing under the branches so that your head is up among them, or better yet, finding a good seat in the tree's lap and just staying there, motionless even to the brain, and drink in the loveliness and fragrance and rustle.

"While through the branches of this apple-tree
Some spots of sunshine flicker on your brow,
While every flower hath on its breast a bee,
And every bird in stirring doth endow
The grass with falling blooms that smoothly glide
As ships drop down a river with the tide." —Jean Ingelow

Another way to revel in its beauty is to stand far enough off to see how "the apple trees their rosy bloom display," according to Hartley Coleridge, and how, according to other poets, each tree becomes a bouquet of fragrant bloom:

"The faint pink blossoms on the apple tree
Blew in such rich 'profusion as to hide
What gnarled and twisted branches smothered therein,
And every little wanton puff of wind
Fluttered a thousand petals to the ground." —Heather Bigg

"I see the comely apple trees,
In spring ablush with blossoms sweet;" —Phœbe Cary

May is the month of apple blossoms, as certainly as June is the month of roses, and one has very little chance of finding them before or after these special thirty-one days:

"Apple blossoms, budding, blowing,
In the soft May air;
Cups with sunshine overflowing—
Flakes of fragrance, drifting, snowing,
Showering everywhere!" —Lucy Larcom

"Sweet as the apple blossoms, when in May
The orchards flush, of summer grown aware."
—Celia Thaxter

If we could have but one month in the year, surely it would be the one we remember with delight when it is gone and anticipate with such high hopes when it is coming:

"On the topmost orchard branches
It then was crimson and snow;" —F. T. Palgrave

"Visions of orchards crowned with bridal bloom
Where apple blossoms scent the air of May."
—D. M. Jordan

Still another pleasure the tree has for us is the glory of the full-blossomed orchard; whether you stand in the middle of one, or admire it from a distance:

"The apple trees with blooms are all aglow—
Soft drifts of perfumed light—
A miracle of mingled fire and snow—
A laugh of Spring's delight!
Their ranks of creamy splendor pillow deep
The valley's pure repose,

On mossy walls, in meadow nooks, they heap
Surges of frosted rose." —Horatio N. Powers

"The orchard rows are all ablush,
The meadows all aglow;
On every bough a vivid flush,
A drift of petaled snow;
The clustered bloom, with faint perfume,
Wreathes many a garland fine,
And many a rosy, nodding plume
In apple blossom time." —Elaine Goodale

In her book, "Birdcraft," Mabel Osgood Wright tells of taking a drive through the country in some New England State to see the orchards in bloom, a drive that lasted at least over one night and was continued for perhaps several days. What a wonderful outing, "passing the apple blows of white and pink in the orchards," as Walt Whitman words it, one after another, as they came into sight and were succeeded by others equally beautiful and fragrant. It is the sort of outing every one of us would profit by taking, a leisurely jaunt to admire the orchards. Think of the pleasure, too, of becoming an orchard expert, of being able to choose among the beautiful scenes one orchard or perhaps a section of them, more lovely than others!

"O, Kent has fair orchards; no pleasanter show
Than her apple trees blooming in April, I know,
Save the orchards round Reigate, sweet Reigate, that lie
With their red and white blossoms, so fair 'neath the sky."
—William C. Bennett ("The Green Hills of Surrey")

It is said that in the language of flowers apple blossom means "Preference," that is, in the sense that "Fame speaks him great and good." In which case it would be a delicate compliment to decorate our heroes with these May-time branches instead of laurels and oaks. Perhaps it was with this meaning in mind that Alice Cary records of one:

"The apple blossoms, all on fire,
Fell uninvited in his arms."
—"Going to Court")

Whether those wearing the blossoms always deserve them or not, certain it is that the tree itself has the right to don them freely, for fame speaks it great and good, in spite of a certain bad start history records of it:

"this apple blossom's part
To breed the fruit that breeds the serpent's art."
—Dante G. Rossetti

At any rate, fame now speaks it great and good, and has for many centuries :

“Yes, by our own unstoried stream
The pink-white apple blossoms burst
That saw the young Euphrates gleam—
That Gihon’s circling waters nursed.”

—Oliver W. Holmes

There are three creatures, at least, in addition to man, that rank the tree high. The robin finds it offering excellent nesting sites :

“And though the robins go, as guests,
To swing among the elm’s soft leaves,
When they would build their snug round nests,
They choose the rough old apple trees.”

—May R. Smith

a preference the old tree appreciates by decorating the abandoned cradle, as if inviting its owner back for another season :

“Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
Wherewith the pitying apple tree fills up
And tenderly lines some last-year robin’s nest.” —Lowell

To Bossy those knobby old trunks offer much comfort in time of need :

“Dear though the shadowy maple be,
And dearer still the whispering pine,
Dearest yon russet-laden tree
Browned by the heavy rubbing kine.”

—Holmes

And there is the honey-maker, with hives conveniently situated, so that his trips may be frequent :

“The blossomed apple tree,
Among its flowery tufts, on every spray,
Offers the wandering bee
A fragrant chapel for his matin lay.”

—Bryant

“And there the wall-spread apple tree
Gave its white blossoms to the bee.” —James Hogg

An apple tree glides gracefully from one phase into another. For instance, after the blossoms have developed, the leaves begin to come out, so that presently the tree is a lovely thing of emerald, rose and snow :

“By the withy-wrought gate of a garden I found me,
’Neath the goodly green boughs of an apple full-blossomed.”

—William Morris

When, at last, the blossoms have served their purpose, their going is as poetic as their coming,—“the odorous snow-storms of

apple trees," so Eben Rexford puts it, which simile appeals to another poet:

"Can it be that it is snowing
On this clear and sunny day?
Are the snowflakes thickly falling
In the pleasant month of May?
No, it is the apple blossoms
Falling, falling from the trees,
Dancing in a whirl of rapture
To the music of the breeze."

—William C. Park ("May")

"The blossoms and leaves in plenty
From the apple trees fall each day.
The merry breezes approach them
And with them merrily play." —Heinrich Heine

Gerard Hopkins, however, seems to regard this petal-play in the light of a soap-bubble party:

"when Summer of his sister Spring
Crushes and tears the rare bejewelling,
And boasting, 'I have fairer things than these,'
Plashes amid the billowy apple trees
His lusty hands, in gusts of scented wind
Swirling out bloom till all the air is blind
With rosy foam and pelting blossom and mists
Of driving, vermeil-rain; and, as he lists
The dainty onyx-coronals deflowers,
A glorious wanton—all the wrecks in showers
Crowd down upon a stream, and jostling thick
With bubbles bugle-eyed, struggle and stick
On tangled shoals that bar the brook—a crowd
Of filmy globes and rosy floating cloud."

Soon, to quote one poet, "the apple blooms are scattered roseate o'er the orchard lands," and then, all at once, like the snow they mimic, they have disappeared.

If there can be any preference between apple blossoms, sweet as the cultivated flowers are, the wild species seem to excel them in fragrance:

"Upon the gray old forest's rim
I snuffed the crab-tree's sweet perfume."

—William D. Gallagher

"De wil' plum an' de crab blossoms
Ees rech wid dere perfume."

—Wallace B. Amsbary

"The stars assembling faintly smiled
On woods where plum and apple wild
Their every bough a globe of bloom
With fragrant cedars filled the air."

—C. E. Banks

It is hard to believe that in the language of flowers the Crab Blossom speaks of "Ill-Nature," except perhaps:

"When the wild crabtree showed a naked thorn."

—Hartley Coleridge

For let the blossoms once appear, and they seem as sweet-natured as any:

"Wild apple, thou art blushing into bloom!"

—Ebenezer Elliott

"And of its boughs the wild-crab makes a lair
A rosy cloud of blossoms, for the bees."

—Madison Cawein

It may be because they come in May, the season when all nature arouses in man the desire to forget the many obligations and cares that civilized customs impose, and to wander free as any created being, to enjoy as other animals do the charm of fragrant days and odorous nights, of sunny noons and starry evenings; it may be that the blossoms themselves have some magic power; but wherever the magic lies, we all feel it:

"While apple bloom is white as snow
But far more fair to see;"

—Andrew Lang ("Nightingale Weather")

THE MALLOW FAMILY.

"Hardy and high above the slender sheaf
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf,"

says George Crabbe, in "The Village," and in those two lines he sums up many of the characteristics of the Mallowworts. In Middle English times the name was *malwe*, adapted from the Anglo-Saxon *maelwe*, derived from the Latin *malva*, by which the plants were known to Pliny, who in turn got the name from the time-honored Greek name by which Theophrastus called the plant, and which meant "soft,"—a most appropriate term, certainly, whether in allusion to its soft, downy leaves or to its soothing properties. The family consists of over seven hundred species, classed in about thirty-five genera, and is of wide distribution, and it is a most praiseworthy member of the flora of the world, since none of these many plants possesses any unwholesome qualities, while all abound in mucilage and therefore in healing qualities. Naturally, in the language of flowers, the Mallow stands for "mildness."

Malva is the typical genus, of which there are several well-known species, the common wild mallow (*M. sylvestris*), found everywhere on waste places and roadsides in England, being now a naturalized weed here in America; with large, purple or rosy flowers of a

demulcent, medicinal nature;

"And by the woodside, tall
Stands sere the mallow."

—Madison Cawein ("Noera")

Still more common here is the dwarf mallow (*M. rotundifolia*), with handsome round, heart-shaped leaves, somewhat scalloped on the edge, and small, whitish, violet-white, or purplish flowers. This is the plant much prized by children for its flat seeds, or "cheeses," which give the plant one name of "cheese mallow":

"The sitting down when school was o'er,
Upon the threshold of the door,
Picking from mallows, sport to please,
The crumpled seed we call a cheese."

—John Clare

These, too, are mucilaginous, which is half the pleasure of eating them, although several dozen of them make even a child feel well fed. This plant is always somewhere near at hand; by the wayside, or in the door yard, or some rich heap of compost, this "purple malva lifts its spreading cup" to entice the children to come and enjoy a meal of the "cheeses" lower down on the stalk. Another beautiful malva is the Musk-Mallow, a native of Europe, but cultivated for its fragrant, musky odor, and its beautiful deeply-cut leaves and large rose-colored flowers:

"The rosy musk-mallow blooms where the south winds blows,
O my gypsy-rose!
In the deep dark lanes where thou and I must meet,
So sweet!

—Alice E. Gillington ("A Romany Love-Song")

The color of the flowers of the common wild mallow, being neither rosy, nor lilac, or violet, but rather a combination of all three with an additional dash of purple, has been honored with a color-word which exactly expresses their tinting—*mauve*, which is a French form of *malva*. But although this gave the poets a rare opportunity, the only instance I have found of its use is in William Sharp's poem, "The Coming of Love," and then it is applied to a different species:

"Whose following feet are these that bend the mauve marsh-mallows?"

The Marsh-Mallow bears its original Greek name of *Althæa*, with *officinalis*, meaning of value as a medicinal plant. The mucilaginous root is used as a demulcent, but perhaps its most *officinal* popularity is when it appears as a confectionery; these sweetmeats, called *pâte de grimaube*, or "marsh-mallow paste" are made in large quantities in the south of France, particularly at Marseilles. In these days of adulteration, however, one cannot be sure they are

getting any "grimaube" in their pâte, since a combination of gelatin, powdered sugar and the white of eggs in proper proportions will produce a similar paste, which cannot hurt one seriously.

The poets have not made much use of any of the mallows, but have mentioned by name the marsh-mallow most frequently of all. Margaret E. Sangster in "A Goodbye," named "blushing marsh-mallows," some sort, and probably *Althæa officinalis* edges Tennyson's "Brook," and there are a few other lines, such as

"Born like the mallow that blooms in the shallow;" —Anon.

"And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh." —George Crabbe

"And the marsh-mallow crept along its edges."

—Julia Goddard ("The Deserted Garden")

The Greeks planted mallows about graves, that those within might feed on seeds. The mallow is once named in the Bible, but is perhaps none of the plants which we know by that name, although its medicinal value is of great antiquity, and the "cheeses" are eaten seriously in the Orient. Taken in the morning, the mallow protects one from disease for the day. Marsh-Mallow, however, was held to be "twice as good" a medicine as any other member of the family, so it speaks of "beneficence" in floral language. As ointment, the mallow cured those affected by witchcraft, and it had the more wonderful effect of protecting from hot metal. In Devonshire, they have great regard for the "maller," or the "mallish," but most of all for the "meshmellish," by which they mean *Althæa officinalis*. One of the European tree mallows, *Lavatera olbia*, or French mallow, was highly prized in folk-medicine, and, as Gerarde recommends:

"If that of health you have any special care,
Use French mallows, that to the body wholesome are."

The favorite mallow of all, from the standpoint of beauty, is *Althæa rosea*, a native of China, introduced into England at least three centuries ago, and still known everywhere by its Middle English name of holihoc, which is the Anglo Saxon word for mallow, *hoc*, distinguished as *holy* because brought from the East.

"The splendid, showy hollyhocks!
Maroon and gold, their color mocks
The butterflies in brilliant flocks
Within a web of Eastern dyes,
Yea, here in closes calm and sweet,
Awhile allured by August heat,
The tropics and the Orient meet
Beneath our Northern skies."

—Nellie R. Eberhart ("Hollyhocks")

At what time the double and the multiplex-flowered varieties originated among cultivators would be difficult to determine, but Gerarde's "Herbal," which appeared in 1636, mentions three sorts of hollyhocks, of which one is called the double purple. But for several hundred years now, "great-eyed hollyhocks" have beautified old gardens, until one cannot imagine a real, old-fashioned village without seeing such kindred spots as

"Where by the wall of the garden
The hollyhocks lift their bright heads." —Alice Cary

"One [cottage] almost to the martin-haunted eaves
A summer burial deep in hollyhocks." —Tennyson

"Those leaves of podded hollyhocks
That the bland wind with odorous murmurs rocks."
—Madison Cawein ("Quiet Lanes")

In June, "silk-soft hollyhocks colored like the moon," or, as William Cowper terms it, "Althæa with the purple eye," begin to appear; still in August "cottage crofts are gay with hollyhocks,"

"The great upstanding hollyhocks,
Those heavenward ladders by which in a row
Roses footing for angels go,
The larger, the farther down they grow."
—Laurence Houseman ("The Queen's Bees")

But with the chill nights of early autumn "the crimson cups o' the hollyhocks," begin to fade; soon

"Pinched with cold,
The lordly hollyhocks repine
For still September's mild sunshine
And moon of gold." —Alfred Hayes

and the last scene of all somewhat later, when the "hollyhocks fall off their tops," according to a song of Owen Meredith's:

"The podded hollyhocks—that fall
Had stripped of finery—by the wall
Rustled their tatters; dripped and dripped,
The fog thick on them."
—Madison Cawein ("Uncertainty")

One characteristic of the plant has impressed the poets, and that is its imposing, dignified height, which, apparently, but one word will express:

"Stately hollyhocks, row on row."
—Julia C. R. Dorr ("An Old Fashioned Garden")

"And rows of stately hollyhocks
Down by the garden wall,
All yellow, white and crimson,
So many-hued and tall." —Mary Howitt

"And they loved to stray in the garden walks,
Bordered by stately hollyhocks." —Phœbe Cary

"And sunflowers and hollyhocks grown supreme
Pay stately court to each other."
—Mary R. Jarvis ("An Old Fashioned Garden")

Their height, combined with the silky texture of the petals and the profusion of flowers that dress the single stalk, make them easily personified, as "maidens," or "spinsters," "queens," or "gypsies," or even "torch-bearers":

"While rows of hollyhocks, like maidens slim,
Bowed to each other in the sun of June."
—Lloyd Mifflin ("Fields of Dawn")

"They rise beyond the fountain rocks,
These spinsters robed in dainty frocks,
So stately, prim and tall;
Their hue the very rainbow mocks—
These quaint, old-fashioned hollyhocks,
Against my garden wall."
Lloyd Mifflin ("Hollyhocks")

"queen hollyhocks,
With butterflies for crowns." —William Morris

"Her hollyhocks like maidens gay
Bedecked with many a pink rosette."
—Augusta Hancock

"Bubble-like, the hollyhocks
Budded, burst, and flaunted wide
Gypsy beauty from their stocks." —Madison Cawein

"and yon hollyhock,
That through the creeping weeds and nettles tall
Peers taller, lifting, column-like, a stem
Bright with its roseate blossoms." —Southey

In the language of flowers, the hollyhock stands for *ambition*, which Austin Dobson implies in "A Garden Song":

"Here beside the modest stock
Flaunts the flaring-hollyhock."

This plant is one in which cross-pollination must be accomplished, if not by the wind, then by the bees and butterflies, and *Althea Rosea* takes good care to make herself attractive, in colors, odor and nectar:

"And hollyhock wide-edged and tall;
Its gaudy leaves, though fanned apart,
Round thick and mealy stamens spring,
And nestled to its crimson heart
The sated bees enamored cling."
—Henry T. Tuckerman ("Sleepy Hollow")

"Seraglio of the Sultan Bee!

I listen at the waxen door,
And hear the zithern's melody
And sound of dancing on the floor."

—Frank D. Sherman ("A Hollyhock")

The Hollyhock is also called the Rose Mallow, or Mallow Rose, but that name more properly belongs to a species of *Hibiscus* (*H. syriacus*), commonly cultivated under the name of *Althea*, for its large, showy, rosy flowers:

"The althea, in her crimson coat,
Tricked out to please the wearied sun." —Alice Cary

"The purple hibiscus is shriveled and withered,
And languidly lolls its furry tongue."

—W. W. Story ("In the Garden")

Okra, cultivated for its mucilaginous pods for soups and pickles, paddy lucern, with its useful fibre, both belong to the mallowworts. But, by far the most useful of this large family of useful plants is the Cotton, whose history and botany would fill pages:

"So, thou wert known in history! and thy sire
The sounding name of Sir Gossypium bore.
He was the younger brother of the fleece,
And of the flax of Egypt, . . .
Thy race have multiplied exceedingly,
And sown themselves in every sunny zone
Of both the hemispheres."

—Mrs. Sigourney ("To a Fragment of Cotton")

For the use of cotton fibre as a material for textile fabrics does not appear to have been known to those nations of antiquity whose skill in the manufacture of fine linen and in the weaving of wool is recorded in the most ancient writings. This "younger brother" of wool and flax emigrated from India to Rome, about 450 B. C., but before the Christian era was in general use, although even yet, the cotton fabrics of the Hindoos are excelled in fineness and perfection only by the most perfect machines, although spun with the distaff alone and woven on the crudest of looms. The Mexicans and Peruvians manufactured cotton cloth long before the arrival of Europeans, but although seed was planted, experimentally, in the provinces as early as 1621, it was little known except as a garden plant until after the Revolutionary War.

No more beautiful crop can be raised than a field of cotton. The rich dark green leaves have a beauty of their own, then comes the yellow-blossoms with the purple spot at the base of each petal, which turn red the second day, and as all blossoms do not open simultaneously, a field in blossom is a gay sight. And when the

blossoms are gone, there is the snow of the bursting bolls lovely by the millions, or singly :

“I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibres peer,
And slowly, thread by thread,
Draw forth the folden strands,
Than which the trembling line
By whose frail help yon startled spider fled
Down the tall spear-grass, from his swinging bed,
Is not more fine.”

—Henry Timrod (“The Cotton Boll”)

And there is a melancholy sort of loveliness about the plants which have withstood the winter’s rain and wind, adding to the general bleakness :

“Last year’s cotton-plants, desolately bowing,
Tremble in the March-wind, ragged and forlorn.”

—Henry Van Dyke (“Spring in the South”)

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

Duluth, Minn.

THE INSPIRATION OF JOSEPH MARY PLUNKET.

BUT a few short years have passed and the name of Joseph Mary Plunket has leaped from a realm almost unknown into the sphere where only dwell the men whom renown has welcomed to its fold. Previously his name was scarcely known outside the limits of a small coterie of intellectuals who enjoyed his confidence and friendship. The violent setting of his sun of life heralded the rise of his literary fame. His talents have captured a recognition of no mean order from many competent quarters of the English-speaking world. Though destiny allotted him but a brief span of life the Muse was generous in her gifts to this youth of twenty-nine. His name seems destined to be graven deep in the memory of Gaelic Ireland not only as a man dowered with a courage that paled not before death for the sake of an ideal, but as one of the greatest of her children with whom lofty inspiration has abided.

Though the final scene of his life's drama saw him enveloped in the storms of an armed revolt, it is singular that his intellectual bent was decidedly meditative. He loved calm ways and revelled in great silences. He trod the mystic's path and followed whither apocalyptic visions hailed him. His spirit sought realities

"Beyond Mortality's foot-rule
Of loveliness——"

Clearly and unfalteringly does he bear testimony to his high design:

"I must attain the Flag of love
Blazoned with the eternal Dove."

From early years his thought manifested the presence of this moving force within him. Later on, a two years' course of philosophy at Stonyhurst made keen his visionary powers and gave a signal impetus to a mind already hot on the trail of the mysterious and intangible. The sublime subtlety of the thought of Aquinas furnished a vast field for speculation on things beyond the ken of sense. Subsequently, the impulse given by scholasticism gained constant vigor from the study of the writings of the masters of mystical theology. In his most mature days his choicest companions were John of the Cross, Teresa and Francis of Assisi, whose eagle flights in Catholic mysticism are yet without a peer.

What Plunket has achieved in this the highest department of poetic endeavor is quite sufficient to secure him a place among the great ones who traversed kindred literary paths. Of him as of Thompson might it be stated: "He has the essentials of the true

mystic; the simple trust of the child; the deep insight of the philosopher, and the faith of the saint.”¹ The highest flights of his genius share to a considerable degree Dantean inspiration. Like the great Italian, love eternal is the wondrous mirror of the thought-depths of his soul, the compelling law of his glory-winged footsteps and the primal lure that ever calls him on, with truth and beauty’s grand companionship, to union with the Divine Essence. Love is almost omnipresent in his poetry and in its atmosphere his truest inspiration lives and moves and has its being. One cannot, by any jugglery of thought, divorce his verse from passion, the most genuine proof of the true child of the Muse. Plunket’s soul expresses itself in terms of love: symbolism other than this, his spirit, as a medium of expression, never sought. His passion, responsive to his changing visions, soars and subsides with all the variety of the heaving and sinking billows of the main. Usually its great fervor seems to come from a soul where great fires burn, and rarely does it betray a menial origin. In its moments of greatest strength it weds with glory the material creation; the “flickering stars are blown to vivid flame.” It transfigures the human heart when it enters therein with its “tumultuous light.” Purest of all is its glow when he rivets his gaze upon the Cross where hangs the great Victim, the fruit of “Love’s most lovely birth.” In “Heaven in Hell” the agonies of the victim are most intense, as merciless love seeks to sever from it the darkness that weighs it down and bars it from the places where love’s brightness dwells. But strong hope bears him over critical situations over “Death and the mouth of Hell,” and doles out strength sufficient to hold him on the difficult ways that lead to passion’s highest triumph, union with the Paraclete.

Side by side with passion’s flame goes its faithful satellite, Beauty. In “Dedication” he proclaims to the world how the revelation of Beauty in her fairest form is his mission. Naked Beauty he sings of, wherein no grossness enters, where nudity is the hallmark of its reality and its sacred shield from the profane gaze of all save those initiated in its mysteries. The eyes of the unhallowed intruder are “blinded with its splendid spears.” Dreadful Beauty at other times he loves to call it, for terror charges from its unveiled presence against the “unaccustomed eyes” and rears for it a sanctum where the sacrilegious are smitten with a thrice-deserved blindness. And yet, for all its shafts of death, he feels that he stands in Beauty’s favor. All things lovely he invokes, for he feels that he is dowered with vision, “the vision and the faculty Divine” that Wordsworth lauds, the purest nutriment of which is Beauty. He

¹ Rev. Thomas F. Burke: “Irish World,” February 10, 1917.

seeks it, too, for is it not the arch-ally of Truth along the great highway, the terminus of which is Love in essence? With all this ardor, still he is conscious of his limitations and that the pain of constant purging is his duty until he stands in Beauty's audience-chamber and views with stainless gaze its highest revelations. And so he cries:

" . . . Beauty must forever be
My cloud of anguish . . ."

and its breath must

"Raise sorrow like the surging sea
Around the windy wastes of death."

Nor does he lack any reverence for its twin sister, Truth. Here, as in the quest of Beauty, he finds his pilgrimage beset by gloom's grim visage, but buoyed up by the hope that Truth's triumph will yet be joy without alloy, he seems, paradox-like, to make the bitter sweet. Truth's ways are sorrow-bitter as well as laughter-sweet, yet

" . . . Let no wind that sings
Of sorrow wither joy's young blossomings."

Truth may be hard, but its light rather than darkness must sway the soul of him who seeks it.

"Because I know the spark
Of God has no eclipse,
Now Death and I embark
And sail into the dark
With laughter on our lips."

His fealty to sorrow-winged Truth is such, not solely because Beauty is seated on its brow, but it supports, despite his dream-like wanderings, the realism embodied in his philosophy. His desire to give a concrete coloring to the unseen, to view things Heavenly with intensely human eyes, to treat with loving familiarity the most sublime spiritualities, is a marked feature of his thought, and rooted in the hope that his visions may be accepted as realities and no products of a disordered fancy. Suffice it to cite one signal proof of this, a poem redolent of the spirit of familiar acquaintance with the great verities which Thompson displays in "The Making of Viola."

"The stars sang in God's garden ;
The stars are the birds of God ;
The night-time is God's harvest,
Its fruits are the words of God.
God ploughed his fields at morning,
God sowed his seed at noon,
God reaped and gathered in his corn
With the rising of the moon."

In one respect his mysticism is a departure from that of Thompson and his English confrères. It imbibes copiously at the fountains of Irish national inspiration whence it derives an individuality that segregates it from kindred literature emanating from Saxon minds. Its mode of conception, symbolism and phraseology are peculiarly Gaelic. His "terrible simplicity" and baldness of expression strongly recall the thought and imagery of early Irish saga. The weird effect of his use of nature's elemental forces, fire, wind and water, recall the naked vigor and savage freshness that dominate the early bardic tales of Gael. His mysticism is as much the resultant of his Celtic character as of the teaching of books. It is characterized by more spontaneity and naturalness than that of Thompson. The Irish freshness of mind and directness of diction, so adaptable to mystic thought and expression, revealed in it, stand out in strong contrast to the English poet's ornate imagery and reverberant phrase. To maintain clarity of vision was his chief resolve, and adhering to the Wordsworthian creed that the language that is closest to nature's heart is the most commonplace, he rarely indulges in any but the simplest terminology. To distrust artistic effects in language and endeavor to make it so translucent as to reduce to a minimum its dulling influence upon ideas clamoring for the light was the pith of his theory of poetic diction.

Apart from the department of mystic thought, other aspects of his mentality reveal the influence of Gaeldom's national tradition. It is this that renders his interpretation difficult for one who has not inherited such a literary fortune. As Thomas McDonagh tells us, "this 'terrible and splendid trust,' this 'heritage of the race of kings,' this service of a nation without a flag,' with the lure of God in her eyes,' has endowed some of our poetry with meanings that must be lost to all but those baptized in our national faith."² It fired him with the "anger of the sons of God" when face to face with alien oppression. It stirred up in his spirit the high winds of passion and the tragic fervor that sprang from conflict with forces of darkness conceived in mystic fashion as hostile to his country's aspirations. It communicated to him the sacred fire of the patriot as well as the ardor of the saint.

"The heritage of the race of kings
Their children and their children's seed
Have wrought their prophecies indeed
Of terrible and splendid things.

No alien sword shall earn a wage
The entail of their blood and tears,
No shameful price for peaceful years
Shall ever part this heritage."

² "Literature in Ireland," p. 17.

It tuned his soul to sorrow's sweetness and taught him how to utilize with fruit the gloom and darkness that gird the ways which lead to the passion of the patriot. In his own glorious words, for him the memory of the heroic dead held

" . . . The strength and the might
Of a sword for the sod."

The tradition of the Isle of Destiny, his homeland, the land of tender smile and tear, is graven deep upon the soul of his verse with its medley of gray clouds and sportive sunshine. Yet gloom has never extinguished the bright spark of his soul: joy retains decided mastery, and thus, in truest fashion, the spirit of the Gael enlivens all his thought. Like the early writers of his race he champions "the joy of natural things; the joy of earth's beauty . . . and the birds in the woods; . . . the joy of the sea with its witching song."³ Very tender are his thoughts, pure his passion and lovely his symbolism when through the gleam and the gloom he pledges his fealty to Kathleen ni Houlihan, the Erin of allegory and utopian ideals. In fancy's delicate fabric, with finest paradox, he sees the little Red Rose garbed in darkness: then peering into the future he beholds that shroud of sorrow, passion, become the Rose's renovating power restoring it to its original ruddy hue, symbolic of love. Then passion's binding force makes Rose and lover one by bonds that cannot be sundered.

". . . When my heart is pillowed on your heart
And ebb and flowing of their passionate flood
Shall beat in concord love through every part
Of brain and body—when at last the blood
O'erleaps the final barrier to find
Only one source wherein to spend its strength
And we two lovers, long but one in mind
And soul, are made one only flesh at last;
Praise God if this my blood fulfills the doom
When you, dark Rose, shall redden into bloom."

Of Plunket's almost sacred respect for thought's high functioning and natural dignity there was born an attitude of distrust of verbal expression. Not that he sought to conceal the secrets of his mind or check the self-diffusive tendencies of intellectual energies. Revelation and illumination was the golden work of his poetic mission. Could he find some medium of expression kindred in nature to thought and worthy of it his soul would have clung to it as the key to the success of his apostolate. Such he did not find in language. The material in it created an impassable gulf between itself and thought, the product of a spiritual being. It was concrete and an ill-adapted habiliment for a creature of pure intangible

³ Thomas McDonagh; *op. cit.*, p. 109.

essence. It must remain forever by nature the inferior of mental effort. Its sole saving feature was its simplicity, for thus might it hold nearest place to ideas, the offspring of a parent untainted by complexity. The acme of perfection he sought was "terrible simplicity," a lucid medium through which his soul's secrets might trickle scarcely transformed by the mode of transference. That was the "ars artium" of his text-book of poetic rhetoric. Aught else of Art's devices he shunned: that of the artistic he alone favored which seemed more akin to nature than to Art. To a considerable extent he realized his ideal. The difficulty experienced in writing and the care and patience with which his task was undertaken largely contributed to his success. In the travail of his mind forging its way to clarity of expression there was fashioned a painstaking temperament calculated to grapple with the trying monotony and hackwork incidental to the work of language purgation. The absence of an easy efflux of happy verbiage warded him off the flower-decked ways of literary fineries where clarity is often sacrificed to sensuous pleasureableness of ringing phrase and soulless music. Mere external æstheticism found no place in his conception of the beauty of language: whatever did not reveal a secret was a deformity. His dogmas of diction were founded on utilitarianism. Words were beautiful when they did their duty, when they were nearest in nature to the heart of thought. That the beauty of the spirit might gleam brightest on the brow of diction the obscuring splendor of art should be abolished. To use his own pointed statement, he only desired the "art" of words "that is not art but blood," for solely by the glory of artless nakedness could the written symbol be expected to have in it the throb of life. His canons of simplicity he never violates to such an extent as would bring him near in luscious imagery to Thompson. Never could the self-descriptive words of the English poet be applied to him:

"Across the margent of the world I sped,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their changed bars."

On the contrary, his marked fidelity to his principles sometimes betrays him into the hands of tameness of expression which checks the flame of passion. It always lends a humble pilgrim-like effect to his visionary personality which stands out in marked contrast to the giant stride and majestic mien of the author of "The Hound of Heaven." The genius of Plunket, modest and splendor-shunning, bore the impress of Gaeldom, that of Thompson, joying in burnished word and pageantry of phrase, was redolent of Orientalism.

His music, too, was to some extent qualified by his peculiar brand of mysticism and the influence of national inspiration. He did not cater so much for the pleasing effect of sweet sounds upon the ear as for the harmonies of thought that directly soothe the spirit. This music he never wished to forsake, deeming it an almost inalienable property of poetry in its mission of illumination. Music was a useful acolyte of the meditative mind in the work of self-revelation, for, as an unearthed beauty of the heart, it was a considerable aid for the pilgrim to Love's shrine. Harmony in the soul contributed to the elimination of the disagreeable effects produced by the relations of soul and body, caused the predominance of the former and created a peace where beauty might be tempted to reveal itself. From his songs came the "beauty of dead silence," the utopian state of the visionary. Here the spirit might best feel the breath of love stirred up by harmony's gentle promptings, and song and passion mate themselves in closest alliance. Then would come into being those

". . . flaming hearts where entereth
The Song of Songs with Love's tumultuous light."

Negligence of the music of written symbols was likewise engendered by the Celtic element in his character which sought the music of nature rather than that of art. The strange sweetness of the voice of the elements, and the lovely weird effects of the 'keen' were favorites with him. This is strikingly in evidence where he commemorates the death of O'Connell:

"The wind rose, the sea rose,
A wave rose on the sea
Swelled with the mournful singing
Of a sad centenary."

From it wells forth the Banshee's wild, weird strains and wail of a sorrowing land untrammelled by aught of art's devices.

Plunket has done a noble work for literature and his country. Though his life was brief and the grave received him twenty years earlier than Thompson, competent critics concede him an easy second place to the great English mystic whom, in his best moments some would reckon next to Shakespeare. He fulfilled with marked success the role of a writer of the highest department of literature, illumination through mysticism. He lit up the world with the blaze of revealed beauty. His poetry ought to live in high honor, embalmed in the grateful memory of his race, a pillar of fire by night, a guiding cloud by day, to enlighten, elevate and

fortify it. Such is to be its destiny if the testimony of the poet on his own behalf has ought of worth in it:

“My songs shall live to drive their blinding cars
Through fiery apocalypse to Heaven’s bars.
When God’s loosed might the prophet’s word fulfills,
My songs shall see the ruin of the hills,
My songs shall sing the dirges of the stars.”

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POST-REFORMATION FEATURES OF ENGLISH DRINKING.

IN THIS Era of Prohibition and wide spread reaction against even the milder variants of so-called intoxicants, while yet the minds of many are divided as to the advisability of such wholesale restriction, it may perhaps not be amiss to enter upon a brief, historical survey of the introduction and use of alcoholic stimulants in modern Europe and especially in Great Britain, where the evils of excessive drinking have assumed their greatest proportions. We would do this not so much with a view to offering a solution of the vexed question of abstinence versus moderation, as simply of tracing the causes which led to the terrible magnitude of the evils of modern drink; and of noting the attitude which the Church assumed toward the production and consumption of alcoholic beverages at a time when she exercised a much more direct influence in the matter than at present. In making such a survey, it will be necessary to note clearly the distinction between fermented and distilled liquors, and to call attention to the comparatively late date at which the latter were introduced into Europe, and the still later one at which their use, for any but medicinal purposes, became at all general. Historical data show us plainly that the curse of alcoholism is, in the strictest sense of the word, a modern one, and necessarily so, since the processes of distillation were neither well, nor generally understood in Europe, outside of monastic walls, until the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries.¹ Of drunkenness, in earlier days, among our pagan, semi-Christian, or even Christian ancestors, Briton, Gael, or Teuton, we hear enough, assuredly, to convince us of its prevalence. We read of the prolonged wassails these warlike heroes held, of the mighty potations in which they indulged; of the almost incredible size of the drinking horns which they were accustomed to empty at a single draught.

But we must remember that their indulgence, great as it may have been, was, with the exception of the *usquebaugh*, known to the Irish and to the Scottish Highlander (of which we will speak later), entirely confined to brewed, or fermented, liquors; beverages which, containing a far lesser per cent. of alcohol than our modern ardent spirits, although sufficiently powerful to intoxicate, did not entail the same baleful effects upon the constitution of the drinker, nor fasten upon him and his descendants the terrible effects of modern alcoholic

¹ *Ency. Brit.*: Art. "Distillation." Morewood, "Hist. Inebriating Liquors," p. 390-398. De la Croix: "Moeurs, Usages, et Costumes au Moyen Age." p. 164.

poisoning. Moreover, if we may rely upon the statements of prominent British historians, the mass of the English people, during the centuries between the Norman Conquest and the Reformation, were by no means given over to unrestricted license in drink: a notable change for the worse, in this respect, occurring during the latter half of the reign of "bluff King Hal," and making itself still more sadly manifest from the days of Elizabeth onward. Camden, in his "History of Elizabeth," written in 1615, emphatically declares drunkenness to be a recent vice among his countrymen, who, he states, had been, until his day, "of all northern nations, the most moderate drinkers, and most to be commended for their sobriety,"² adding that it was in their wars on behalf of the Netherlands that "the English first learned to drown themselves with immoderate drinking and, by pledging others' health to impair their own." Tom Nash, a town wit of the reign of Elizabeth, and a keen observer of manners, confirms Camden's statement, saying: "Superfluity in drink is a sin that, ever since we have mixed ourselves with the Low Countries, has been held honorable, but before we knew their lingering wars was held in that highest degree of hatred that might be. Then, if we had seen a man go wallowing in the streets or lain sleeping under the board, we should have spat at him and warned all our friends out of his company."³

Another confirmation of this view comes from the pen of Edward Chamberlayne in his *Magnae Britanniae Notitiae* (1710): "As the English returning from the wars in the Holy Land, brought home the foul disease of leprosy, so in our fathers' days, the English returning from service in the Netherlands, brought home the foul vice of drunkenness."⁴ To speak of the curse of modern English drunkenness, as a by-product of the Reformation, may seem to many the mere fatuousness of bigotry; nevertheless, however theoretically distinct, in point of fact, it is indubitably true that the doctrines of the Reformers and the use of ardent spirits were introduced into England at approximately the same time, and through the same national channels. The first step in the downward path as to the abuse of liquor seems to have been taken in, or about, the year 1524 of our Lord, the eleventh of the reign of Henry VIII., through the seemingly innocent importation of hops from Holland, for use in the brewing and conservation of ale and beer. The same Hanse vessels which brought the hops across the channel secretly convoyed also the writings of Luther, a fact which led the preachers of the

² Camden, *Eliz.*, Bk. III., p. 263.

³ Nash's *Pierce Penniless*, quoted in Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature." [*Drinking Customs in England.*] Vol. V., p. 161., ed. 7th.

⁴ Quoted by Lecky, in "England in the Eighteenth Century." Vol. I., p. 516.

Reformation to resent Wolsey's attempt to render France, instead of Holland, the channel of commerce between England and the Continent, by making Calais the chief port of entry for merchandise.⁵ About this time, Thomas Bilney, of Cambridge, was gathering his little band of reformers around him, Saxton, Lambert, Rogers and others, at the sign of the White Horse, while, but a little later, Tyndale's translation of the New Testament found its way into England from Antwerp, being publicly burned at St. Paul's Cross, in 1526. It was doubtless this combination of traffic in things sacred and profane, which gave rise to the old English distich by which the facts were long commemorated:

"Hops, Reformation, Bays and Beer,
Came to England all in one year."⁶

The lines were later prudently, but somewhat meaninglessly, altered into:

"Hops and Turkey, Carp and Beer,
Came to England all in one year."

The introduction of the hops was opposed by Henry almost as strongly as was that of the heretical doctrines of which he was at the time a violent adversary. This conscientious monarch feared that their infusion into good, English ale would render that beverage too stimulating for the nerves of his faithful subjects, as an edict of his reign still remains to testify.⁷ Hops, however, won their way despite royal disfavor, and even later opposition. In 1552, native plantations were formed, England being now said to produce more hops than any other European country. They are now, as we know, universally employed, not only for their "tonic" or digestive qualities, and for the "pleasant bitterness" which they impart, but because they preserve the liquor and prevent it from turning sour, by removing the principle of acetous fermentation. A certain quantity of hops, therefore, is boiled with the wort. Their adoption on the continent far antedates their use in England. In Germany, they had been utilized from the ninth century at least in the manufacture of monastic beer, since we find a note to that effect in the annals of the Abbey of Corbey in 802.⁸ Probably, earlier attempts had been made toward their introduction in England, which were, however, only limited and temporary in their effect, leaving the public manufacture of English ale still innocent of the exciting properties of this "wicked weed," until the date above referred to.

⁵ Ency. Brit., Art. "Reformation," p. 329, ed. 9.

⁶ Morewood: "Hist. Inebriating Liquors," p. 535.

⁷ Ency. Brit., Art. "Brewing," also Morewood: "Hist. Inebriating Liquors," p. 535.

⁸ Richer: "Hist. German Civilization," p. 161.

In their new born craving for stimulating draughts, the English, however, were far from pausing at the simple infusion of hops into ale, but before tracing farther the successive steps by which Great Britain brought upon herself her great national curse of excess in drink, we must cast a retrospective glance upon her earlier condition in this respect. It is sometimes said that Julius Cæsar introduced beer into Britain, but if so, the gift was a superfluous one, as, "long before the arrival of the Romans on Albion's shore, the inhabitants thereof had discovered an easy and almost ever ready means of becoming intoxicated."⁹ The beverage thus used was the famous mead, or fermented honey, of our northern ancestors, the simplest and most readily prepared of all fermented liquors in a non-wine growing country. The mead-maker was a person of importance in courtly circles, ranking eleventh among British princes, while his whole produce seems to have been kept under strict, royal control, not a cask being allowed to be made without the acquaintance of the king. It is probable that, before the introduction of agriculture, mead and a species of cider, made from the wild apple of the country, were the only fermented drinks known to the Britons. But during the three centuries of Roman control, they planted grain and brewed a barley-wine, akin to the later, Saxon ale. Ermenes, an officer of Constantius, in his panegyric on that ruler, alludes to this barley-brew, saying that in the year 296 A. D. Britain produced "such an abundance of corn as sufficed not only to supply bread, but also to furnish a drink comparable to wine."¹⁰

In this sense, barley wine may have been Cæsar's gift to Britain. There is clear evidence to show that the Romans introduced, also, the culture of the vine into England and, however unfavorable the present climate of the Island may be to the cultivation of grapes, yet there is abundant proof that native wine continued to be produced throughout the Middle Ages, especially by monks and in monastic gardens," as may be seen by divers entries in Domesday Book. Doubtless the early Britons, like most other northern nations, indulged, more or less, in excessive drinking, but their immediate successors, the Saxons, have achieved a far more unenviable record in this respect. If we may trust the verdict of their Norman critics, they were a nation of veritable gluttons and drunkards. Such has been largely their reputation and we know their fellow-countrymen of the Rhine were by no means moderate in their potations. Yet we must remember, in passing judgment

⁹ Emerson: "Beverages, Past and Present." Vol. II., p. 224.

¹⁰ Morewood: p. 523.

¹¹ Emerson: p. 264. Wallace: "Wonderful Century," p. 84. Morewood: p. 523. Redding: "Modern Wines," p. 23.

upon them, that our information comes chiefly from their enemies. Thus William of Malmesbury assures us that excessive drinking was one of the commonest vices among them, high and low spending entire days and nights in feasting, and again that one chief distinction between the Normans and the despised Saxons, was that the former built stately and magnificent castles, while the latter consumed immense fortunes in riot and hospitality while residing in mean dwellings.¹² On the other hand, the reply of the Saxon youth, still preserved in a dialogue of the Cottonian MS. to one who asked what he drank, argues greater moderation. "Ale, if I have it, water, if I have it not. I am not so rich that I can buy me wine, nor is wine the drink of children, but of elders and wise."¹³

True, the statutes issued against drinking in Anglo-Saxon times, and the efforts of prominent churchmen to stem the evil seem fully to bear out the accusations of the Normans, yet even here we must note that all these statutes date from times subsequent to the settlement of the Danes in Saxon England. These latter were desperate drinkers in their own country, to such extent did they carry their orgies, that even their religious ceremonies were regularly closed by a drinking bout, in which with the utmost solemnity they emptied stoup after stoup, in honor of their gods, until they could drink no more.¹⁴ Green gives a more pleasing and perhaps a juster picture of the Saxon feast. "They were hard drinkers, no doubt, as they were hard toilers, and the ale-feast was the centre of their social life. But coarse as the revel might seem to modern eyes, the scene within the timbered hall which rose in the midst of their villages was often Homeric in its simplicity. "Queen, or earl's wife, with a train of maidens, bore ale bowl, or mead bowl, around the hall, from the high settle of the king or ealdorman, in the midst, to the mead benches ranged around its walls, while the glee-man sang the hero-songs of his race."¹⁵ This description recalls that of the feast given by Hengist to Vortigern, in which Rowena, the beautiful daughter of the Saxon chief, presented the British king with a golden goblet of wine. The fact that women were highly honored witnesses of these feasts, which were graced also by the presence of bard, or harper, would seem to raise their character somewhat to that of more chivalric times. The measure of ale, or mead, allowed to the monks of St. Albans, on festivals, namely a "sextarium," divided

¹² William of Malmesbury quoted. Dorchester: "Liquor Problem in All Ages," p. 65.

¹³ Morewood: p. 527.

¹⁴ Dorchester: "Liquor Problem," p. 49.

¹⁵ Green: "Hist. English People." Vol. I., p. 16.

between six brethren at dinner and twelve at supper, seems also favorable to a more moderate estimate of Saxon indulgence.

Thorpe, however, in his "Anglo-Saxon Home," gives an idea of great excess on convivial occasions, at least; stating that the Anglo-Saxon notions of hospitality were inimical to sobriety and that it was the duty of the host to press the guest to drink even to intoxication; while kings and nobles when journeying were supposed to stop at the hall of every thane to drink.¹⁶ The great precautions taken to guard against assassination while drinking, likewise argue that these potations were deep, both hands being needed to raise the tankards then employed to the lips. A man in the act of drinking thus left his person unprotected, and offered to secret foe an excellent opportunity for attack. The murder of Edward the martyr, by his treacherous stepmother, Elgiva, furnishes the most famous instance of this kind of assault, one so frequently practiced by the Danes as to have given rise to the custom of "pledging," to stand guard, namely, over a friend, or master, while the latter drank. In the reign of King Edgar, restrictive legislation was deemed necessary, and drinking pins, or pegs, were introduced into cups, to mark the distance beyond which it was unlawful to drink, a custom which gave rise to the saying that one had now reached his "merry pin."¹⁷ By the advice of St. Dunstan, Edgar also limited the number of alehouses in each town to one, but expressly affirms such measures to have been necessitated by the debased conduct of the Danes and the bad example they set to his more temperate Saxon subjects. The proverb of the day, quoted by Green, that "men learned fierceness from the Saxon, effeminacy from the Fleming, and drunkenness from the Dane,"¹⁸ would seem to justify the king in his recrimination.

By the ninth century, however, serious effort was found necessary to check the vice of drunkenness in Saxon England. The edicts framed against it by Theodoric, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Egbert, of York, may be read to-day in the Penitentials of the former, where the saint, in painfully explicit language, states, not only the penalty to be imposed, but the successive, offensive stages to which each penalty applies.¹⁹ A man is to be considered drunk "when his mind is quite changed, his tongue stutters, his eyes are disturbed, he suffers vertigo in the head, distension of the stomach," with various added details which, while they furnish sufficiently

¹⁶ Thorpe: "A. S. Home," p. 301.

¹⁷ William of Malmesbury: Bk. II., p. 31.

¹⁸ Green: Vol. I., p. 96.

¹⁹ "Penitential," XXVI., sec. 9. "De Elarietate et Vomital." See also "Discipline of Drink." Rabarus Maurus. Ed. by T. E. Bridgett, p. 141.

unpleasant matter for the polite reader, are far from removed in seriousness from the terrible symptoms of modern alcoholic poisoning. Fasts of ninety days, with the chanting of a hundred psalms, or perhaps the entire Psalter, were penances imposed on an ecclesiastic, guilty of drunkenness, especially during a sacred function, while those convicted of habitual indulgence, were to be deposed. The laity were more mildly dealt with. A penance of twenty days was imposed upon one compelling another to drink to intoxication, if out of hospitality, but if from malice, the punishment is the same as for manslaughter. A new national element was introduced by the Norman conquest, much to the advancement of the cause of sobriety and general refinement of living. The banquets of the Normans, we are told, were remarkable for their splendor and magnificence, but "their feasting was moderate and attended by no excess in drinking."²⁰ The drinking bouts of the Danes and all assemblies of the conquered Saxons were suppressed with great severity by the law of curfew lest sedition or rebellious plots should be hatched thereat.

Under Norman influence, intemperance decreased in England, and we hear of no further legislation against it until the reign of Edward VI. Thorpe, however, is of opinion that Norman abstemiousness gradually gave way to the love of good living so prevalent among the Saxons²¹ and that, in later Plantagenet days, a tendency to surfeit in eating and drinking became somewhat characteristic of Merrie England. Such surfeit in drink, however, was still confined to ale and wine. English literature, as Emerson reminds us, has from the beginning been replete with tales of ale and ale-drinking, alewives and ale-conning, with numerous statutes as to its brewing and selling,²² while, later, wines, both native and foreign, came into prominence as the luxury of the rich. Notable quantities of both these beverages appear to have been consumed for the population of the times. If we examine, however, the various analyses and recipes for their preparation, we find the percentage of alcohol in ale to range from 3 to 4 per cent. only, that of wines varying from 6 to 12, generally, though sometimes rising as high as 20 per cent. We must remember, too, that throughout the Middle Ages, tea and coffee were unknown in Europe, so that ingenuity was taxed to concoct a variety of liquors which should be nourishing, stimulating and, according to the belief of the day, health-giving. Ale and wine being antiseptic in nature, formed a natural remedy against accidental impurities in drinking-water, or food, and since our more succulent vegetables

²⁰ Dorchester: "Liquor Problem," p. 68.

²¹ Thorpe: "A. S. Home," p. 301.

²² Emerson: Vol. II., p. 225.

were then little known, a greater quantity of liquid may have been needed by the system, to balance a diet largely composed of meats, graines, cheese, beans and pulse, with edible roots.²³ Liquors, too, were drunk in their purity, the adulterants which form the curse and poison of modern intoxicants being happily then unknown. We find no evidence that the health of the nation, at this period, suffered from the effects of over-indulgence in drink.

Stalwart men led lives largely in the open air, agricultural pursuits were general, large cities were unknown and, although the laws of hygiene were equally so, English constitutions seemed to thrive under conditions from which they would now sink. Native wines were chiefly cultivated on large estates, or in monastic gardens, where they flourished under the careful tendence of the monks, many of whom came from wine-growing countries. William of Malmesbury, Bede, and Stowe, make frequent allusion to such culture. Thus the Island of Ely was denominated the Isle of Vines, from the abundance of its vintage; Roganeia in the "hundred" of Rochford, contained a vineyard yielding an average of "20 modii" of wine. Gloucester was said to excel all other parts of England in its wine growing, some of its vines being little inferior to those of France. Of the grapes of Windsor Park, a part were kept for royal consumption, and the remainder sold for the benefit of the royal treasury.²⁴ While careful culture had much to do with the success obtained in such vintage, it also indicates a real difference in climate. The Merrie England of olden days was actually a sunnier country than the present. The vast amount of soft coal used in manufacturing in England has induced an appreciable increase of cloud and rain, and horticultural records show the blighting effect of this increase on fruit and vine. Besides native wines from grapes, the English of Mediæval days were fond of extracting an almost bewildering variety of sweetened fermented drink from fruits and blossoms: as crab-apple wine; Perry, from fermented pears, a liquor resembling a coarse champagne; currant wine, black, and white, gooseberry shrub, elderberry and elder blossom wine, with Hypocras, or wine sweetened with honey, and an endless variety of "pigments" of "piments," spiced and sweetened mixtures of honey, wine and fruits.²⁵ Foreign wines were not wanting, those from France being especially cheap and abundant during Norman domination. From more distant lands, came Sack, Malvoisie, Romney, Cypriota, etc., while added to these were the cordials and liquors, the secret of whose preparation was closely

²³ Traill: "Social Eng.," Vol. I., pp. 475, 477.

²⁴ Morewood: p. 524.

²⁵ Emerson: Vol. II., pp. 264, 274.

confined within monastic walls, for these were, strictly speaking, *distillations* from fruit or flowers, or non-fermented fruits, blended with Aqua Vita and Aqua Composita, comparable to the modern Benedictine or Chartreuse.

This brings us to the prominent part played by monks and monasteries in the production of both fermented and distilled liquors. Monastic ales and wines were once famous for their quality, and until the dissolution of religious houses under Henry VIII., the secrets of distillation, in England at least, were almost wholly confined to the cloister. This fact has often been quoted as a reproach against religious orders, and Catholics have been treated to caricatures of rubicund monks in wine cellars, drinking the glowing vintage from generous cups, and evidently much the worse for their draughts. We have been given poems as well, such as "King Wittaf's Drinking Horn" (written, too, by a Long-fellow, generally so appreciative of the Catholic spirit), in which the "Merry Monks of Croyland" are represented as outvying the drunken Danes in their salutations of the gods of Valhalla! It would be impossible, within the limits of this brief article, to point out the injustice of such portrayals, or enter upon any vindication of monks and friars. Examples of deep-drinking fox-hunting parsons were certainly not wanting in the England of the Georges, or even in that of the Restoration, yet we would not select such characters as typical Protestant clergymen, and, naturally, resent an equal, or even greater injustice, done to ourselves, since any wholesale abuse of monks, founded on their culture of the vine, can readily be shown as either due to prejudice, or founded on an entire ignorance of the function of monastic life in European civilization.

The monks were the agriculturalists of early Europe. Making their way through virgin forests and dense morasses, they felled trees, drained swamps, redeemed waste land and brought it to a high state of cultivation. The pasturage of cattle, the planting of vineyards, fruit culture, culture of bees, were among their most important services to the rude tribes of pagan and semi-pagan Europe. The civilization begun by the Roman colony in the farthest outposts of the Empire, was completed by the monks, and what Rome failed to accomplish was effected by them. The abbey became the centre of civic as well as religious life, and the school of culture for the entire surrounding district.²⁶ Gradually, their efforts in the cause of education and for the preservation of literature came to overshadow these earlier ones, but the first task of

²⁶ For description of Mediæval Abbey see E. Richard: "Hist. German Civilization," p. 160.

the monk was to teach to effete Roman and rude barbarian alike, the dignity of Christian labor. "The vine and the olive," writes Gibbon,²⁷ "have been from earliest times, the mark, almost the symbol, of settled and cultured life. Their cultivation extended itself gradually from Greece and Italy, through Spain, Gaul and Germany, even in the days of the Roman Empire. In the general desolation and decay which followed the breaking up of that vast dominion, agriculture, of which vineyards and vintage formed a conspicuous feature, was preserved to us chiefly by the labors of the monks. Corn and wine, as in Palestine of old, were the commonest elements of life, the food of the European peasant, and throughout the Middle Ages, as even now in Southern Europe, golden cornfields and smiling vineyards were the accepted symbols of peace and plenty, and the monks cultivated the latter as fearlessly as the former." The monks of early days, were, we must remember, not for the most part priests, and so at liberty to engage in works now confined chiefly to their lay brethren. In England, the Benedictines especially soon became large land-owners, employing and feeding many poor.

Of English monks, Traill writes,²⁸ "We have seen how the numbers of monasteries increased after the conquest, and the people had much reason to be thankful therefor; they were centres of learning and the monks were essentially the friends of the poor, relieving their distresses and healing their sicknesses; nay, even among the lepers, who were very numerous—the very incarnation of self-abnegation. The monasteries were as inns to the wayfarer, none being refused food and lodging, be his quality what it might." Though not neglecting the vine in England, ale, as the beverage of the people, demanded more special care, and the monks followed up their labors by asking God's blessing on their work as on something that could honestly be done for, and in, His service. Emerson writes: "The various convents and monasteries of those days did a great deal towards the perfecting and development of the art of brewing. . . . The question was carefully studied from all points that the element of uncertainty might be lessened, or possibly entirely removed, and the result of their labor is evident to-day, for the methods they discovered and practiced in those times, are in use at present." Again he adds: "Another great and powerful element that had considerable influence in keeping ale before the English people was the clergy. The old-time monks and priests thought it no sin to make and use the beverage and, furthermore, they took special pride in producing something superior to the

²⁷ "Hist. Decline and Fall of Rome." Vol. I., p. 69.

²⁸ "Social England." Vol. I., p. 385.

general run. The brewer and cellarer, whether in mitred abbey, or in the less distinguished religious houses, were officials of considerable importance."²⁹ It is on record that in the priory of St. Swithun's in Winchester, special prayers were offered up for the cellarer and his charges. This offering of prayer for the success of their brew, may at first seem strange. But why should it? Our earliest writers and more especially those who wrote on sacred subjects often make mention of prayers offered for the success of the vine, and the wine to be made therefrom; and, to-day, all through the Latin countries, wherever the vine grows, religious rites are observed, not only by the people, but by the priests.

Some of these ceremonies are most solemn, and their observance carries with them a memory of sacredness that no other subject could. So why should it be deemed strange for the monks of old England to pray for the success of their favorite beverage? They of all men knew that while water was the natural thirst quencher, it did not, and never would, supply the craving that exists in mankind for something that will impart a vigor and energy beyond his natural state or condition; recognizing this, the monks by their example to teach the people the use of the least harmful of beverages; one also that owing to its small cost could be had or made, even by the poorest in the land. "The English monasteries were famous for the strength and purity of their ales brewed from malt prepared by the monks with great care and skill. The waters of Burton-on-Trent had begun to be famous in the thirteenth century. The secret of their special adaptation for brewing was first discovered by some monks who held land in the adjacent neighborhood. The abbots of Burton must also have made their own malt, for it is a common covenant in leases of mills belonging to the Abbey, that the malt of the lords of the manor, both temporal and spiritual, shall be ground free of charge."³⁰ Later, Burton beer began to be popular in London, as we learn from Stowe and, incidentally, from the *Spectator*. But by this time, the era of monastic brewing was past. Ale and beer making, no longer limited to the convent or to the manor, or even to the humbler "home-brew," had become a public industry, with what consequences we shall soon see. An amusing illustration of popular devotion to the national beverage about this time is furnished us by an incident of the English expedition against Guienne under Henry VIII., where the great trial of the soldiery was the deprivation of beer or ale.

Stile, Henry's ambassador, writes: "And it please your Grace, the great lack of victuals that is here, is of beer, for your subjects

²⁹ "Beverages Past and Present," p. 35, p. 233.

³⁰ British Ency.: "Brewing."

had lever for to drink beer than wine or cider; for the hot wine doth harm them and the cider doth cast them in disease and sickness." By a "breach of discipline unparalleled in the military annals of England," the soldiers mutinied and set sail for England in defiance of orders³¹—and all for the lack of their native beverage! We must remember that the "boys" of those days, had no "smokes" to console them! Did time permit us to trace the history of continental vineyards, we would find the names of many wines still testifying to their monastic origin. Marcus Aurelius is said by Gibbon to have employed his Gallic soldiers in vine planting during the intervals of peace, and the vineyards of the Matrona (Marne), and the Mosella (Moselle), forthwith became famous. But after the Roman came, as we have seen, the monk. St. Martin of Tours seems to have been the second patron of vine culture in France, since he is reputed to have planted a vineyard wherever he preached. From his epoch at least, the real history of the vine, in France dates. From the Moselle to the Mediterranean, from the Rhine to the Atlantic, the fruit was to be found growing on hill-sides formerly barren, while their fame was to be sung in every corner of the world. It was probably the well-known property of the vine which enables it to grow on otherwise worthless soil, which first drew monastic attention to its culture and induced those hardy pioneers of civilization to plant it so extensively.³² The wine of the Gironde grows in soil, reputed unfit even for weeds, and it is from this region also that we obtain the medoc, known in England as claret. The sauternes grow in a most unpromising soil of clay and gravel. Tradition and history ascribe the invention of Champagne (produced by a blending of wines), to Dom Perignon, a Benedictine monk of St. Peter's Hautvillers. He is also said to have been the first to use corks, instead of a plug of lamb's wool, dipped in wax, to stop his bottles.

The monks of Citeaux cultivated a wine whose future renown they could little have surmised, the famous "Clos de Vogéot." After long years of patient toil and experiment, as to the best methods of culture, they became the instructors of the peasants and led them along the highway to success and gain, one beneficent feature of monastic culture being that their wines were free from the terrible tax on wine manufacture demanded by the grandes seigneurs of France from their miserable vassals.³³ The famous hermitage wines owe their origin to a French hermit, Gaspard de Sterimberg, who, in the days of Queen Blanche and St. Louis, retired to a rocky eminence on

³¹ Brewer: "Henry VIII." Vol. I., p. 19.

³² Emerson: Vol. II., pp. 129, 131; Redding: p. 58.

³³ Emerson: Vol. II., pp. 154, 159.

the left bank of the Rhone, and there planted a few vines. One great reason for the economic success of monastic wines was, naturally, the fact that the monk worked without payment. To quote again from Emerson, "had wages been paid to monks, as in any commercial house, the progress of betterment would have proved slow indeed. The monks in their frugality, required but little, time to them was of small value, they were generally men of brains and education, trained to think and study deeply: they had none directly dependent upon them for subsistence and could thus proceed along their chosen path until they reached the goal of perfection, and were prepared to teach others the secret knowledge they had gained."³⁴ This was their gift to the husbandman of many lands. Howbeit, there were cloister secrets which, for wise reasons, they retained. These were in the realm of *aqua vitæ* and cordials. Their knowledge of brewing and vine culture the monks imparted, but the secrets of distillation they prudently retained.

The exact date at which distillation was first practiced in Europe (apart from the Irish *usquebaugh*) is difficult to fix. A knowledge of it is said to have been brought from the East, either at the time of the Crusades, or through trade with the Levant, or by contact with the Moors of Spain. The study of its processes was connected with that of Alchemy, and the search for an elixir of life may have stimulated experiments in distillation. The names of Friar Bacon, Albertus Magnus, Arnoldus de Villa Nova and Raymond Lully are all connected with such experiments, as pioneers in the art of distillation. It was at first practiced by the few, and its products were used only for medicinal purposes, or as a foundation for cordials and liqueurs, themselves sparingly employed in earlier days.³⁵ Lully after his studies under Arnoldus de Villa Nova, at Naples, wrote his "*Testamentum Novissimum*" on the preparation of alcohol in the thirteenth century. Ambrose Paré court physician of Charles IX., gives us a formula for the manufacture of "pure *aqua vitæ*" by a sevenfold rectification, and considers it a most valuable medicine in the "cure of epilepsy, frigidity, wounds and punctures of the nerves, syncope, gangrene and putrescence."³⁶ The first analysis of alcohol, however, was made by Theodore de la Saussure, Genevan chemist, as late as the opening of the nineteenth century. The Italians, especially the Genoese, were the first to traffic in distilled products. In 1270, a Florentine physician recommended spirits of wine, as "possessing great virtues and effecting valuable medicinal purposes," while in an early cata-

³⁴ Emerson: p. 172.

³⁵ Ency. Brit.: "Distillation." Ed. 11th.

³⁶ Morewood: p. 398.

logue of European mercantile productions, appended to a poem by Haluyt, we find it recorded that, in 1340, Genoese traders brought *Arrack*, a species of Oriental brandy, into England.³⁷ "In England, however, the manufacture of aqua vitæ was slow, and like the products of the alembic in other parts of the world, was sold in the shops of the apothecary as a medicine only." The earliest recorded use of distilled spirits as a beverage, is given by Ernest Richard as occurring among some Hungarian miners, where it was used as a preservative against cold and damp.

He adds that brandy first became popular in Germany at the time of the Peasants' War.³⁸ The German name for brandy, "Brannt-Wein," from brennen, signifying equally to burn, heat, or distill, explains the origin of the old English term brandy-wine, the original form of the name, brandy, and points also to the introduction of the article from Germany or Holland. "We have now reached a new period in the drinking customs of the race," exclaims a modern temperance writer; a period new, indeed, in many ways, in which old restraints were cast aside, and old authorities as to custom and morals, as well as faith, abandoned. Of its immediate effects on the English people in the matter of which we are writing, we will let the same author speak. "Hitherto fermented liquors had constituted the intoxicants of the nations. The drinking habits formed by these milder beverages were henceforth to be intensified to a fearful degree, and a greater havoc of life and morals witnessed in consequence of the introduction into common life of the more potent and destructive stimulant of distilled spirits. Up to the period of the Reformation, there was no civil legislation whatever in England against drunkenness. It is a crime not mentioned in the statute book until the fifth year of Edward VI."³⁹ Camden also states that ever since English intercourse with the Netherlands, "the vice of drunkenness hath so diffused itself over the whole nation, that in our days first, it was fain to be restrained by severe laws."⁴⁰ Up to this date, continues our former author, "the action of the state was confined to procuring a supply of good and wholesome liquor to be sold at a moderate price. The regulation of ale and victualling houses had indeed claimed the attention of government from an early day; their number, the prices of liquors and provisions sold, and the hour for closing were all fixed by statute. But the causes for these statutes were varied." Now, more specific laws were necessary.

³⁷ Morewood: p. 560. Dorchester: p. 76.

³⁸ "Hist. German Civilization," p. 289.

³⁹ Dorchester: "Liquor Problem," pp. 75, sq.

⁴⁰ Camden: *Eliz. Bk. III.*, p. 263. [There had been, however, Saxon legislation.]

"During the reign of Henry VIII., drunkenness and crime prevailed in England to a fearful degree. In the reign of Edward VI., licenses for the sale of liquors at taverns were first required by magistrates. But these restrictions soon failed, and under the reign of Elizabeth, drunkenness became one of the most striking characteristics of the nation, the public houses of London being crowded with drunkards from morning until evening."⁴¹ From the time of Elizabeth until the Revolution, drunkenness was more general among the upper classes than at any previous time, many of the most conspicuous characters being grossly addicted to it.⁴² "We drink," says an old writer, "as if we were nothing but sponges, or had tunnels in our mouths. We are the grape suckers of the earth."⁴³ Such statements serve but to confirm those quoted earlier in this article, as to the sudden increase of drunkenness in England at the time of the Reformation. The liquor traffic, begun with the Dutch at that time, was continued with increasingly disastrous effects, until the time of William of Orange, when, as we shall see, a further step was taken to accelerate the degradation of the English people through the "master curse" of drink. By the time of the Commonwealth, the use of ardent spirits had become well-nigh universal among the gentry of England. The Puritans, much as they frowned on many forms of conviviality, were in no wise averse to liquors and "Cromwell used them freely." The period of the Restoration, as we might naturally suppose, was one of increased indulgence, when loyalty and drinking became closely allied. Cavaliers delighted to drink the King's health on their knees, and during the days of the "usurpation," would put a crum in their glass, exclaiming devoutly, "God send this crum-well down."

"The thirst for alcoholic stimulant was momentarily abated by the introduction of coffee drinking. The first coffee house was opened in Paris in 1643 and a little later they became popular in London, and had begun to exercise a beneficent influence, when they were prohibited by royal decree, Charles II. seeing in them a possible meeting place for plotters of treason. "The tide of alcoholic drink now rolled on afresh." Yet amid this widespread indulgence, the drink of the poor, and of the humbler middle classes (upon whose welfare the ultimate safety of a nation depends), was still beer or ale. During the English naval wars with Holland, caused by commercial rivalry, France had become the great supply house for imported liquors; these, however, were expensive, so that among the masses, the popular national beverage still held its own. But the era of the

⁴¹ Dorchester: pp. 74, 78.

⁴² Lecky: "Eng. in Eighteenth Cent." Vol. I., p. 517.

⁴³ Quoted by Lecky.

gin palace was soon to be introduced. In 1689, William of Orange ascended the English throne in joint partnership with his wife, Queen Mary, and in 1691, the English distillery trade was established under royal patronage! "These measures laid the foundation of the passion for drink among the common people of Great Britain." "Small as is the space," writes Lecky, "which this fact occupies in English history, it was probably, if we consider all the consequences which flowed from it, the most momentous in the eighteenth century, incomparably more so than any event in the purely political or military annals of the country. The fatal passion for drink was at once and irrevocably planted in the nation!"⁴⁴ "Most of the crime and sorrow of the present day," adds another English author, "may be traced to the example given by William III. and his Dutch courtiers as imbibers of ardent spirits. . . . while the consummation of all injury to the people, was the encouragement that this monarch was pleased to give the newly born manufacture of spirituous liquors. Strange it is that a sovereign of Great Britain should repeatedly come into his Senate Chamber to recommend to the legislators of the nation such encouragement! Yet this respectable request of royalty stares the reader in the face of every manuscript Journal of Parliament."⁴⁵ In the age of Elizabeth, the British nation seemed still alive to the degradation of drunkenness and the depth of its fall (although the Queen herself farmed out monopolies in the liquor trade to her favorites).⁴⁶ In that of Charles II. and William III., the nation seemed rather to glory in its shame. De Foe, who lived through the reigns of both these kings, gives a curious illustration of the moral callousness of the times on this point. When the news of the parliamentary ratification of William's title to the throne was publicly announced, a gentleman of quality turned to his servant, saying: "Jack, go home to your lady and tell her we have a Protestant King and Queen; go, make a bonfire as large as the house, and bid the butler make ye all drunk, you dog." This pious recognition of Providential blessings, together with the example set by William, form a singular contrast to the legislation of a great Catholic monarch in regard to drink. At the Diet of Paderborn, Charlemagne, who made his strong arm felt throughout his domains, gave a constitution to his nobles confirming their lands and privileges, accompanied by solemn injunctions not to sully by drunkenness that which they had won by valor. Soldiers were commanded not to force, or entice, their companions to drink. The elders were exhorted to set an example of abstinence to the young, and the young to imitate the abstemiousness of their seniors. The clergy were brought under

⁴⁴ Lecky: "Eng. in Eighteenth Century." Vol. I., p. 519.

⁴⁵ Strickland: "Queens of England." Vol. IX., pp. 258, 260. Eng. Ed.

⁴⁶ Morewood: p. 561.

strict rule and punished for entering a tavern.⁴⁷ From the first to the second quarter of the eighteenth century may be termed the hey-day of English drunkenness. For a while, a certain rivalry existed between the two liquors, rum and gin.

"To encourage the consumption of rum" was clearly "the interest of the British Government," since the finest brand of that article was the produce of the British West Indies, especially of the Island of Jamaica, while, despite the native distilleries, by far the best quality of Geneva, or gin, long continued to be manufactured in Holland, and exported thence to England. Nevertheless, gin won the day, and the infection spread from high to low "with the rapidity and violence of an epidemic." "Retailers of gin were accustomed to hang out painted boards announcing that their customers could be made drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, and should have straw for nothing. Cellars, accordingly, were provided, into which those who had become insensible were dragged, and where they remained until they had sufficiently recovered to pursue their orgies."⁴⁸ Physicians declared that in excessive gin-drinking "a new and terrible source of mortality had been opened to the poor," while magistrates openly stated that much the greater part of the poverty, murders and robberies of London could be traced to this single cause. This "beneficent" beverage owes its origin to a certain chemist and physician of Leyden, Francis de la Boë, generally known to the scientific world by his Latin name of Sylvius (1614-1672), who conceived the idea of transforming the simple and healthful juniper wine, or *genèvre*, of the French peasants, long known among them as the "wine of the poor," from its trifling cost, into a powerful distillation, like brandy. It was first sold by apothecaries, whence the abbreviated form of its name, gin, for Geneva, druggists' bottles then, as now, bearing abbreviated names of their drugs. Distillers, however, finding that it was "drunk with avidity by the common people," were not long in undertaking its manufacture, and it soon became an article of profitable trade to the Dutch. The frightful dimensions of the gin evil in England at length, forced a reluctant Parliament to pass an act restraining its unlicensed and unlimited sale. Violent riots ensued; a clandestine trade sprang up and the act was soon found to be practically inoperative.

In 1750, London physicians reported 14,000 cases of illness due to gin alone in a population of 800,000. Every sixth house was calculated to be a gin shop. In two years, no less than 1,200 persons had been condemned for illicit traffic in this spirit. Fielding, the English novelist, in his pamphlet on, "the late increase in rob-

⁴⁷ *Dorchester*: "Liquor Problem," p. 101.

⁴⁸ *Lecky*: Vol. I., p. 519.

bers," published in 1751, speaks of a "new kind of drunkenness, unknown to our ancestors," and declared gin to be "the sustenance of more than 100,000 in the metropolis," predicting that if the then rate of gin drinking continued for twenty years, there would be few of the common people left to drink it.⁴⁹ In Fraser's "Life of Berkely," the statement occurs that the English people had become "what they never before were, cruel and inhuman. Those accursed spirituous liquors which, to the shame of our government, are so easily to be had and in such quantities drunk, have changed the very nature of our people and will, if they continue to be drunk, destroy the very race of people themselves."⁵⁰ It was computed that in the year 1750-51, more than 11 millions (Eng.) of gallons of spirits were consumed in England, and the increase of population, especially in London, visibly checked. It was the misery of a period such as this which the pencil of Hogarth so vividly portrayed in his masterpiece of "Gin Lane." Swift and easy is the descent to Avernus! But one farther step was needed to complete the demoralization of the British people by drink, and this was taken when the modern era of adulteration of every species of alcoholic beverage began. Adulteration of liquor is now carried to a fine art, and has become all but universal, so that Dickens scarcely spoke too strongly when he said he did not believe there was such a thing "as honest grape juice left," adding, "it is a myth, a shadow." Wine-venders confess frankly to "adulteration" and "fabrication," but blame the popular taste.

It is well known, for instance, that wines for the British market are usually heavily charged with brandy, the natural alcohol of the wine not being thought sufficient to please the Anglo-Saxon palate. The Greeks and Romans of later days sought to stimulate their jaded appetites by steeping intoxicating herbs in their wines, showing it was not the natural exhilaration of the wine they sought, but a quick and ready means of producing inebriation. A similarly vitiated taste has been charged upon the modern public, but there can be no doubt that by far the most common cause of adulteration is the dishonest desire for excessive profit on the part of the brewer and distiller; either by fraudulent imitations, or by obtaining a wider sale for a cheaper article. Canon Farrar puts this matter quite clearly in his "Talks on Temperance."⁵¹ "You think the wine you are sipping was ripened in the golden sunlight of Italian valleys, or bloomed in purple beauty on the hills of the Rhine and Moselle, but did it? O sancta simplicitas." He then proceeds to

⁴⁹ Lecky: Vol. I., p. 519.

⁵⁰ Fraser: "Life of Berkely," p. 332.

⁵¹ "Talks on Temperance," pp. 187-89. Dorchester: "Liquor Problem," pp. 149, 158.

give irrefragible evidence of the extent to which adulteration is carried, and quotes Prof. Mulder as saying that "adulteration begins from the very moment the grapes are gathered. That in the two processes of fermentation and clearing, among the ingredients added are: (1) cream of tartar, (2) bone charcoal, (3) juniper, (4) precipitate of lead, this last rendering the wine highly injurious. In the clearing, are added: (1) powdered marble, (2) gypsum, (3) blood, (4) salt, (5) sulphuric acid, while in sulphurizing the casks, the wine frequently becomes arsenical. Best sherry is sometimes made from a low-priced sherry mixed with the washings of brandy and a small quantity of lamb's blood. You take refuge in claret: this, too, may be concocted from a lower-priced article mixed with cider, cochineal, turnson (sunflower), and other drugs. You turn to port. Here we find introduced: (1) gum benzoin, (2) gum dragon, (3) red sander, (4) tartaric, citric, or oxalic acid, (5) logwood, (6) nitric acid, (7) nitric ether." These adulterants deceive even chemists, and Professor Mulder adds that England stands far beyond other countries in the art of adulteration, while Mr. Redding declares ("Modern Wines") that the adulteration of wine has of late become almost a scientific pursuit, and that the "effect of pure wine on a healthy stomach is known to very few."

In regard to the adulteration of gin, we may say the adulterants are legion: "Coriander, cardamons, cassia, cinnamon, grains of Paradise, cayenne pepper, are only a few of the host of substances, cheaper and easier to handle than juniper. But should these produce a cloudy appearance, they must be refined by such substances as alum, sulphate of zinc, and acetate of lead. The spirit of traffic which attracts to our doors the luxuries of the earth rarely limits itself to legitimate profits."⁵² Long ago, Addison in *The Tatler*

(No. 131), alludes to the transmutation of wines, and Sir Richard Steele complains of "coarse imitation of wine by sloe juice." The science of adulteration, however, was then in its infancy and its clumsy attempts at deception would be scorned by a modern adept. Physicians tell us that the artificial "fretting in" of additional brandy, or alcohol, into wine, has a far more injurious effect upon the constitution than the same quantity combined with the wine by natural fermentation, "to this, and other adulterations, the injurious effects of wine being mostly attributable." "Not only the individual drinks in years of suffering with the convivial cup, but the whole community is deprived of its power to judge between pure and impure. In modern England, it is this alcoholic admixture which gives the momentary elevation of spirits: the exhilaration from pure wine is of quite a different character in its effect on the nervous

⁵² Redding: "Modern Wines," p. 319.

system and stomach. Moreover, even if taken in slight excess, the effect soon passes away, whereas, in wine mingled with brandy, the exhilaration is the first access of fever and the head and stomach suffer severely for the indulgence, not to speak of the certain ruin to the constitution of the constant user of such wines, in the shape of indigestion and ultimately, apoplexy and dropsy. Brandied and adulterated wines are the bane of Englishmen!

That an abuse of the good things which the Creator has bestowed for man's use should be followed by swift retribution is natural and just. In proportion as the desire for intoxication grows in any land, wines become more and more sophisticated. The healthy stomach relishes plain food, the epicure must be pampered with spiced dishes. Among the Hebrews, "*mixed wines*" and "*strong drink*" are accursed and a special woe called upon the head of those who are mighty to *minge* the same,"⁵³ an admonition to which the history of Post-Reformation drinking in England may well make us say Amen! But before pronouncing a final verdict as to its inducing causes, there remains yet one matter to be examined: the nature and history of the Irish (or Scottish), *usquebaugh*. Was this beverage, indeed, similar to our modern whiskey? And was the Emerald Isle the primitive home of distilled liquors, the nursery of modern strong drink? According to the ordinary account, we are told that the "English soldiers who entered Ireland in the reign of Henry III., found the native Irish addicted to the use of a distilled spirit, known as *usquebaugh*, the precursor of our modern whiskey." When, however, we endeavor to examine the facts more closely, it becomes by no means so clear that *usquebaugh* was an ardent spirit, at all analogous to modern whiskey. All the formulæ for its manufacture, which we now possess, give a contrary impression. But none of these date farther back than about 500 years. Etymologically, *wisge-beatha*, water of life, is identical with *aqua vitæ*, by us identified with "*acqua vite*," or spirits of wine, although even here, uncertainty meets us, early usage being by no means uniform as to nomenclature, one old dictionary defining *aqua vitæ* as a "sort of cordial, made from beer, strongly hopped and well fermented."

The matter is an interesting one, to which we would gladly devote more space than our brief limits permit, but to secure an impartial survey, we will confine our extracts to two well-known authors who cannot be suspected of any bias in the matter. Emerson, already quoted, gives us an Elizabethan formula for *usquebaugh*, under the head of "*Delights of Ladies*" (1602), which reads: "To every gallon of *aqua composita*, 2 oz. of chosen licorice, bruised and cut into small pieces; macerate five or six days; draw off as much as

⁵³ *Ibid.*, pp. 323, 327.

will run cleare, dissolving in that cleare aqua vitæ, five or six spoonfuls of the best molasses, add dates and raisins, redistill, and of that aqua composita, make usquebaugh."⁵⁴ From its complexity, it seems quite evident this cannot be the original usquebaugh. Emerson concluded, however, from general evidence, that this beverage was simply a cordial, but believes a simple Irish distillation, known as "poteen," existed, but does not pronounce as to its antiquity. Morewood, who was British Excise Commissioner at Dublin at the time of writing, devotes over a hundred pages of his work on Irish liquors, giving us these general statements:⁵⁵ First, that the "alembical liquor called usquebaugh," mentioned by Hector Boethius, the Scottish fifteenth century historian, "as drawn from thyme, mint, anise, and other fragrant herbs," was probably originally produced in Ireland, not Scotland, as suggested by Boethius. Morewood then dwells on the early civilization of Erin, and conjectures the art of distillation to have been brought thither from the East, or from Spain, by the Milesians at their advent. He adds that Ireland was better known to the classic world than England, and that Tacitus, Strabo, etc., agree in describing the ancient Irish as galactophagi, or milk eaters, to which description confirmation is given by a similar term in the old Erse chronicles: Gael-laedfoghac, or curd-eater. The Brehon laws, meanwhile, by their numerous references to the culture of bees, indicate that mead was an ancient Irish drink, and this at a time when Ireland was supposedly closest to Eastern culture. We learn also from Camden and other authors that honey was so plentiful in Ireland as to be early an article of export.

Allusions to grape wine, and flower wine, are also found in Irish literature and are noted by Adaman and Bede. Ale, under the name of curmi, seems well known. Formulæ for the making of usquebaugh—aqua vitæ—and nectar are all found in the Red Book of Ossory. From these, Morewood decides usquebaugh to have been a general name for *all* compounded spirits and "that plain whiskey as we now have it was not the common Irish drink." He adds that saffron formed a chief ingredient in true Irish usquebaugh and proceeds to give us a formula, introducing cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, anise, caraway, and coriander seed, licorice root, aqua vita, and saffron. At the same time, he tells us that "the *monasteries* being the original repositories of science and dispensaries of medicine, kept the secret of aqua vitæ until their dissolution gave it to the public."⁵⁶ However we may reconcile these somewhat conflicting statements, in detail. Whether or not we suppose the early knowledge of distillation in Ireland to have

⁵⁴ Emerson: p. 303.

⁵⁵ Morewood: p. 581, sq.

⁵⁶ Morewood: p. 615.

passed from lay to monastic hands until the dissolution of the abbeys, it seems plain from the general testimony, that the Irish, like their English cousins before the Reformation, partook largely of milder variants of alcoholic liquors and that (whatever the exact nature of their usquebaugh), their simple and primitive stills could not have produced a very "high-proof" spirit. Had they done so, it would have been strange, indeed, that the dwellers in Merrie England should, for 500 years, have steadfastly resisted the allurements of ardent spirits, when offered them by a sister Isle, only to fall an easy prey to the same temptation from the hand of a Hollander!

It is to be noted that the first complaints of Irish drunkenness reach us from a British Lord Lieutenant toward the close of the reign of Henry VIII., when the same evil was beginning to be felt in England. The first edict limiting the manufacture of aqua vitæ in Ireland was in 1556, two years before Henry's death. Holinshed dwells in his chronicles⁵⁷ on the excessive use of ardent spirits among the Irish nobles, but they are the nobles of Elizabeth's day. Later, we know that drink became in Ireland, as in England, the curse and temptation of the poor. From all this, it seems to the writer, we are drawn to conclude that the origin and increase of the excessive use of spirits among the Irish, was fairly parallel to the same increase in England, and largely induced by the same causes. To enter into an examination of all these causes would carry us beyond our present limits. We can only ask ourselves (and, incidentally, those who stigmatize monastic brewing and wine culture) whether a better plan for the moderate gratification of man's natural craving for stimulating beverage of some kind, with restraint of its more dangerous excesses, could have been devised, than that adopted by the monks, when such control was possible; and whether Modern England, the young and vigorous England of the Reformation, rejoicing in the new-born strength of its maritime and commercial life, going forth with its Drakes and its Frobishers, its Clives and its Hastings, like a young Alexander, to conquer and exploit new worlds, to East and West, when arraigned before the Bar of Supreme Justice, will not be held responsible for wrecking the lives of millions—literally, millions—of her subjects, through the hideous vice of modern gin-drinking?

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⁵⁷ Holinshed: Bk. VI., p. 331.

THE POETRY AND ROMANCE OF THE SPANISH MISSIONS.

IT WAS fortunate for California that its early life and beginnings touched the chivalric heart of Spain, for neither the Puritan of New England nor the Cavalier of Virginia, with their cold and austere character, had they first sought and found the sun-kissed shores and golden harbors of this wondrous State, could have sown in its soil the seeds of romance and poetry that now blossom with a wealth of fragrance all its own.

The Puritan of New England, albeit that he lived not without God or the presence of God, it is true, could not put spiritual joy into his life. He planted in his New World home the acorns of an oak that had been scarred and rent and blasted and torn from a once happy and Catholic soil, known as "Merrie England." The laws of God he interpreted as through a colored glass darkly; and read into the heart of his fellow-man sins and frailties that were but the creation of his own perverse nature. In a word, life to him was sadness and gloom; and the fretted vault of heaven revealed to him neither the promised covenant of God nor the bright smiles and joy of the cherubim.

As deep calls unto deep, so nature calls unto nature, and oftentimes seeks its affinity. It is scarcely credible that a Cotton Mather, or a Jonathan Edwards, with their hard Calvinistic tenets, could have toiled in the spiritual vineyard of California. This sunny, semi-Orient land, full of the splendor of radiant star and the soft caress of wooing winds and mystic morns, was destined for all time to be the spiritual dower of the sons of St. Francis. They it was who were to bring to its native children the gentle teachings of the Umbrian saint.

California was practically discovered in 1541 by Cabrillo; and in 1602, eighteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers had landed in Massachusetts Bay Vizcaino had returned to Mexico, after having erected a cross at Monterey in California. But it was more than one hundred and fifty years later, when an expedition under the authority of Galvez, the Visitador General of Mexico, set out from La Paz, Mexico, for California. In this expedition was a band of Franciscan Fathers with Fray Junipero Serra at their head. They entered San Diego Bay, where the first mission, that of San Diego de Alcala, was established in 1769. Between this date and 1823, twenty-one missions in all were established; and of these nine were founded, during the life of Father Junipero Serra, who died August 28, 1784, in San Carlos Mission, Carmelo Valley.

The story of the Spanish missions is the most beautiful chapter in the life of California. It is a story of heroism, of sacrifice, of suffering. It is a story of the triumph of the Cross and the conquest of heathen souls.

This story has engaged the pens of some of the most notable writers of the Pacific Coast. Hubert Bancroft has devoted tomes to it; Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., with painstaking labor, has given us an exhaustive and monumental work, dealing exclusively with the Spanish missions—a work destined to be regarded as not only authoritative but, we think, final in its presentation of this stirring and heroic period of California history; George Wharton James, with touching sympathy and truth of fact, depicts “The Old Franciscan Missions”; Helen Hunt Jackson, the author of “A Century of Dishonor,” and that classic novel “Ramona,” tells us in her work, “California and the Missions,” of the pitiful condition of the Indians after the missions had been secularized; Bryan J. Clinch, in his work, “California and the Missions,” has weighed evidence and given impartial judgments on this chapter of California history; while several illustrated works, among others those of Racine McRoskey and Paul Elder, present to us, with great artistic fidelity, the Spanish missions as they are to-day.

But there yet remain the names of two California *literati*—Charles F. Lummis and John S. McGroarty, whose labors to perpetuate and conserve the memories of the brown-hooded friars of St. Francis, in their work for God and humanity, in the golden State of California as pioneers of faith and civilization, are deserving of special honor and the gratitude of every Californian.

With a scholarship, sympathy and industry unsurpassed by that of any other writer or patriotic son of California, Mr. Lummis has impressed upon his native State the historical value of the great heritage of the Spanish missions, and the need of preserving every vestige, every trace and footprint of the sacred toilers who builded the early altars of faith and civilization in that great State which stretches to-day from “the Valley of the Seven Moons in the north to the Harbor of the Sun in the south.”

Mr. McGroarty, with a singular devotion, has consecrated his gifted pen not alone to the story of the Spanish missions in both prose and verse, but he has written the best pageant-drama—“The Mission Play”—ever produced in America, which has been presented, with unqualified success, for ten years, at the old Mission of San Gabriel, hard by the city of Los Angeles.

Referring to this splendid and unique production which so vividly portrays the life, heroic faith and triumphant toil of the Franciscan padres, in the sacred vineyard of California, Dr. Henry Van Dyke,

the eminent American litterateur and diplomat, writes: "It remained for John Steven McGroarty, a Pennsylvanian and a Celt, a poet and a historian, to tell the story of California to the world as the story should be told. This he has done in his wonderful Mission Play, which is one of the greatest of the world's pageant-dramas."

Mr. McGroarty was singularly fortunate in securing for interpreter of the chief role in this play—that of Fray Junipero Serra—the eminent and veteran Shakespearean actor, Frederick Warde.

It is needless to say that both poet and painter have devoted their pen and brush to this splendid theme of the old Spanish missions, and have given us creations of truth and beauty vital with the spirit of these early mission times. In the year 1770, with the arrival of Fray Junipero Serra, Father-President of the Missions, and Don Gaspar de Portolá, the first Governor of California, Monterey became the seat of both the religious and civil authority in the new Spanish province of California, and continued to be so till the American occupation in 1846. Here no small part of the drama of Spanish life, civil and religious, was unfolded. But a few miles from here, in the valley of the Carmelo, was the mission of San Carlos, where the Father-President of the Missions, Padre Serra, resided and from this point directed the work of all the missions.

We learn of the importance of Monterey, during the Mexican occupation which extended from 1822 to 1846, from Richard Henry Dana, Jr., who, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," describes a visit which he paid this old capital in 1835. Here came, too, Right Rev. Francisco Garcia Diego y Moreno, O. F. M., first Bishop of California, in 1841.

John Steven McGroarty has written a poem bearing the title, "The Way to Monterey," which is full of the breath and atmosphere of the old mission days. Here are its limpid and lightsome lines, laden with music and picturesque beauty:

"Green is the way to Monterey,
And once upon a wandering day,
With breath of mist and flash of sky
My feet were where the greenways lie—
My soul unleashed, my heart at play,
Upon the road to Monterey.

"All in the morning's golden glow,
I came by holy Carmelo,
Where whispers still its silvery stream
Like voices from an ancient dream;
And through the haunted silence beat
The long-hush'd tread of sandaled feet.

"Dream-wrapped in memory's mystic spell,
I rang the rusted mission bell,
And called to hill and vale and sea
To give their dead again to me—
The brown-robed priests, the altar-lights
The hosts of dark-eyed neophytes.

"I called the dead years forth to free
Their dust-thralled feet to trudge with me.
So, fared as comrades with me then,
Fair women and brave riding men—
By wood and dune that dream-kissed day,
They passed with me to Monterey.

"Blithe were the greenways then that told
The gladness of the days of old;
From chaparral, with flocks athrong,
I heard the Indian herder's song,
And ringing scythes, with laughter blent,
From fields where dusky toilers bent.

"*Madre de Dios!* Keep for me
My dream of hill and sky and sea—
The greenways where my path was set,
The gay guitar and castanet,
The stars that hailed at close of day,
The sunset roofs of Monterey."

It is worth noting that almost every mission had its individual character. For instance, the Church of Santa Barbara was the most solid of the mission structures in California. It is 165 feet long 40 feet wide and 30 feet high, and roofed with tiles made by the mission Indians. Five of the early missionaries and three of later date are buried under the sanctuary, in front of the high altar.

A writer tells us that in the stress of turbulent days, the old mission of Santa Barbara was the one gray fortress that never surrendered. Within its quiet walls the Franciscans held their ground. It may be added here that the influence that preserved Santa Barbara from the neglect and decay of the other missions was the petition presented to Rome, in 1853, causing it to be erected into a hospice as the beginning of an Apostolic College for the education of Franciscan novitiates, which it still maintains. Clarence Urmy, a California poet, has written a beautiful sonnet on the Santa Barbara Mission Church, which we here reproduce:

IN A MISSION GARDEN

(*Santa Barbara*)

"Stand here and watch the wondrous birth of dreams
From out the gate of Silence, Time and Tide,
With fingers on their lips forever bide,

In large-eyed wonderment where thoughts and themes
 Of days long flown pass down the slumbrous streams
 To ports of Poet-land and Song-land. Side
 By side the many colored Visions glide,
 And leave a wake where Fancy glows and gleams.
 And then the bells! One stands with low-bowed head
 While list'ning to their silver tongues recite
 The sweet tale of the Angelus—there slips
 A white dove low across the tiling red—
 And as we breathe a whispered, fond 'good night,'
 A 'pax vobiscum' parts the padre's lips."

To-day deep interest centres in the old San Gabriel Mission Church because here, at San Gabriel, the Mission Play is presented. We recently visited this historic Spanish Mission, and from one of its good and learned padres in charge, Rev. Father Torrente, acquired a knowledge of much of its story, its life and its vicissitudes.

San Gabriel Mission was founded in 1770, from San Diego. It was established on the direct route between Mexico and Monterey. About two miles from the mission was a stone mill. Both the mill and mission were very solidly constructed. Father Torrente took us through the garden of olives. We were shown a mission grapevine, with a gnarled trunk like a great tree and mother of the vines of the valley that came over from Spain in a three-storied castle of a galley in 1798. Here, too, were orange trees that were bearing in 1800. During the mission days there were several hundred acres of vineyard which were enclosed with a hedge of prickly pear. San Gabriel had one of the finest chimes of bells in the California missions.

The late Charles Warren Stoddard, a collaborator with Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Ina Coolbrith, on the *Overland Monthly*, who loved California with filial affection and touched naught with his pen that he did not adorn, has given us the following beautiful poem on "The Bells of San Gabriel":

"Thine was the corn and the wine,
 The blood of the grape that nourished;
 The blossom and fruit of the vine
 That was heralded far away.
 These were thy gifts; and thine,
 When the wine and the fig-tree flourished,
 The promise of peace and of glad increase
 Forever and ever and aye.
 What then wert thou, and what art now?
 Answer me, O, I pray!

"And every note of every bell
 Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
 In the tower that is left the tale to tell
 Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

"Oil of the olive tree thine;
Flood of the wine press flowing,
Blood of the Christ was the wine—
Blood of the Lamb that was slain.
Thy gifts were fat of the kine
Forever coming and going
Far over the hills, the thousand hills—
They're lowing a soft refrain.
What then wert thou, and what art now?
Answer me once again!

"And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

"Seed of the corn was thine—
Body of His thus broken,
And mingled with blood of the vine—
The bread and the wine of life.
Out of the good sunshine,
They were given to thee as a token—
The body of Him and the blood of Him,
When the gifts of God were rife,
What then wert thou, and what art now
After the weary strife?

"And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

"Where are they now, O bells?
Where are the fruits of the Mission?
Garnered, where no one dwells,
Shepherd and flock are fled.
O'er the Lord's vineyard swells,
The tide that with fell perdition
Sounded their doom and fashioned their tomb
And buried them with the dead.
What then wert thou, and what art now?
The answer is still unsaid.

"And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

"Where are they now, O tower!
The locusts and wild honey?
Where is the sacred dower
That the bride of Christ was given?
Gone to the wielders of power,
The misers and minters of money;

Gone for the greed that is their creed—
 And these in the land have thriven.
 What then wert thou, and what art now,
 And wherefore hast thou striven?

“And every note of every bell
 Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
 In the tower that is left the tale to tell
 Of Gabriel, the Archangel.”

Where the University of Santa Clara stands to-day was the Mission of Santa Clara de Asis, which was established in 1777. Father José Maria del Real was the last Franciscan in charge of this mission, and, after his death, the buildings and land were transferred to the Society of Jesus, who have conducted here since the middle of the last century the prosperous and widely known College of Santa Clara.

The last mission founded by Fray Serra was that of Buenaventura, which was established at beautiful Ventura by the Sea, on March 31, 1782. At the time of the death of the President General of the Missions, in 1784, nine missions in all had been founded; 6,000 Indians baptized, 4,500 of whom lived under the material as well as the spiritual direction and control of the Franciscan Fathers.

Deeply touching were the last moments of the great and saintly padre as he closed his eyes on the scenes of his labors in his beloved California. There in the beautiful old Mission Church of San Carlos rest the remains of this truly faithful servant of Christ.

Richard Edward White, a California poet, whose gifted pen has fashioned more than one poem in tribute to the holy and heroic padres, has written a beautiful poem on the San Carlos Mission Church, now in its ruins, which bears the title, “The Midnight Mass.” Here are two of its stanzas:

“Of the mission church San Carlos
 Built by Carmelo’s bay,
 There remains an ivied ruin
 That is crumbling fast away.
 In its tower the owl finds shelter,
 In its sanctuary grow
 Rankest weeds above the earth-mounds,
 And the dead find rest below.

Still by peasants at Carmelo,
 Tales are told and songs are sung
 Of Junipero the padre,
 In the sweet Castilian tongue—
 Telling how each year he rises
 From his grave the Mass to say,
 In the midnight ‘mid the ruins
 On the eve of Carlos’ day.”

The Mission Church of San Francisco de Asis, near San Francisco, known also as Mission Dolores, was founded in 1776. Here it is that the first Governor of California, Don Luis Antonio Argüello, under the Mexican Government, lies buried. Just at the side entrance of the Church is a stone with this inscription to the first Governor of California: "Aqui yacen los restos de Capitan Don Luis Antonio Argüello, Primer Gobernador del Alta California; Bajo el Gobierno Mejicano Nacio en San Francisco el 21 de Junio 1784 y Muró en el Mismo lugar el 27 de Marzo, 1830."

It was the bells of the Mission Dolores that inspired Bret Harte, in 1868, to write "The Angelus," a poem of exceptional melody, charm and tenderness. No more beautiful lines were ever penned having for theme the Spanish missions than these:

"Bells of the past whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance.

"I hear you call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

"Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
In sunset dream and last!

"Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart Commander in his Cathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

"Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

"O solemn bells! whose consecrated Masses
Recall the faith of old!
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

"Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter, and are still;
As veiled and mystic like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!"

It was, too, in the old mission Church of Dolores that Marie de la Concepcion (Concha) Argüello, who was born in the old Presidio at San Francisco on February 19, 1791, was baptized; and who sixteen years later was destined to be the heroine of a romance that will live forever in poem and story. Briefly the story is this: While "Concha's" father, Don José Dario Argüello, the Commandante of the Presidio at San Francisco, was absent, and the Presidio in charge of "Concha's" elder brother, Luis Antonio, there sailed into the Golden Gate from the north the *Juno*, in charge of the Russian Chamberlain, Rezanov. Calling at the Presidio, the handsome and distinguished Russian nobleman was extended Castilian hospitality and—well, then came love's miracle. The beautiful daughter of the Commandante, in her sixteenth year, had won the heart of Rezanov and as the *Juno* weighed anchor for Sitka, in Alaska, and was passing the fort of San Joaquin, a salute of seven guns was fired from the fort, which received a return salute of nine guns. "Concha" watched and waited for the return of her lover, ever faithful, as was Evangeline to Gabriel.

Rezanov, who had started on an overland journey from Okhotsk to St. Petersburg to arrange with his Government for his marriage with "Concha," was taken ill and died in a little town, in the snows of Siberia. "Concha" did not learn of his death for nearly forty years afterwards. Bret Harte has told the story of the love drama of Rezanov and "Concha" in a beautiful ballad bearing the title, "Concepcion de Argüello":

"Forty years on wall and bastion swept the hollow and idle breeze,
Since the Russian eagle fluttered from the California Seas.

And the citadel was lighted and the hall was gayly drest
All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveler and guest."

During the entertainment of Sir George at the Presidio the conversation turned on Rezanov, the story of whose death in Siberia the guest had narrated, and then turning to the question of "Concha," Sir George inquired:

"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated? All were hushed as
"Concha" drew
Closer yet her nun's attire. "Señor, pardon, she died, too."

Gertrude Atherton has made the same incident the subject of her novel, "Rezanov." The fact, however, of "Concha" drawing closer her nun's attire, in 1842, when Sir George Simpson met her, cannot be correct unless, indeed, "Concha" wore a special religious garb of the Third Order of St. Francis, to which, it is said, she belonged

before being received into the Dominican Order on April 11, 1851. In the convent she was known as Sister Mary Dominica (Concepcion Argüella). Her death took place December 23, 1857. Her grave, which is in the private cemetery of the Dominican Order overlooking Suisun Bay, is marked by a humble white slab, on which is graven a little white cross, with her name and the date of her death

Thus has Spain, with its ancient and undying faith and its chivalry, dowered an historic corner of the New World with the blossoms of religious heroism, poetry and romance.

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Toronto, Canada.

VENICE.

IF WE would trace the beginning of Venice, that fairest of fair cities, we must go back thirteen centuries, groping our way through the mists which veil those far-off years since the enchantress city first rose, as it were, from the depths of the sea.

In the fifth century Attila with his savage hordes descended upon Italy, spreading ruin and desolation throughout the land. Fleeing terror-stricken from the burning city of Altinum, a band of exiles sought shelter on the dreary sandy wastes scattered over the inner lagoon of the Adriatic. Here, on a marshy meadow, they built the city of Torcello, seven miles from where Venice rose afterwards, mother and daughter, as Ruskin describes them. The remains of the older city can still be traced. It is a subject of controversy whether the Duomo of Torcello, still perfect, was built in the seventh or the eleventh century.

The old Venetian chroniclers are in agreement in fixing the date of the foundation of Venice as the 25th of March, 421. The foundations of the city "were laid on the island of the Rialto, the highest and nearest to the mouth of the deep river now called the Brenta."

In those days St. Theodore was patron of the city, and a church built in his honor stood where now stands the Duomo. Even at the present day, his statue standing on a crocodile occupies a pillar in the Piazzetta facing that on which stands the winged lion of St. Mark. The Great Piazza presented a very different appearance to what it does in these days, being a green field through which ran a small stream with trees at either side. Already even in that early stage of her existence, Venice was making a name for herself in the world of commerce; her ships, which left for foreign ports with cargoes of salt, salt-fish, and other commodities of home production, returned laden with the wealth of the East, shimmering silken tissues, rainbow-hued carpets, and other costly things.

In 828 the body of St. Mark was brought with great secrecy from Alexandria to Venice and placed in the confessor of the private chapel attached to the Palace of the Doges, which had been built in 810. From that time forth the Venetians placed their city under the patronage of St. Mark. A tradition still exists that St. Mark founded the church at Aquileia, and so may be regarded as the first Bishop of the Venetian islands.

In 946, violent disturbances broke out in Venice in which the Doge Pietro Candiano, the fourth Doge of his name, lost his life,

falling a victim, together with his infant son, to the fury of the populace, angered by his arrogance and his exactions.

The choice of the people now fell upon Pietro Orseolo, whom all Venice held in honor and respect. Orseolo's first act as Doge was to set about rebuilding the Ducal Palace and the Shrine of St. Mark, both of which had been destroyed in a great fire which broke out during the disturbances which marked the close of his predecessor's reign. Venice at that time was as yet a struggling State and Doge Orseolo was not himself rich.

But the ancient records of the city tell us that he devoted the greater part of his patrimony to the rebuilding of St. Mark's Shrine and the Ducal Palace. He set aside eight thousand ducats a year to be spent upon the work until its completion, which took eighty years. We are also told that he sought far and near for skilled workmen, bringing them even from Constantinople, at the time regarded as the home of all the arts. He it was, say the historians, who ordered from Constantinople the world-famous Pala d'oro, the greatest treasure of St. Mark's and the most magnificent gold altar screen in the world.

San Marco was consecrated on the 8th of October, 1085, according to some historians; according to others, in 1094; for a certainty the consecration took place in the reign of Vital Faliero, who was Doge from 1084 to 1096. During the long period that elapsed from the date of the consecration of San Marco until the final overthrow of the Venetian Republic, the work of beautifying the Duomo was continued uninterruptedly.

It would seem that during the work of rebuilding inaugurated by the Doge Pietro Orseolo (II. Santo), the precise spot in which rested the precious remains of St. Mark was forgotten. The manner of its miraculous discovery is thus related by the old chroniclers:

"After the repairs undertaken by the Doge Orseolo, the place in which the body of the holy evangelist rested had been altogether forgotten; so that the Doge Vital Faliero was entirely ignorant of the place of the venerable deposit. This was no light affliction, not only to the pious Doge, but to all the citizens and people, so that at last, moved by confidence in the divine mercy, they determined to implore with prayer and fasting the manifestation of so great a treasure which did not now depend upon any human effort. A general fast being therefore proclaimed, and a solemn procession appointed for the 25th day of June, while the people assembled in the church interceded with God in fervent prayers for the desired boon, they beheld, with as much amazement as joy, a slight shaking in the marbles of a pillar (near the place where the altar of the

Cross is now) which presently falling to the earth, exposed to the view of the rejoicing people the chest of bronze in which the body of the evangelist was laid."

The rapid rise of the Republic of Venice to wealth and power, and her proud supremacy in maritime commerce, won for her many enemies. Throughout the course of her history we find her almost continually engaged in war with some state or other, sometimes suffering crushing defeats, and yet continually growing in wealth.

In 1202, the year of the Fourth Crusade, the Venetians fitted out a great expedition led by the aged Doge Enrico Dandolo, usually described as blind, although this is disputed by some historians. Amidst scenes of great enthusiasm, the fleet of three hundred vessels, on board which were a number of French Crusaders, sailed for the East. But on the way a diversion occurred. At Zara, where they had halted to punish the rebellious inhabitants, ever ready to give trouble to the Venetians, word was brought that Isaac, Emperor of the Greeks, had been dethroned by his own brother, who had blinded him and thrown him into a dungeon at Constantinople, whilst Alexius, his young son and heir, was a wanderer through Europe.

Fired with indignation, the French and Venetians at once sailed for Constantinople—which they took. The old blind emperor was restored to his throne, and his son Alexius was crowned in St. Sophia as his heir and coadjutor. It was a short-lived triumph. In less than a year another revolution broke out. The Crusaders again besieged the city, which they took and sacked, but they found young Alexius murdered and his aged father dead of grief and misery.

The Fourth Crusade, begun under such brilliant auspices, ended in defeat and disaster. The Doge Enrico Dandolo, who had performed miracles of valor, died in 1205, far away from his beloved Venice, and was buried in the Church of Santa Sophia in Constantinople. When we read of his heroic deeds it is indeed hard to believe that at the time of his death he had reached the great age of ninety-seven.

Constantinople at that time was the richest city in the world, a storehouse of peerless works of art, and the Venetians returned to their city laden with the richest spoil. Writing of the excesses committed by the army when Constantinople was taken, the Venetian historian quaintly says: "The Venetians only who were of gentler soul took thought for the preservation of those marvelous works of human genius, transporting them afterwards to Venice, as they did the four famous horses which now stand on the façade of the great Basilica, along with many columns, jewels and precious

stones, with which they decorated the Pala d'oro and the treasury of San Marco." In 1797 Napoleon took these famous bronze horses to Paris. When Venice passed under Austrian rule in 1814 they were restored to the city. Now, in the twentieth century, once again have they been taken out of Venice, this time to save them from Austrian bombs.

In the whole history of Venice there is perhaps no story so full of romance as that of the two brothers of the house of Polo, long famous in the records of Venetian commerce. About the middle of the thirteenth century Niccolo and Matteo Polo were at the head of a large mercantile establishment in Constantinople, presumably a branch of the house in Venice. Constantinople at that time was again threatened with siege and all its attendant horrors, and just when the danger was most imminent we find the two brothers, leaving the business in charge of another brother, setting out for Central Asia, then an unknown region, but one which afforded limitless possibilities of trading in the riches of the East's beautiful carpets, gorgeous stuffs, ivory, furs, spices. The two brothers got as far as Bokhara, and there they remained for three years, unable for some reason to continue their travels or to return. At last, by great good fortune, they contrived to reach the far distant city where abode the great Kublai Khan, "lord of all the Tartars in the world." The great Eastern potentate received the strangers with the utmost courtesy and graciousness, and displayed the deepest interest in all they told him of the manners and customs of their far-off land. But it was their religion which excited the Khan's supreme interest. The Venetians were, of course, Catholics, and the explanation which they gave of their faith so pleased the Tartar ruler that he asked his guests to take a petition from him to the Pope, asking for a hundred missionaries to be sent to preach Christianity to his people, and he particularly specified that these missionaries should be men capable of convincing the Tartars of the truth of what they taught.

In these days of rapid travel it provokes a smile to read that the return journey occupied nearly four years. Many unforeseen obstacles arose to prevent the carrying out of their mission, which ultimately proved a failure. Notwithstanding this, they once more turned their faces towards Kublai Khan's distant city, this time accompanied by Niccolo's son, Marco, a boy of fifteen. From that time for twenty-five years we hear nothing more of these adventurous travelers. The account of their reappearance in Venice reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights. Nothing had been heard of them for nearly twenty-five years, and naturally friends and

kinsfolk had long ceased to think of them as living. Therefore, when, one day in 1295, three wild-looking men in Tartar dress, with flowing hair and beards, presented themselves at the Casa Polo, claiming to be those kinsmen so long believed to be dead, we cannot wonder that they were regarded as impostors. Then it was that these discredited strangers devised a strange plan by which to convince their relatives of the truth of their story. They invited these relatives to a splendid banquet at which the three appeared in flowing robes of crimson satin, which as soon as their guests were seated they changed for others of crimson damask, ordering the first set to be given to the servants. When the first course was finished, they rose from the table and again changed their dress, this time for crimson velvet, as before giving the cast-off damask robes to the servants. At the end of the dinner they changed once more, putting on plain cloth garments the same as their guests. Naturally enough these strange doing astonished every one. But the great climax was to come. Here we shall let the old historian tell his tale himself: "When the servants had left the hall, Messer Marco, the youngest, rising from the table, went into his room and brought out the three coarse cloth surcoats in which they had come home. And immediately the three began with sharp knives to cut open the seams, and to tear off the lining, upon which there poured forth a great quantity of precious stones, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds and emeralds, which had been sewed into each coat with great care, so that nobody could have suspected that anything was there. For on parting with the great Khan they had changed all the wealth he had bestowed upon them into precious stones, knowing certainly that if they had done otherwise they never could, by so long and difficult a road, have brought their property home in safety. The exhibition of such an extraordinary and infinite treasure of jewels and precious stones which covered the table filled all present with such astonishment that they were dumb and almost beside themselves, and they at once recognized these honored and venerated gentlemen of the Ca' Polo whom at first they had doubted, and received them with the greatest honor and reverence. And when the story was spread abroad in Venice, the entire city, both nobles and people, rushed to the house to embrace them and to make every demonstration of loving kindness and respect that could be imagined. And Messer Matteo, who was the eldest, was created one of the most honored magistrates of the city, and all the youth of Venice resorted to the house to visit Messer Marco. Marco, it would seem, was much given to talk of the Khan's great wealth, which he always counted by millions in gold, for which reason, we are told, the surname was given to him of Marco Millione, which

may be seen noted in the public books of the republic. And the courtyard of his house from that time to this has been vulgarly called the *Corte Millione*."

There is a delightful touch of humor in the description of the effect of the jewels upon the relatives, causing them to recognize at once "those honored and venerated gentlemen." But in all ages, in all lands, human nature is the same, and those old Venetians are not the only ones whose views and sentiments have been suddenly changed by the sight of riches.

Some years later, Marco Polo, fighting for the Republic against their powerful rival Genoa, found himself with numerous other Venetians a prisoner in a Genoese dungeon. During the year he spent in captivity he beguiled the time for himself and his fellow-prisoners recounting all the marvels which he had seen during his years of wandering in those far off Eastern lands, around which hung such mystery. Marco never wearied of telling, nor his listeners of hearing, all about Kublai Khan. Among the prisoners there chanced to be one Rusticiano, a native of Pisa, who possessed some skill in writing. While Marco talked, he wrote down what he said in old French.

These sheets of vellum on which were transcribed Marco's travel stories, simple, plain narratives of what he saw and heard with here and there some wondrous legend to enliven them for his hearers, formed a book of travel which even yet is of deepest interest, so true and faithful an account is it of almost the whole of Asia, at that time wholly unknown.

A modern writer says of Marco Polo that "He was the first traveler to trace a route across the whole longitude of Asia. . . . The first traveler to reveal China in all its wealth and vastness."

From about the middle of the fifteenth century till towards the close of the sixteenth was the period in which Venice seems to have attained the highest pinnacle of greatness and splendor, even though constantly harried, as the proud Republic ever was, by jealous rivals. The records of that time, and the scenes depicted by the painters present to us a city of palaces glowing with radiant color, a city filled with joyous life and reëchoing from morning until night with laughter and song.

It was also the most brilliant period of Venetian art, the period which that glorious galaxy of painters irradiated their native city with the immortal light of their genius: the Bellini brothers, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Titian, nor must we forget Carpaccio, the place of whose birth and death are alike unknown: names these which shed upon Venice undying lustre.

Meanwhile through all the centuries since Doge Pietro Orseolo

(II. Santo) began the work of rebuilding, San Marco had been growing year after year more and more perfect in beauty, until at last it stood as it stands to-day, one of the most glorious temples ever raised by pious hands and hearts to the glory of God. Inside and outside this matchless Duomo is a dazzling vision of beauty. Let Ruskin, in words of burning eloquence, picture for us this glorious vision as it first breaks upon the traveler's sight:

" . . . there rises a vision of the earth, and all the great Square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe that we may see it far away—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long, low pyramid of colored light; a treasure heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hallowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes, and in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like 'their bluest veins to kiss'—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them in the broad archivolts a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon earth, and above these another range of glittering pinnacles mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst . . . the St. Mark's porches are full of doves that nestle among

the marble foliage and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints hardly less lovely that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.”*

And of the interior, what can be said save that it equals in splendor the glorious exterior? The walls are all faced with precious colored marbles, porphyries and alabaster, or glass mosaics on gold ground. The various marbles are placed in broad bands alternating so that one color harmonizes and enhances the effect of the other. The whole of the dome is covered with gold mosaics. The pavement of the church is of red and green porphyry mixed with white marble in wonderful designs, some of peacocks, eagles and lions. We have already mentioned the magnificent altar screen known as the Pala d'oro, which is the chief glory of San Marco. It is formed of microscopic cloisonné enamel pictures of magnificent color and perfection of detail. The enamels are partly translucent, allowing the gold background to shine through the colored enamel. Christ in glory, archangels, angels, saints and prophets mingled with scenes from Our Lord's life form the subjects of these wonderful pictures.

The magnificent palace of the Doges adjoining St. Mark's was begun in the year 1300, and took three centuries to complete. The splendid council chambers are richly decorated, the walls being covered with paintings by the great Venetian painters.

A small bridge, known as the Bridge of Sighs, immortalized by Byron, leads from the Ducal Palace across a narrow canal to the State prison on the opposite side; it was built in 1588.

The glory of Venice has departed, her proud supremacy as Queen of the Adriatic is now but as “a tale that is told.” Yet this fairest of cities, matchless even in decay, still fascinates, enthralls the world.

Silent, desolate, Venice seems to sleep on the waters, dreaming of the glories of the far-off olden days. How short a time since her dreams were disturbed ever and anon by the sullen sound of hostile guns which threatened her existence whilst the world trembled with horror and dismay at the thought of her danger. For the world would indeed be the poorer for her loss.

E. LEAHY.

Dublin, Ireland.

*“Stones of Venice.”

Book Reviews

Canon Sheehan's Sermons. 8vo, cloth. Price, net, \$3. New York: Benziger Brothers.

"A new book by Canon Sheehan"—how that mere announcement used to fill the Catholic reading world with pleasant anticipation! His pages of polished, elevated thought and genial humor were always sure of an eager welcome; yet, each book, far from satisfying, but whetted the appetite for more. Each new work was warmly received and eagerly devoured.

With the novelist, the essayist and the poet we are already acquainted; in this volume we meet him in a character entirely new—Canon Sheehan the preacher. He was not known especially in this role, particularly in later years.

The modest pastor of Doneraile would be the last to claim the title of orator, yet we all have seen how often the tide of genuine eloquence overflowed his pages, though disguised generally in fictional form.

Yet the writing of those books which so entertain us was not, of itself, a part of his work as a priest. The preparation of his sermons, however, was truly a priestly labor. We may be sure it was nearest to his heart, and that he turned his pen into other channels to preach to greater numbers.

Whatever of sublime expression, of striking imagery, of pregnant forcefulness is found in his other literary work, is also found in his sermons—but in a higher degree. The consciousness of his priesthood was at all times his dominant characteristic, and, because it is as a priest alone that he speaks here, we find an unaffected outpouring of his inmost heart. Here there is no disguise, no digression. This is Canon Sheehan himself.

With all the beauty and literary quality of his sermons, he never strains after effect; from first to last his whole concern is to send home the sacred truth with which he is charged.

The sermons are rather essayic in form, and with a few exceptions could hardly be called practical. They would not fit very well the lips of others, because Canon Sheehan had a distinct personality and style that marked everything that he did. He does not generally use exordiums and perorations, in the strict sense, and he seldom quotes, even the Sacred Scriptures. They are for the most part for special occasions and do not fit the Sundays of the year.

"Rejoice in the Lord." Happiness in Holiness. A book of reflections and prayers. A unique book of devotion in three parts, filled with the sunshine of happiness in holiness. I. A Book of Reflections (a word of good cheer for each day in the year). II. A Book of Prayer (a complete prayer book for young and old). III. A Little Book of Indulged Ejaculations. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. 525 pages, size 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches long, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Weight, 6 ounces. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The end of religion is joy—joy here no less than joy hereafter—this is the keynote of this new and unique prayer book. A delightful atmosphere of happiness—the sunshine of happiness in holiness—pervades the book, which unfolds and emphasizes the fact that religion, far from taking the sunshine out of our lives, puts a blessing on our lips and a song in our hearts. Because of the radiant spirit of holy joy with which the author has filled this new book, it will come to be known especially as "The Joyful Prayer Book."

"Rejoice in the Lord" is composed of three parts. The first part is a Book of Reflections. Under the caption, "A Word of Good Cheer for Each Day in the Year" are gathered from the Sacred Scriptures and from the writings of saints and sages, words that help us maintain a spirit of cheerfulness in our vicissitudes, that encourage us to bear our burdens patiently, perform our duties perfectly, to love God, and our neighbor for the love of God. We are shown where true and lasting happiness can alone be found. This part is divided into days. Every day in the year, therefore, has appropriate matter for spiritual reading or reflection.

The second part is a complete prayer book for persons in all states of life, and adequate for all occasions.

The third part is a little book of indulged ejaculations and short prayers, grouped under convenient heads easily found for frequent use.

A good book to place in the hands of sick persons, especially chronic invalids or those who are seriously ill. It will drive gloom from the sick room.

Printed in a clear, legible type, in a thin, convenient, oblong pocket size. The bindings are the same high quality of those of Father Lasance's other prayer books.

Concilium Tridentinum, Diariorum, Actorum, Epistularum, Tractatumum Nova Collectis. Tomus VIII.: Concilii Tridentini Actorum Pars Quinta, complectens acta and preparandum Concilium, et Sessiones anni 1562 a prima (XVII.) ad sextam (XXII.). Collegit, edidit, illustravit Stephanus Eshes. Edidit Societas Goerresiana promovendis inter Germanos Catholicos Literarum Studiis; pp. xi-1024. Friburgi, S. Ludovici: B. Herder.

The eighth volume of this wonderful history treats in the proœmium of conditions in Church and State at the opening of the Council in 1545 and of the vain efforts of the Cardinals who were active in

the work of preparation to interest civil rulers during the reign of Paul III. When one considers the ambitions and jealousies of the princes of those days, and notes the efforts of each one to advance the interests of his own country, even to the detriment of the Church sometimes, he should be very tolerant in his reading of history, and very charitable in judging the churchmen of the day. Truly they needed the wisdom of the serpent as well as the gentleness of the dove. They were great men. This is shown especially by the mass of correspondence in this volume, and to quote one instance, in the letter of St. Charles Borromeo. He was a very young man at the time, indeed hardly more than a boy, and yet his correspondence with the leading nuncios of Europe shows a depth of learning and a skill in diplomacy that are marvelous.

We have here a full account of the preparatory work for the final sessions of the Council under Paul IV. Immediately on his election he bended every effort to move the directors of the various commissions to bring things to a final conclusion. This part necessarily includes the correspondence and the "acta" bearing upon the various national agencies most effected by the decrees.

The second part of this volume contains the "acta concilii" of sessions seventeen to twenty-two, held between January and September, 1562, dealing principally with the Index Librarium, the Residence of Bishops and other disciplinary matters, but for the most part with the Holy Eucharist. The treatment of this subject is extremely interesting. The discussion of Communion under one kind or both kinds is lengthy and exhaustive, while the difference of opinion on the question is startling. It is to be noted that parts iii. and iv. of the "acta" are not included in this volume, because the editor was forced to leave Rome at the beginning of the war, and the Roman archives are the richest storehouse of material for the work of the Council at Bologna and under Julius III. at Trent.

These will be supplied in a later volume, and in the meantime the editor has made use of the "acta" published by other approved authors, and he has searched the libraries of Berlin and Munich, and has brought to light valuable documents almost unknown or forgotten.

Again we presume to suggest prompt action on the part of learned men and institutions. The work is literally invaluable, and it will never be repeated.



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